

SCAREVILLE

A play with music by
Julia Edwards
Optional music by Matt Buchanan

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

Scareville © 2016 Julia Edwards
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-624-3.

Caution: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

Reservation of Rights: This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by the author's representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments: Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at www.YouthPLAYS.com. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

Author Credit: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution: All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS (www.youthplays.com).

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying: Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works: This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at info@youthplays.com or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLARE

MILO

DR. FEAR

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW

MIKE THE ZOMBIE

SKULLS (in Mike's tummy)

CLARE'S MOM (offstage voice)

MILO'S DAD (offstage voice)

The voices of Clare's Mom and Milo's Dad can be doubled with the above actors or can be performed by an additional actor.

The skulls (in Mike's tummy) can be realized in numerous ways. The skulls could be a simple costume piece, they could be puppets operated by the actor playing Mike, or they could even be performed by a chorus of actors. Feel free to have fun with it!

NOTES

Scareville has several songs incorporated into it. Original music by Matt Buchanan is available, including prerecorded tracks for use in rehearsal and/or performance. Producers have the option of licensing the original music from YouthPLAYS or creating their own.

(In two different bedrooms in two different houses, CLARE and MILO avoid bedtime. She avidly studies an enormous dictionary; he works diligently on a video game player. CLARE'S MOM and MILO'S DAD do not appear on stage.)

CLARE: D-I-A-L-O-G-I-C. Dialogic.

MILO: Dude! Where did my pig go? Here piggie, piggie.

CLARE: D-I-A-L-O-G-U-E. Dialogue.

MILO: No, piggie, no! Don't go into the-lava pit. Poor dead piggie.

CLARE'S MOM: Clare! Time for bed.

CLARE: Are you kidding me? I'm only in the D's. D-I-A-R-R-H-E-A. OK. Why are there two R's in diarrhea?

MILO'S DAD: Milo! One more minute.

MILO: But I'm...doing my homework!

CLARE'S MOM: Sweet dreams.

(Clare's light goes out.)

CLARE: This is cruel and unusual punishment!

MILO'S DAD: See you in the morning.

(Milo's light goes out. As does his gadget.)

MILO: Hey, it's not even dark...in Hawaii.

(Darkness. Strange noises. Clare's flashlight pops on.)

CLARE: What was that?

(Creepy music. Milo's flashlight pops on too.)

MILO: Is someone playing creepy music or is that in my head? Either way, it's creepy.

(Even the flashlights can't fight off the spooky sounds and shadows.)

CLARE: Mom?

MILO: Dad?

CLARE: Is someone there?

MILO: Or some...*thing*?

I'm Not Afraid of the Dark

CLARE & MILO: I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK
OR THINGS THAT GO BUMP OR CREEP
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK
I JUST DON'T WANT TO GO TO SLEEP

EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES
I HOPE FOR THOSE SWEET DREAMS
THEN I HEAR A NOISE
AND I'M TOO AFRAID TO SCREAM

IS IT A GHOST? OR A GHOUL?
OR THE SCARY NEW KID AT SCHOOL?
HOW 'BOUT A WEREWOLF? OR A MUMMY?
OR A ZOMBIE WITH SKULLS IN HIS TUMMY?

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK
OR THINGS THAT GO BUMP OR CREEP
I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK
I JUST DON'T WANT TO GO TO SLEEP

EVERY TIME I CLOSE MY EYES
I HOPE FOR THOSE SWEET DREAMS
THEN A SHADOW LOOMS
AND I'M TOO AFRAID TO SCREAM

IS IT A SPIDER? OR A ROACH?
OR THE MEAN OLD SOCCER COACH?
HOW 'BOUT A GHOST? OR GODZILLA?
OR A FOUR HUNDRED POUND GORILLA?

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE —

(The flashlights go out. Clare and Milo scramble from their beds, searching frantically for their lights/doors.)

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

CLARE: Hey. What's going on?

MILO: Where's the light switch?

CLARE: Where's the door?

MILO: Where's the moon?!

(Clare and Milo bump into each other.)

CLARE & MILO: Ahhhhhh!

CLARE: I mean, quit your screaming! I always have a backup flashlight.

(Click. Light.)

MILO: Clare?

CLARE: Who are YOU? And what are you doing in my room?

MILO: I'm Milo. And I'm not in your room. I'm. I don't know where I am.

DR. FEAR'S VOICE: *(Off:)* You're in Scareville. And you're never getting out! *Hahahahaha!*

(Dr. Fear's evil laugh echoes menacingly. And indeed, they are no longer in their bedrooms. Clare and Milo find themselves in a spooky locale complete with skeletons, spider webs, and other ghoulish accoutrements – including SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW and MIKE THE ZOMBIE, who appear to be lifeless mannequins. Milo clings to Clare.)

MILO: Who was that? What's Scareville? What does he mean we're not getting out?

CLARE: Paws off, Bob.

MILO: It's Milo.

CLARE: Is that supposed to mean something to me?

MILO: I'm in your class. I've been sitting behind you since September.

CLARE: Oh yeah. You're the dud who ruined the Halloween party.

MILO: What? It was a freaky costume.

CLARE: She was dressed like a bunny.

MILO: Yes...but she looked alarmingly like the killer bunnies in this game *Zombie Dance Party* and they have really sharp fangs and when their eyes start to glow, they hop really high and nah, nah, nah—

(Milo makes menacing bunny fang gestures.)

CLARE: OK, zip it, Bunny Boy. I need to figure out a game plan. Looks like we're in some lame haunted house. Check out this cheap-o plastic zombie.

(Clare manhandles Mike.)

MILO: Don't touch it!

CLARE: Please. I am so sick of zombie this and zombie that. Zombies are for losers.

(Mike the Zombie looks like he's about to take a bite out of Clare, but Sally the Black Widow calls him off.)

MILO: That's it! I must be sleepwalking. My mom says I sleepwalk when I have nightmares and I have nightmares when I play zombie games before bed. Why didn't I believe her? I'm sorry, Mom. It was good knowing ya.

CLARE: Quit the histrionics. That's impossible. I'm here so this can't be a nightmare because I don't have nightmares.

MILO: Everyone has nightmares. Even my parents have nightmares. I bet even the president has nightmares.

CLARE: Not me. I'm not afraid of anything so I make much more constructive use of my unconscious time.

MILO: You're not afraid of *anything*?

CLARE: Nope.

MILO: What about snakes?

CLARE: Nope.

MILO: Ghosts?

CLARE: Yawn.

MILO: World War Three?

A tsunami?

The orthodontist!?

(Clare shakes her head.)

You must be afraid of something.

CLARE: Actually I am. I'm afraid I'm wasting my time talking to a scaredy cat bunny boy. I've got a spelling test I need to study for.

(Clare struts away.)

MILO: I'm not a scaredy cat bunny boy. I'm just. Aware. Of lots of dangers. And things that could hurt us. And attack us. With fangs. And claws. And needles— What about needles? You must be afraid of needles? Clare? Clare! Hey! Wait for me!

(Milo runs out after her. When the coast is clear, Mike and Sally hop down from the props.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Why didn't you let me eat her? We could be clocked out and on our way home by now.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Tell me about it. I've got a million babies I need to feed at home. But Dr. Fear told us to wait.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: He's not doing another Continuing Scarification class, is he? That fang sharpening one was wicked painful. I've had a heck of a time chomping skulls since then.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: You're preaching to the choir on this one, Mike. I'm a black widow. Grown men jump on chairs when they see me. What else do I need to know?

(Mike doubles over with stomach pain.)

You OK?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Bad stomach.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: What's wrong?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Well. The doctor said I should stop punching myself in the stomach.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: So...your stomach hurts because you punch yourself in the stomach and the doctor said you should stop but you don't?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Uh...yup. And I gotta tell you, I'm really starting to regret some of the people I ate.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Guilt eating at you?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: No. They don't shut up.

(Mike reveals his bloated stomach, filled with TALKING SKULLS.)

SKULLS: Poor Mikey! Did we hurt your feewings? That's what you get for eating us! Hahahahaha!

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Hey. Stop that. That's enough out of you.

SKULLS: Hey. Stop that. That's enough out of you.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: I'm warning you.

SKULLS: Hey, why can't you teach a zombie? Because he's got no brains! Hahahahaha!

(Mike punches himself in the stomach.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Ow, ow, ow!

(Sally can't believe her eyes. Mike finally pulls himself together.)

Sorry. I don't know, Sal, it's gotten so bad, I've started thinking about giving up the whole scare scene.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: You're a zombie. What else do you do?

(DR. FEAR emerges from the props. He looks like a horror movie reject. An accent would help too. Sally and Mike don't see as Dr. Fear motions to the audience to be quiet and tiptoes forward.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Well. I've always wanted to be a teacher. I actually enjoy kids. You know, when I'm not eating them. I'm very patient. But I asked Dr. Fear if I could get some time off to go back to school and he was all:

(Mike screws up his face like a sour meanie and struts around self-importantly. With accent:)

You will do what I say and be most happy I don't send you to the Room of Perpetual Pain. Ja!

(Sally notices Dr. Fear.)

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Uh...Mike?

(Sally gesticulates to stop Mike, to no avail.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: You know what really drives me up the wall about that guy? When he claps his hands and says: Goodie, goodie! Makes me want to give *him* some perpetual pain.

DR. FEAR: Goodie, goodie! I do so love the pain.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Oh! Uh. Dr. Fear. I was just uh, uh, uh.

DR. FEAR: Warming ups! On the double!

(Mike and Sally start their monster warm-ups, which entails light stretching and practice lunging, roaring, chomping, and whatnot.)

One, two, three, lunge.

One, two, three, bite.

One, two, three, lunge.

Battle crying!

MIKE & SALLY: Roar!

DR. FEAR: This is terrible. (*To audience:*) Is this scary to you? Oh me oh my! Look at all these creatures who have come to my little Scarification class. Goodie, goodie! Let's begin.

(*Dr. Fear displays a picture of the brain.*)

Tonight we are going to talk about—

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Is that spaghetti? I love spaghetti and meatballs! Are we going to make spaghetti and meatballs?

DR. FEAR: Somebody please punch him.

(*Mike's skulls punch him in the stomach.*)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Ow! Hey! What are you doing that for?

DR. FEAR: This is the brain.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Oh. Brains...

DR. FEAR: And tonight we are going to talk about the tastiest, I mean, teeniest almond-shaped part of the brain called the amygdala. It rhymes with "a-pig-fer-ya". Can we all say that? Amygdala. No. That was no good. Try again. Amygdala! Ja, ja. Better.

The Amygdala

THE AMYGDALA
IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
THE AMYGDALA
IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR
THE AMYGDALA
IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
THE AMYGDALA

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR

THE EYES AND THE EARS AND THE SKIN
ARE ALWAYS TALKING TO THE BRAIN
AND WHEN THEY SEE A BLACK WIDOW
THE BRAIN SEES POTENTIAL PAIN

THE BRAIN GOES TALKING TO THE HEART
THE HEART BEATS FASTER WITH THIS FRIGHT
THE MUSCLES GET READY TO FIGHT
THEN AMYGDALA SAYS TIME FOR FLIGHT!

(Mike raises his hand.)

THE AMYGDALA
IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
THE AMYGDALA
IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR

THE AMYGDALA
IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
THE AMYGDALA
IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR

(Dr. Fear finally calls on Mike.)

What do you want now?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Isn't it the hypothalamus that—

DR. FEAR: More punching!

(Mike's skulls punch him.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: But I ate this doctor who— Ow, ow!

DR. FEAR: You see this lovely little amygdala? It looks like a little button, ja? So how do we push it and make our little friends scream with fear?

Lesson One:

IF YOU WANT SCREAMS LOUDER
THAN A JUMBO AIRCRAFT

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

THE BEST WAY TO SCARE IS
TO HAVE AN EVIL LAUGH

Let us practice now. Let me hear your evil laughs.

(Dr. Fear points to Mike, Sally, audience members.)

You. Terrible. You. A little bit less terrible. Everyone! You are not very scary. That's OK. We have another lesson.

Lesson Two:

YOU DO NOT NEED TO BITE
OR DROP, OR POP, OR CHOP
THE BEST WAY TO SCARE THEM
IS TO HAVE A REAL GOOD PROP

(Dr. Fear presents a box.)

Oh. Are you wondering what is in this little old box? I don't know. It could be good. It could be bad. It could be...BUG SPRAY!

(Dr. Fear whips out a can and sprays willy nilly. Sally jumps and hops and rolls and coughs.)

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Argh! Ugh! Blech!

DR. FEAR: Ja, Ja. Or it could just be the hair spray. I always like the locks to look their best. Ja.

(Dr. Fear sprays his hair and makes adjustments. Mike laughs uproariously; Sally smacks him.)

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Don't forget, Skull Gut, my venom is lethal.

DR. FEAR: Lesson Three:

SINCE WE WORK IN THE DARK
THEY DON'T SEE BUT THEY HEAR
SO THE BEST WAY TO SCARE
IS TO SCARE THROUGH THE EARS

(Dr. Fear takes out a suitcase filled with Foley instruments)

Close your eyes. Go on, close them. If I see eyeballs, I pluck them out and eat them. Ja, ja.

(Dr. Fear works Foley magic to create sounds of a door creaking open, heavy footsteps, etc. Then Dr. Fear taps Mike on the shoulder and he jumps a mile high.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: AHHHHHHHHHH!

(Sally laughs.)

What?

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Sorry. I just—

(Sally looks at the skulls, the skulls look at Sally. They all bust up laughing again.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: I don't know what's so funny. I just yelled because I...got some jalapeno in my eye and it's actually really painful so. It's kind of mean to laugh at someone with jalapeno eye.

DR. FEAR: Ja, ja. Shutting up. All I do is touch you like tiny mouse and you are scared. Why? Because the brain is its own worst enemy. You ever see a movie about a little shark they call Jaws? Maybe you are too young. Some day it will be scary fun for you. Let me tell you about it. You don't see this man-eating shark sometimes. You just hear this music. Da-dum, da-dum, da-dum. You can do it. Let me hear. Da-dum, da-dum, da-dum, da-dum, da-dum, da-dum, da-dum—AND THEN THE SHARK CHOMPS SOMEONE TO BITS. Ja! Fun, fun! Now let's hear it for the amygdala.

The Amygdala – Reprise

THE AMYGDALA
IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
THE AMYGDALA
IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR
THE AMYGDALA

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
 THE AMYGDALA
 IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR
 Everyone!

EVERYONE: THE AMYGDALA
 IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
 THE AMYGDALA
 IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR
 THE AMYGDALA
 IS SOME BRAIN NEAR THE EAR
 THE AMYGDALA
 IS THE SCIENCE OF FEAR

DR. FEAR: We are not cheap Halloween ooglie booglies. We are scientists. Of fear. Now let's get out there and scare the hooey out of these kids. Well...what are you waiting for?

(Mike and Sally skedaddle.)

Goodie, goodie! I can't wait for the screaming.

(Dr. Fear soft shoes out. Milo enters cautiously.)

MILO: Is someone there? Clare? Is that you? Cl—aaaah!

(Mike appears in full zombie mode, blocking Milo's way.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Brains... Brains...

MILO: See? I told everyone zombies are real. Um. Nice zombie. I'd love to stay and chat about, you know, dead stuff but I really have to...RUN!

(Milo turns to run and slams smack into Clare.)

CLARE: Ow! Watch where you're going!

MILO: GET OUT OF TOWN! THERE'S A ZOMBIE COMING!

CLARE: Listen, Rex.

MILO: Milo.

CLARE: Right. Miles, Miles, Miles. I feel bad for you, I do. You need to get over this Halloween freak-out thing of yours. This is just some dude with no imagination in a bad costume. Come on, off with the mask, buddy.

(Clare crosses to Mike and puts her hand out.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: BRAINS!

MILO: Clare! He'll eat you alive!

CLARE: Don't you get it? Halloween is a sham. People spend billions of dollars every year to scare themselves. I mean, hello. How stupid can you get? *(To Mike:)* Seriously, dude. I'm starting to get annoyed. Off with the mask.

(Mike lunges for her.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: UGHHHHHHH!

(Clare karate chops Mike in the stomach.)

CLARE: Shame on you for trying to scare kids.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Ow! That hurt!

SKULLS: *(Mocking:)* Owwww! That huwt!

(Mike punches his stomach.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Hush it up!

CLARE: Oh, brother. I feel sorry for you too. I do. Come on, Mac. Let's cruise. If I don't get eight hours of sleep, I won't be in my optimum test-taking zone.

(Clare grabs Milo and turns to leave but in front of them stands Sally. Clare freezes, completely unable to move.)

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Where are you going, fast food?

CLARE: It's uh, uh, uh...

MILO: We were just cruising, Freaky Lady in Your Tacky Spider Costume. Out of our way. We've got a spelling test

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

tomorrow. Of course, that's scary in and of itself but we'll cross that bridge when we get there. Right, Clare? Uh, Clare? Why aren't you cruising? Clare? What's going on? What's wrong?

CLARE: Uh, uh, uh...

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Apparently she's afraid of spiders. Sal—

(Sally moves toward Clare; Clare screams and runs and jumps on Milo's back.)

CLARE: SPIDER!

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: I get this a lot. Now stand still.

(Sally moves in for the kill.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Wait a minute. Are you going to eat the girl? I was going to eat the girl.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: For Pete's sake, Mike. Do we really need to have a debate every time we eat people? I've still got to feed my million babies, eat my husbands, and bake a lasagna. I'm eating her and I'm going home and that's final.

MILO: Stop! Something's wrong. Clare isn't scared of anything. It's like she doesn't even believe in it. This shouldn't be happening to her.

(Mike raises his hand.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Oh, oh, oh! I know this one. Call on me, call on me!

MILO: Uh. Mr. Zombie.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: It's, it's...wait a minute.

(Mike whispers to his skulls.)

Yeah, that's it. Amygdala hijacking!

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Amygdawhatwhatwhat?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Geez. Everyone makes fun of me for not having a brain. At least I ate some smart ones. In fact, I ate this brain doctor once.

SKULLS: Hey.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Oh yeah. There he is. Hey Dr. Steve! Uh. Sorry about...the whole eating thing.

SKULLS: Water under the bridge.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Say, why don't you tell them?

SKULLS: Sure, Mike! I'd love to. But before we can talk about the amygdala hijacking, we really need to start with the thalamus. That's the part of the brain that takes in the sensory data and then it's sent along two pipelines, if you will. The first goes to the amygdala that weighs the threat and then forwards the assessment to the hypothalamus that activates the fight or flight response. Meanwhile the thalamus is also sending its data to the sensory cortex—

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Ugh! When is Steve the Skull Doctor going to be done? I'm starving!

(Sally grabs Clare.)

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Can you wait a minute, Sal? I think we've got a great teachable moment here.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: A what?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: You know. I've been wanting to try the teacher thing out and these kids could really use a lesson on the brain.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: From a zombie?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: I grant you that it's ironic but. I think I really have something to share about emotional intelligence here.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: You've got three minutes.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: You're a doll. *(To Milo:)* Now, son. What's your name?

MILO: Milo?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Milo, I'm Teacher Mike.

MILO: Uh, hi, Teacher Mike.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: I'm going to teach you something about your brain. Now let's see. There's just got to be an easier way to explain this.

SKULLS: Tell him about the high road and the low road.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Right. Thanks, guys. OK, pretend I'm a dude without an amygdala. I'm walking through the forest. Lalala. I hear something rustling in the leaves. Sal, rustle.

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Oh, brother. Rustle, rustle, rustle.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Hm. What a pretty sound. Lalala. I keep walking then...this enormous bear starts charging at me, top speed. Sal.

(Sally pretends to charge like a bear. Roar!)

And I think: Hm, there's a charging bear, I wonder what I should do, and then the bear eats me, the end.

Now...pretend I'm a guy *with* an amygdala. I'm walking through the forest. The leaves rustle.

(Mike looks to Sally who rustles.)

And I freeze. I might be in danger. My whole body gears up. My pupils dilate, my heart rate goes up, oxygen moves from my brain to my lungs, and my blood moves to my major muscle groups so I can run. So I can save my life. AND THEN OUT OF THE GRASS BOUNDS A MAN-EATING – weasel.

(Mike exhales big time.)

So...the body powers back down. But when the amygdala

© Julia Edwards

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying/distribution or performance permitted.

hijacks the body –

MILO: It can't power down.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: That's right, Milo! It gets caught in this low road loop – that's the caveman part of the brain. Even if the high road brain – that's the smarty pants part – says: show's over, there's nothing to be afraid of.

MILO: So what do you do? Is it stuck like that forever?

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: No. You've just got to trick your brain into being calm. What's this thing's name again?

MILO: Clare.

MIKE THE ZOMBIE: Clare, my name is Teacher Mike and I'm here to help you, OK? Now I want you to take a really deep breath.

(She does.)

Now hold it.

(She does.)

And let it out. Again. You see, she needs to get the oxygen back into her brain so she can use her cerebral cortex. No oxygen, no brains. (It makes brains taste better too!)

(She repeats.)

Good. Now pretend your whole body is a piece of raw, uncooked spaghetti. You're completely hard and straight.

(Clare does so.)

Harder. Straighter. OK, now pretend you're a cooked piece of spaghetti that just came out of boiling water.

(Clare loosens ever so slightly.)

Again. Hard spaghetti.

(Clare stiffens.)

Cooked spaghetti. You're ooey, you're gooey, you're limp all over.

(Clare loosens a little more, then she goes full wet noodle. It feels good. She's back.)

CLARE: Whoa.

MILO: Clare? Are you OK?

CLARE: Yeah. I think so. I thought I saw this enormously fat spider—

SALLY THE BLACK WIDOW: Hey. I look great for someone who just had a million babies.

(Clare opens her mouth to scream.)

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!