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Norman Maine Publishing

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BREAKFAST WITH THE ZOMBIESMITHS

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*To my sister, Catherine, and her husband, Anthony.
Without their kitchen looking out onto a graveyard,
this play would never have been written.*

BREAKFAST WITH THE ZOMBIESMITHS

FARCE. With the help of a slick Realtor, a young couple thinks they have found the perfect home, even though it backs up to a spooky graveyard. But before they can sign on the dotted line, a bumbling detective arrives, investigating the mysterious disappearance of several people from the area. In the meantime, the Realtor introduces the couple to the Zombiesmiths, who live next door (in the graveyard, that is!). The new buyers think the hungry Zombiesmiths are anxious for them to sign the contract so they can celebrate over breakfast. But the Zombiesmiths have a different idea...they plan to have the couple *for* breakfast!

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

Note: For a family-friendly version of this play, please go to www.BigDogPlays.com.

CHARACTERS

(2 M, 2 F, 3 flexible)

FERRELL LEVYBRAKES: In the market for a new home but not ready to make an offer yet; male.

WENDY LEVYBRAKES: Ferrell's wife, who is eager to buy a new home and overly impressed with people who work for the state; female.

PHIL/PHILAMINA: Slick Realtor who can sell anything but has a tendency to rant; flexible.

WILBERT/WILAMINA FINCHBUTTER: Bumbling police detective; flexible. (If male, wears a shirt, tie, slacks, rumped coat, and a fedora. If female, wears a blouse, skirt, rumped coat, and a big hat.)

ZOMBIE 1: Hungry zombie who lives in the graveyard next door; wears ragged zombie clothes; male.

ZOMBIE 2: Zombie 1's hungry wife; wears ragged zombie clothes; female.

CLAPPER: Ferrell's cousin who works for the state; wears jeans and a shirt with a t-shirt underneath it; flexible.

SETTING

Home that backs up to a graveyard.

SET

Kitchen. There is a table CS with three chairs along the back facing the audience. There is a window at the back and a kitchen clock on the wall.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Kitchen, noon.

Scene 2: Kitchen, the next morning.

Scene 3: Kitchen, seconds later.

PROPS

Large pile of legal papers

Briefcase

3 Coffee cups

Wristwatch, for Phil

Small notebook

Cell phone, for Clapper

Shovel

Pen

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Fake body part that can fall off Zombie 1
Plastic heart (or another fake organ will work)

**“SO, ANYTHING WEIRD EVER HAPPEN HERE?
I MEAN...WITH THAT GRAVEYARD NEXT DOOR?”**

—FERRELL

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Kitchen, noon. Wendy and Ferrell enter with Phil, a real estate broker. Phil is carrying a large briefcase with a tall pile of legal paperwork.)

PHIL: Well, come on in. Let's just sit down here and sign some paperwork, and the house is yours.

FERRELL: (Hesitant.) Well... (Looks at Wendy.)

WENDY: Oh, honey, I love it.

FERRELL: Really?

WENDY: Really! That living room is just what I wanted. And this kitchen...it's so roomy!

FERRELL: You sure?

WENDY: Oh, honey!

FERRELL: (Smiling.) Well, if you like it, then I like it! (To Phil.) Where do we sign?

PHIL: Right here. (Plunks a huge pile of papers on the table.) We'll get this done as fast as we can, and the house is yours.

WENDY: Wow, that's a lot of paper.

(Ferrell looks out the window.)

PHIL: (Indicating paperwork.) Oh, don't worry about that. Most of this is some kind of federal government crap we can skip. Here... (Looking through the papers.) Let's see...crap, crap, crap, ignore it, ignore it... (Stops. Holds up a paper.) Oh, gotta sign this one.

(Wendy begins to sign the paper.)

WENDY: Ferrell, get over here. I'm not signing these alone, ya know.

FERRELL: (Looking out the window.) Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, hon. (To Phil.) So, anything weird ever happen here? I mean...with that graveyard next door? (Nervous chuckle.)

PHIL: (*Quickly, nervously.*) Weird? Uh, no, of course not. (*Nervous laugh.*) Heh-heh. What would happen that's weird?

FERRELL: I don't know. (*Chuckles.*) You know, something...ooooohhhhhh...ghostly, scary, eerie. (*Approaches Wendy at the table and comes up behind her. To Wendy in a vampire voice.*) I want to eat your flesh.

(*Ferrell leans over and playfully nibbles Wendy's neck.*)

WENDY: (*Annoyed.*) Oh, stop it! Not in front of the Realtor!

FERRELL: He doesn't care. (*To Phil.*) Do you?

PHIL: No, of course not. Nothing weird at all. Nothing at all. (*Wendy and Ferrell look at Phil and notice that he is acting strangely.*) Uh, I mean, hey, a graveyard is the best neighbor. Nobody's gonna complain if you party too hard or the music is too loud, eh? (*Nervous laugh.*) Heh-heh.

(*They all laugh.*)

WENDY: (*To Ferrell.*) Besides, you're mixing up your horror references, honey. Dracula sucks your blood. He doesn't eat your flesh. Zombies eat your flesh.

FERRELL: Ha-ha. That's right! Zombies! Hah!

PHIL: (*Acting strangely.*) Why would you bring up zombies? What do they have to do with anything? Let's just sign this paperwork and the house is yours, and we're all happy, and we don't ever have to mention zombies again, right? (*Wendy and Ferrell give Phil a look.*) Look, let's just get all this out of the way, okay? (*Takes the stack of papers and throws them on the floor. Holding up two papers.*) This is the main thing. The deed and loan papers. That's really all you need.

FERRELL: What about all that other stuff?

PHIL: Forget about it. (*Nervously looks offstage, as if looking out the back door.*) Easier on you, easier on me, and what the federal government doesn't know, won't hurt them, eh?

WENDY: We don't want to get into any trouble.

PHIL: What trouble can you possibly get into with the federal government? Just sign the papers, and we get out of here, and we're all happy. (*Nervously glances offstage.*)

FERRELL: Well, I just thought that with all the paperwork to sign, it would give me a little more time to think.

WENDY: Think? What do you need to think about, hon? Is there something bothering you about this?

PHIL: Oh, of course not! It's natural to be a little skittish, but believe me, this house is so right for you two. Just sign these papers, and once the house is yours, you'll feel great, just great.

FERRELL: Now, just hold on a minute here, just a darn minute. I like the house plenty. I just have a few concerns.

WENDY: Like what?

FERRELL: Well, what about that crack in the basement, eh? That's a little worrisome. I mean, is that a leak?

PHIL: That little crack? Nah, it's nothing.

FERRELL: I'm not so sure about that.

PHIL: You know what we call those in the business? A character crack! It gives the house character. This house is as solid as can be. No leak down there, no sir...just a lotta character.

FERRELL: And it is kind of small. I mean, I can't fit much of a work area down there, or if we use it for kids eventually, there's not much space for them to play in.

PHIL: Are you kidding me? The place is huge! You could fit a body shop down there! Now, look, you just sign, and we'll all feel better—

FERRELL: No. I want to take another look at that basement.

PHIL: (*Nervous, exasperated.*) Mrs. Levybrakes, you love the kitchen—

FERRELL: Don't try to divide us here! I'm not signing another thing unless I get to look at that basement again!

WENDY: (*To Phil.*) Whatever he says.

PHIL: Okay, of course, sorry. Why don't you guys go take another look at that basement and you can talk.

FERRELL: Well, all right. *(To Wendy.)* Let's go.

(Ferrell and Wendy exit SL. Phil rubbernecks to make sure they are gone and then runs to SR. Zombies 1, 2 enter, doing the slow zombie walk.)

PHIL: *(To Zombie 1, 2.)* What are you doing here, you idiots? You're too early.

ZOMBIE 1: Aaaahhh, aaaahhhh.

PHIL: Yeah, yeah, I know you're hungry. You're always hungry. We're all hungry, but you can't eat them before they sign the loan papers. Don't you see that? Use whatever's left of your brains, you stupid zombies. You know the deal: I sell the house, I take the money, you take the new owners. If you eat them *before* they sign the papers, I get no money, and I can't justify my time spent selling the house back at the office, and you get no food.

ZOMBIE 2: Aaaggaahhhxtlnhhhh, aaaalbjpoweuahaahhhh.

PHIL: Look, it's a sweetheart deal for both of us. But you can't blow it by coming in too soon! So just keep your damn pants on... *(Looking at their ragged zombie clothes.)* ...er, or whatever the hell that is you're wearing. Get out and let me sell the house!

(Phil starts pushing Zombie 1, 2 off SR.)

ZOMBIE 1, 2: *(Resisting, trying to stay in the house.)*
Aaaalskbjoeuhhhhhh, aaaalbjachhh!

PHIL: Yeah, yeah. Now get the hell out! *(To himself.)* How did I get myself into this? How did I end up a zombie Realtor? Oh, God, times are tough. It's this slow housing market. I need to get some corporate clients or something. *(Zombie 1 tries to gnaw on his arm.)* Stop that, you dumbshit! *(Pulls his arm away.)* Not me! Wait until we sell the damn

house again! *(Hears something. Looks over his shoulder. To Zombie 1, 2.)* Oh, Christ, here they come. Now get out! *(Manages to push Zombies 1, 2 off just as the Levybrakes enter. To Wendy and Ferrell.)* Okay, okay, you two ready to sign those papers now?

FERRELL: Well, we were just talking, and I'd really like to have my cousin Clapper come over and take a look at that crack. I mean, we really like the house, we really do, and we want to buy it. But I'll just feel a little better if Clapper signs off on it.

WENDY: *(To Phil, proudly.)* He works for the state.

PHIL: Look, listen, we don't have time for that. *(Looks back SR in the direction of where the Zombies exited.)* I mean, there are lots and lots of couples who want this house, and they don't give a damn about the crack.

FERRELL: I can have him here with me tomorrow, and after he tells me it's fine, we'll sign the rest of the papers.

PHIL: *(Losing it.)* By tomorrow we could all be lunchmeat!

WENDY: What?

PHIL: Uh, nothing. What I mean is...I don't want you two to miss out. If you don't sign those papers now, I'll regret it. *(Realizes.)* I mean, you'll regret it. *(Zombies wander back on SR. To himself.)* Ah, crap!

WENDY: *(Shocked at the Zombies' appearance.)* Who are they?

PHIL: Oh, uh, they live next door, sort of...

FERRELL: *(Stage whisper.)* Where? The graveyard?! *(Bursts out laughing. Phil looks uneasy. To Zombies.)* Seriously, always happy to meet the neighbors!

(Ferrell slaps Zombie 1 on the back and a body part falls off. Phil quickly kicks the body part away so Ferrell and Wendy don't see it.)

PHIL: Graveyard? Of course not.

FERRELL: *(To Zombie 1.)* I'd like to talk to you. Did the previous owner ever say anything about that crack in the

basement? I mean, do you remember any talk about it? Did they have any problems with leaks?

ZOMBIE 1: Aaaaalkvjwqepouhhhh, aaaaarrgghhhh.

FERRELL: 'Cause I was thinking of having my cousin take a look at it.

WENDY: *(To Zombie 1, proudly.)* He works for the state.

FERRELL: *(To Zombie 1.)* Yeah, and he's real knowledgeable about foundations and stuff. But maybe if you know something about it...

ZOMBIE 1: Aaaaaalajdsvjhhhh, arghharghharghh.

FERRELL: Ah, c'mon, I wouldn't say it means nothing.

Working for the state is a pretty good gig, actually.

ZOMBIE 2: Aaaaahhhhhhharghahcghasodfugribbleschmatz.

FERRELL: Oh, you must be the wife! *(Approaches and tries to shake Zombie 2's hand. Zombie 2 takes Ferrell's hand, pulls it to her mouth, and tries to take a bite. Ferrell pulls his hand away. Flirtatiously.)* Ah, a little sugar, eh? *(To Zombie 2, leans in close.)* Uh, maybe not such a good idea in front of the... *(Spells.)* ...W-I-F-E, if you catch my drift. If we end up neighbors, we'll talk some time, eh? *(Winks at Zombie 2. Introducing.)* We're the Levybrakes. This is my wife, Wendy, and I'm Ferrell. You are...?

ZOMBIE 1: *(Simultaneously with Phil.)* Aarggrughl, laksdhflslslslslsbieab!

PHIL: *(Simultaneously with Zombie 1.)* The Smiths!

FERRELL: *(Confused.)* Well, which is it? The Zombies or the Smiths?

PHIL: Uh, both. The...uh...Zombiesmiths.

FERRELL: *(To Zombies.)* Zombiesmiths, eh? What's that...Armenian?

PHIL: *(To Ferrell and Wendy.)* Uh, look, I'm sure the Zombiesmiths have lots to do, and you two have to get to signing these papers. You can have dinner together after you buy the house. *(To the Zombiesmiths as he pushes them toward the door, pointedly.)* In fact, you could have dinner yet tonight if you let us get to the signing of the papers, okay?!

FERRELL: No, no. Now, we like this house, and the Zombiesmiths, here, seem like real nice folks, but we just need to think about this overnight. Sorry, but we just do. Besides, I really do want my cousin Clapper to look at that crack.

WENDY: He *does* work for the state.

[END OF FREEVIEW]