

**ACT 1**

*A pub, early evening. There is a door at one end of the stage, a bar at the other, and a table with four chairs in the middle. Chris, the bartender, is behind the bar, pouring drinks for Dino and Shirley. There is a radio on the bar, playing pop music at a low volume.*

**SHIRLEY**     *[paying for his drink]* Thanks.

*Dino pays for her drink too, and they both sit at the table.*

**SHIRLEY (CONT'D)**     It's a shame you can't drink very much tonight.

**DINO**             Why not? It's not like I've got to go to school tomorrow.

**SHIRLEY**     I know, but if you don't want your parents to know you've been to the pub then you'd better not get a hangover.

**DINO**             Oh yeah, good point.

**SHIRLEY**     Plus you've barely eaten today.

**DINO**             What's that got to do with it?

**SHIRLEY**     It's not a good idea to drink on an empty stomach. Shall I get us a packet of crisps or something?

**DINO**             Nah, I'm good.

**SHIRLEY**     You sure?

**DINO**             Yes! Come on Shirley Holmes, don't spend the whole night interrogating me.

**SHIRLEY**     I'm just trying to look out for you.

**DINO**             Thanks. But I'm fine. *[pause]* What time is it?

**SHIRLEY**    *[taking out a pocket-watch]* Half past seven. Spike should be here soon.

**DINO**        Next time we should tell her to get here at six so she'll get here at seven.

**SHIRLEY**    *[laughing]* Yeah.

*Spike comes in through the door. She has already been drinking and is slightly tipsy.*

**SHIRLEY (CONT'D)**    Aha, speak of the devil.

**SPIKE**        Hey guys! *[going straight to the bar and slapping some money onto it]* The usual, please. *[she starts giggling]*

**DINO**        Spike, are you drunk already?

**SPIKE**        No. Well, not much. I just borrowed some of my mum's wine.

**CHRIS**        What's the usual?

**SPIKE**        Sorry?

**CHRIS**        What's the usual?

**SPIKE**        You know what the usual is, Chris. Vodka lemonade. Wait no, actually, let's have something different. To celebrate ... uh ... not getting caught borrowing my mum's wine. I'll have a whiskey, please.

**CHRIS**        *[pouring Spike's drink]* Whiskey it is.

**SHIRLEY**    You 'borrowed' your mum's wine?

**SPIKE**        Yeah. For pre-drinking.

**DINO**        She's going to go mental when she finds out.

**SPIKE**     *[paying for her drink]* Cheers, mate. *[sitting down with the others]* First of all, she's not going to find out because she can't prove it was me. And second of all, serves her right for having a go at me this morning.

**SHIRLEY**   Why did she have a go at you?

**SPIKE**     She thinks I have a drinking problem. *[she takes a big gulp of whiskey]* Which is rich coming from a woman with a secret stash of wine that her husband doesn't know about. Anyway, how are you guys doing?

**SHIRLEY**   Not bad. Dino's been hanging out at my house since nine this morning.

**SPIKE**     Oh yeah, I forgot you told me you'd stormed out of your parents' flat. Good for you.

**DINO**       I didn't storm out so much as I stood angrily in a lift for a couple of minutes.

**SPIKE**     *[laughing]* That'll show them.

**DINO**       And yeah, I went to Shirley's and we had the house to ourselves for most of the day so we had a bit of a movie marathon.

**SHIRLEY**   First we watched *The Adventures of Tintin*, to cheer Dino up ...

**DINO**       Then *The Maltese Falcon* ...

**SHIRLEY**   And then some good old *Laurel and Hardy*.

**SPIKE**     Damn, I was about to say I wish I could've been there but if you ended on *Laurel and Hardy* I'm glad I wasn't.

**SHIRLEY**   What's wrong with *Laurel and Hardy*?

**SPIKE**     It's so stupid! It's just a pair of guys in bowler hats tripping over each other!

**DINO** But that's the beauty of slapstick!

**SPIKE** There's no beauty in slapstick, Dino. The entire genre is about ridiculous-looking people being horrifically clumsy.

**DINO** Yes, and that's why I like it. *[standing up]* Look at me. *I* look ridiculous and I'm horrifically clumsy. And it makes me feel better to know that that's funny rather than just embarrassing. *[sitting down again]* That's how I dealt with the bullies at secondary school. By being funny on purpose so they'd laugh *with* me, not *at* me.

**SHIRLEY** You go girl.

**SPIKE** *[cackling with laughter]* Oh my god, Shirley. Just when I thought you couldn't get any more camp.

**SHIRLEY** I'm not really camp. If anything, *you're* camp.

**SPIKE** *[very camp]* That is *utter* nonsense. I'm not the one with the pocket-watch.

**SHIRLEY** I see, is my ownership of a pocket-watch a measurement of my campness?

**SPIKE** Yes, and you are *easily* the *campest* person in this pub.

*The door opens and Tom Foolery struts in. He is a drag king, dressed up in a dapper suit, top hat and curly moustache, and carrying a fancy walking stick.*

**SPIKE (CONT'D)** I stand corrected.

*Chris sees Tom and freezes.*

**TOM FOOLERY** Oh. Hello Chris.

*Chris stares, stone-faced, at Tom and does not say hello back.  
Dino, Shirley and Spike stare at Tom in awe.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)**      My apologies for bursting in here  
uninvited, I thought this was a gay bar.

**CHRIS**      You absolutely did not.

**TOM FOOLERY**      I did!

**CHRIS**      This is the third time you've come in here with that  
excuse this month.

**TOM FOOLERY**      Well I'm sorry, but this place *happens* to look  
very similar to the gay bar down the road.

**CHRIS**      Which one?

**TOM FOOLERY**      The one down the road!

**CHRIS**      What's it called?

**TOM FOOLERY**      *[after a long silence]* Cocktails.

*Spike laughs. Chris rolls her eyes and starts cleaning a glass  
that's already clean.*

**DINO**      I like your suit.

**TOM FOOLERY**      *[posing]* Thank you darling.

**SHIRLEY**      You look a bit like Marlene Dietrich.

**TOM FOOLERY**      Really?

**SPIKE**      *[starting to drink Dino's cider]* I was going to say  
you look a bit like Willy Wonka.

**DINO**      Spike!

**SPIKE**      I'm joking! You're very handsome, sir.

**TOM FOOLERY** I'm concerned as to which Wonka you're talking about. If it was Gene Wilder I'd be flattered, but if it's Johnny Depp I consider that to be a great insult.

**SPIKE** Oh, you're Gene Wilder, definitely.

**TOM FOOLERY** Excellent. Well, I'm glad *someone* here is friendly. *[with a pointed look at Chris]*

**CHRIS** What's that supposed to mean?

**TOM FOOLERY** *[ignoring her]* Is your name Spike?

**SPIKE** Well. It's my nickname. My real name's Sophia Pike, but I once wrote it as S. Pike and everyone thought I'd written Spike. So now everyone calls me Spike. Except my mother.

**TOM FOOLERY** It's a very cool nickname. And who are your friends?

**SHIRLEY** I'm Shirley.

**DINO** I'm Dino.

**SPIKE** Dino's a nickname too. Short for Geraldine.

*Dino glares at SPIKE.*

**SPIKE (CONT'D)** What? It is.

**TOM FOOLERY** I'd have thought you would shorten Geraldine to Geri. Don't you like that?

**DINO** No, I hate it. My parents call me that because my mum likes the Spice Girls and my dad's name is Gerry, but I can't stand them or the name so my friends call me Dino.

**TOM FOOLERY** Fair enough. And I'm assuming Shirley is short for Sherlock?

**SHIRLEY** I wish. No, I'm just Shirley.

**DINO** We call you Shirley Holmes sometimes.

**SHIRLEY** That is true.

**TOM FOOLERY** What fascinating names you all have. *[suddenly slipping out of character]* Shit, sorry, that sounded really passive aggressive. I didn't mean it to be, honestly. You guys just have cool names.

**SHIRLEY** Well, I'm glad you think so.

**SPIKE** Yeah, see, that's another person we can add to the list of people who don't mind that you've got a girl's name. *[to Tom]* And who are you?

**TOM FOOLERY** *[back in character]* You may call me Tom Foolery, darlings.

**DINO** *[after a pause]* Your parents are geniuses.

**TOM FOOLERY** Hey, I came up with that name myself! My parents had nothing to do with it. It's my drag name.

**DINO** Ohhh, okay I'm stupid.

**TOM FOOLERY** No you're not. *[twirling his moustache]* I know this fake 'tache is very convincing.

**CHRIS** Don't you have a gay bar to go to, Tom?

**TOM FOOLERY** *[looking at Chris with an expression of vague sadness]* Yes. Well, see you guys.

*Waving, Tom goes to the door. When he opens it, there is a woman (Jackie) on the other side.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)** Excuse me, ma'am.

*The woman looks very ill. She has a vacant expression and her body is not holding her up properly. She slowly staggers into the pub.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)** Damn, how much have you had to drink?

**CHRIS** *[quickly putting on a cheery bartender voice]* Oh, hey Jackie. I won't give you any wine because you're clearly plastered already. How about some water?

*Jackie groans.*

**CHRIS (CONT'D)** Jackie? Are you okay?

**SPIKE** D'you think she's on drugs?

*Dino elbows Spike hard.*

**SHIRLEY** She looks sick. Has something happened to her?

**CHRIS** *[cautiously approaching Jackie]* Come on, Jackie, talk to me. Are you hurt? *[pause, in which Jackie doesn't respond]* Here, why don't you sit down?

*Chris sits Jackie down at the table. After a moment of sitting still, Jackie leans towards Dino and tries to bite her hand. Dino screams and Chris pulls Jackie away from her. Jackie groans. Everyone stares at her.*

**CHRIS (CONT'D)** I think I'm going to call an ambulance.

**TOM FOOLERY** Good idea.

*Chris gets her phone out. Suddenly, the radio glitches and the music stops.*

**RADIO HOST** *[quietly]* We have an emergency news broadcast.

**DINO** What was that?

**SHIRLEY** Did they say 'emergency'?



*Chris goes to the radio and turns up the volume.*

**NEWS ANCHOR**      There's been an outbreak of a currently unknown virus that is rapidly spreading through the southwest. The virus is spread through saliva and has caused those infected to become semi-conscious and rapidly decay, with symptoms similar to gangrene. We advise everyone to stay inside and avoid contact with infected people at all costs.

*There is a silence, in which everyone stares at each other.*

**NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)**      This just in: another symptom of the virus is an urge to bite people.

*Everyone slowly turns their attention to Jackie, who is still in a trance. Tom carefully lifts up the hem of her shirt with the end of his walking stick. There is a gory bite mark on her torso.*

**NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)**      This just in: the virus is turning people into zombies. Please stay in your homes until further notice.

*There is another moment of silence.*

**TOM FOOLERY**      We should get Jackie out of here.

**CHRIS**      Yep.

*Everyone springs into action. Dino goes to the door and holds it wide open as Tom, Shirley and Spike push Jackie out of it, staying as far away from her teeth as possible. Chris picks up a keyring full of keys from behind the bar. Dino slams the door shut as soon as Jackie is outside and Chris runs to lock it. Then everyone stands still, breathing heavily.*

**SPIKE**      What the fuck.

**TOM FOOLERY**      That's exactly what I was going to say.

*Silence. Chris looks at Tom with thinly veiled contempt.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)**      What? Surely you don't think that was my fault?

**CHRIS**      I don't. I just can't believe we're stuck in here now.

**TOM FOOLERY**      You mean stuck with me.

**CHRIS**      I didn't say that.

**TOM FOOLERY**      You didn't have to. Well, I don't have to stay here. *[swinging his walking stick like a bat]* I could probably keep the zombies away with this.

**CHRIS**      I'd like to see you try.

**TOM FOOLERY**      Is that a challenge?

*Chris shrugs.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)**      Okay. I'll go then.

**CHRIS**      You do that.

**TOM FOOLERY**      Wish me luck!

**CHRIS**      Yeah.

**TOM FOOLERY**      *[walking towards the door]* I'm going!

**CHRIS**      Good.

*Tom tries to open the door.*

**TOM FOOLERY**      It's locked.

*Chris throws the keys at him. They land on the floor and he picks them up, now looking somewhat sad.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)**      You really want me to leave, don't you.

**CHRIS** Yes.

**TOM FOOLERY** Right. Bye then.

*Tom opens the door and walks out.*

**SHIRLEY** Did ... did you and Tom Foolery have some kind of fight, Chris?

**CHRIS** No.

**SHIRLEY** Oh. Okay. It just seems like —

**SPIKE** Shut up Shirley Holmes, this is a really bad time to play detective.

**SHIRLEY** Sorry.

**DINO** But something must have happened. Or else you'd be more scared that Tom's about to get eaten by zombies.

**CHRIS** She- he's not going to get eaten by zombies.

*Outside, Jackie tries to bite Tom.*

**TOM FOOLERY** *[opening the door again and waving his walking stick at Jackie]* Get off me!

**CHRIS** Molly!

*Chris runs to the door, pulls Tom inside and slams it shut. Tom stares at her. Chris walks away quickly.*

**TOM FOOLERY** Thanks.

**CHRIS** Don't mention it.

*Shirley sits back down at the table and takes one of the 'Tintin' comics out of his bag. He starts to read it in an attempt to calm himself down. Dino sits on the table next to him*

*and reads the book over his shoulder. She is also getting stressed.*

**SPIKE**       What are you two doing?

**DINO**        What does it look like we're doing?

**SPIKE**       It looks like you're the two biggest nerds I've ever seen. Did you seriously bring a book to the pub, Shirley?

**SHIRLEY**    Yes.

**SPIKE**       Why?

**SHIRLEY**    *[shrugging]* I just like to have a book on me in case I need it.

**SPIKE**       In case you need it? This could not be a worse time to read a book. There's a goddamn zombie apocalypse happening and you're reading a stupid comic!

*Shirley looks embarrassed. Dino frowns at Spike.*

**DINO**        Leave him alone, it's how he deals with stress.

**SHIRLEY**    All right, don't patronise me.

**DINO**        Anyway, maybe reading *Tintin* will give us some ideas for how to get out of this disaster.

**SPIKE**       *[laughing]* Oh, that's adorable. Well, if it makes you happy I won't judge. We all deal with stress in different ways, don't we? Speaking of which, any chance I could have another whiskey, Chris?

**CHRIS**       Absolutely not.

**SPIKE**        Aw, come on! Just a little one? Or what about that vodka lemonade I asked for earlier?

**CHRIS**       You're not drinking any more. You're already pissed.

**SPIKE** Excuse me! I am not pissed!

**TOM FOOLERY** You sound pissed.

**DINO** You are pissed. Drink some water, Spike.

**SPIKE** Don't tell me what to do! I didn't judge you for reading your book, did I? So don't judge me for wanting a drink. Especially considering we're in a place where you're supposed to drink.

**CHRIS** You said it yourself, Spike, there's a goddamn zombie apocalypse happening. If we get drunk at a time like this we'll be in even bigger danger.

**SHIRLEY** Yes, we need all our wits about us.

**SPIKE** Shut up, you pretentious fucker. You wannabe old Hollywood ... early talkies ... prat.

**DINO** What the fuck are you talking about?

**SPIKE** I don't know. I'm sorry. Ignore me. I'm pissed.

*Spike sits down. Dino and Shirley continue reading. Tom slowly moves towards Chris.*

**TOM FOOLERY** Hey.

**CHRIS** What?

**TOM FOOLERY** I ... I was just saying hey.

**CHRIS** Oh. Well. Hey.

*There is an excruciatingly awkward silence.*

**TOM FOOLERY** You like ... actually kind of saved my life just now.

**CHRIS** I told you not to mention it.

**TOM FOOLERY** Why? Why can't I mention it? Are you embarrassed that you still care about me?

**CHRIS** *[walking away from Tom]* I can't deal with this right now.

**TOM FOOLERY** *[following her]* Well, if you could let me know when you will be able to deal with it –

**CHRIS** *[stopping abruptly]* Will you get off my back?

*Tom bumps into Chris.*

**TOM FOOLERY** I'll get off your back when you explain what's been going on.

**DINO** What *has* been going on?

**CHRIS** None of your business, Dino.

**SHIRLEY** Hey, is the radio still working?

**CHRIS** Yes ...?

**SHIRLEY** Do you think there'll be any more news about the virus?

**SPIKE** Oh great, that's all we need. More despair.

**SHIRLEY** There might be good news.

*Chris fiddles with the radio. There is no news.*

**CHRIS** Nothing yet. Don't worry, it hasn't been very long.

**SPIKE** Is there any good music on?

*Chris continues to adjust the radio. The chorus of 'Zombie' by The Cranberries suddenly starts to play rather loudly. Everyone listens for a few seconds, unnerved.*

**CHRIS**        Okay, not that.

*She switches the station over to one that's playing R.E.M.'s 'It's the End of the World as we Know It (And I Feel Fine)'. Chris turns down the volume after the titular line, now even more uncomfortable.*

**TOM FOOLERY**        They must be doing this on purpose.

*Chris tries again. This time the radio plays 'Puttin' on the Ritz' by Taco, and Tom's face lights up.*

**TOM FOOLERY (CONT'D)**        Hey, I use this song in my shows! You guys want to see a wicked lip-sync?

**SPIKE**        Yes!

*Shirley puts his book down and he, Spike and Dino watch as Tom starts to perform his lip-sync routine to the song. Chris is trying not to look at him.*

**CHRIS**        Stop it, you look ridiculous.

*Tom ignores her and keeps going, putting his heart and soul into his performance. About halfway through the song, Chris mutes the radio.*

**TOM FOOLERY**        Hey!

**CHRIS**        I can't believe you're prancing around like a twat at a time like this.

**TOM FOOLERY**        What am I supposed to do? Sit here and be miserable while we wait for the world to end? Huh?

**CHRIS**        The world's not ending.

**TOM FOOLERY** I'm not taking any chances. If I'm going to die tonight, I'd like to have some fun before that happens.

*He goes to the bar and fiddles with the radio himself, turning the volume up and switching over to a station that's playing ABBA's 'Mamma Mia'. He laughs and starts lip-syncing and dancing again. He gestures at Dino, Shirley and Spike to join him, and they do. Chris tries her best to look disapproving.*

**CHRIS** You're all mental.

*When the song gets to the chorus, Tom turns up the volume. The zombies hear it and start trying to get into the pub. The door isn't locked, and eventually they manage to get it open and all come in at once. The music continues as everyone fights the zombies, narrowly avoiding their teeth. They use everything at their disposal as weapons: bottles, Tom's walking stick, chairs, etc. Almost at the end of the song, they finally manage to push the zombies back outside and lock the door.*

**END OF ACT 1**



**ACT 2**

*The zombies are groaning quietly in the background. Everyone in the pub looks very shaken. Dino is biting her fingers and staring into space.*

**CHRIS**        Everyone okay?

*Everyone except Dino nods. They all look at her in concern.*

**SHIRLEY**     Dino? Are you all right?

*Dino groans in response.*

**SHIRLEY (CONT'D)**     Dino?

**TOM FOOLERY**     Oh god, she's not —

**SPIKE**        She hasn't been bitten. There's no way.

**CHRIS**        She's biting herself right now.

**SPIKE**        That's just a thing she does sometimes. She's fine.

**TOM FOOLERY**     She's very pale. She looks ... ill.

**SPIKE**        She's *fine*. [quieter] She's got to be fine.

**DINO**        [slurring her words slightly] That's it, everyone talk about me like I'm not in the room.

*The others are shocked and relieved. Spike puts an arm around her.*

**SPIKE**        [shakily] There, I told you. She's fine. Aren't you, Dino?

**DINO**        Yeah. I'm just feeling a bit ... funny.

**SHIRLEY**     Funny how? Like, drunk?

**DINO** No, I've hardly drank anything.

**SHIRLEY** You've hardly eaten anything either. Oh! That's it! You just need to eat something.

**DINO** I'm not hungry.

**SHIRLEY** That's what you've been saying all day.

**DINO** It's true. It's been true all day.

**SHIRLEY** *[grabbing a packet of crisps and paying for it even though Chris isn't behind the bar any more]* Just a couple of crisps? Look, we can all share them.

**DINO** I'm not hungry, Shirley. Honestly.

**SPIKE** To be fair, getting all up close and personal with those zombies would make anyone lose their appetite.

**SHIRLEY** *[opening the packet of crisps]* Come on, Dino.

**DINO** No.

**SHIRLEY** You have to eat something. We don't want you passing out while we're escaping from zombies.

*Shirley offers the packet to Dino. She doesn't take it. Spike helps herself to some crisps.*

**SHIRLEY (CONT'D)** Spike!

**SPIKE** What? I'm hungry.

**SHIRLEY** Well, don't eat them all. Dino needs to have some.

**SPIKE** You can't force her, Shirley.

**SHIRLEY** *[sighing in exasperation]* Tell you what, I'll leave these here. *[puts the crisp packet on the bar]* They're there if you want them, Dino.

*Tom gets his phone out and texts Chris.*

**DINO** Thanks.

*Chris gets her phone out.*

**CHRIS** Why did you text me?

**SPIKE** Huh?

**TOM FOOLERY** Well, I thought it would be easier to talk over text. More, y'know, private.

**CHRIS** Talk? About what? There's nothing to talk about.

**TOM FOOLERY** Yes there is. And considering we just almost died in a zombie attack and will probably end up dying in another one, I say no time like the present.

**CHRIS** Will you stop saying we're going to die!

**TOM FOOLERY** It's true.

**CHRIS** It isn't.

**TOM FOOLERY** It is.

**CHRIS** It isn't. Now shut up about it, you're going to freak Dino out even more.

*Dino glares at Chris. Spike sneakily takes another handful of crisps from the packet.*

**SPIKE** I hope you do talk about whatever it is eventually, because I have to say the suspense is killing me.

**SHIRLEY** Spike, will you stop eating the crisps! They're for Dino!

**SPIKE** You said we could share them. And Dino clearly doesn't want them.

**SHIRLEY** Yeah, but ... *[he can't think of an argument]*

**CHRIS** We'll talk about it another time, I promise. But not here.

**TOM FOOLERY** Do you really think there's going to be another time?

**CHRIS** Yes. We're making it out of here alive. Definitely.

**TOM FOOLERY** Okay. Say we do make it out alive. Then what? Are you actually going to talk to me, or are you just going to avoid me like you have been for the past month?

**CHRIS** I ... I wouldn't keep avoiding you.

**TOM FOOLERY** Who are you fucking kidding?

**CHRIS** *[sighing]* Not you, clearly.

**TOM FOOLERY** Is it something I've done?

**CHRIS** No! You haven't done anything!

**TOM FOOLERY** Then what is it? What's stopping you from answering my messages and returning my calls? What's causing you to cross the street or hide behind your friends every time you see me? What the hell is it, Chris?!

**DINO** All right, fine, I'll eat your stupid crisps.

*She starts to get up. It is quite an effort for her to stand.*

**CHRIS** I have a boyfriend!

*Everyone freezes and stares at Chris.*

**TOM FOOLERY** But I thought —

**CHRIS** And you're right. I am ... y'know, gay.

**TOM FOOLERY** So why -

**CHRIS** My friends set me up with him. They thought it was weird that I was thirty and had never had a boyfriend so they were like, "Look, here's a guy, now date him," and I didn't know how to say no. So we've been together for the past year.

**TOM FOOLERY** You cheated on him.

**CHRIS** Yes.

**TOM FOOLERY** With me.

**CHRIS** Yes.

*Dino faints.*

**SHIRLEY** Dino?

**SPIKE** Dino!

**CHRIS** Holy shit. What's happened?

*Shirley and Spike tend to Dino.*

**SHIRLEY** Hold her feet up.

*Spike gently lifts Dino's feet off the floor. After a moment of tense silence, Dino wakes up.*

**TOM FOOLERY** Is she okay? Dino, are you okay?

**SHIRLEY** Hold on, don't overwhelm her.

**DINO** I'm ... fine. Did I faint?

**SPIKE** Yeah.

**DINO** Oh.

**SHIRLEY** How do you feel?

**DINO** Oh, y'know. Bit light-headed. Bit sick. But ... not too bad.

**SHIRLEY** Okay, good. Do you think you can sit up?

**DINO** Sure.

*Shirley and Spike help Dino sit up with her back leaning against the bar. She is quite dizzy.*

**SHIRLEY** Can you try to eat something or do you feel too sick?

**DINO** I ... I don't know.

**SHIRLEY** *[sitting down next to Dino]* Are you not eating because of the fight with your parents?

**DINO** Yeah.

**SHIRLEY** Is this the control thing again?

**DINO** Yeah. *[hiding her face in her hands]* I'm sorry.

**SHIRLEY** Don't be sorry, it's okay. But we should get you home.

**DINO** How? All them zombies are probably still roaming around.

**SHIRLEY** Hmmmm. Your parents live pretty close, don't they? And they have a car.

**DINO** I'm not getting those shitheads to pick me up.

**SHIRLEY** I don't think we have much choice. I'd call my dad but he doesn't have a car.

**DINO** Spike, call your mum.

**SPIKE** No way! She'll still be in a mood with me.

**DINO** Well both my parents will still be in a mood with me.

**SHIRLEY** Guys, I don't think any of your parents are going to be hung up on events from this morning. Not while *this* is going on.

**SPIKE** You underestimate how long my mother can hold a grudge.

**CHRIS** Well, I could –

**SHIRLEY** Can one of you please just get someone to come here and take us home? I don't care who it is. Although it would be better if it was Dino's dad because he'll know what to do about the fainting.

**DINO** No he won't. My dad's useless. And I'm not calling him.

**SPIKE** *[getting her phone out]* Fine, I'll call my mum.

*She waits for her mum to answer the phone.*

**CHRIS** *[quietly, to Tom]* I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

**TOM FOOLERY** Um. Thanks?

**CHRIS** If it makes you feel any better, I feel like absolute shit about the whole thing.

**TOM FOOLERY** Well, I don't want you to feel like shit. *[pause]* Though it feels shitty for me to have been your dirty little secret.

**CHRIS** What? That's not what you were, Molly! I never thought of you like that!

**SPIKE** Come on, mother. I know you haven't left the house all day so you can definitely hear the phone ringing, now pick it up! Oh shit, you've actually picked it up. Hi Mum.

**TOM FOOLERY** Really?

**CHRIS** No! I liked you, okay? I liked you much more than my boyfriend.

**SPIKE** Yeah, sorry, I ... look, that doesn't matter ...

**TOM FOOLERY** So why did you choose him over me?

**SPIKE** I said I was sorry! God! Now listen, I'm at the pub and if you're not already aware, there's loads of zombies and we're kind of trapped in here and we can't get out, so if you could come here with the car, that would be fantastic.

**CHRIS** Because I was scared.

**TOM FOOLERY** Scared of what?

**SPIKE** No, I'm not drunk.

**CHRIS** My family. And my friends. They're all, like, super controlling and really into tradition and family values and all that shit. They were outraged when I started working here. They thought being a bartender was like a gateway to working in a strip club or something.

**SPIKE** That wasn't me! I didn't steal it!

**CHRIS** I'm not safe to come out to them. And I can't just cut them off. They're my family.

**TOM FOOLERY** What about your boyfriend? Does he know?

**CHRIS** Are you kidding?

**SPIKE** Mum, I promise you, hand on heart, I did not steal your wine ... hello?



**CHRIS** He's just as bad as the rest of them. He got really suspicious recently and was like, checking my phone and stuff, so I had to delete your number and all your messages.

**SPIKE** *[putting her phone away]* She hung up. And I was right, she is still mad at me, so I'm going to be in trouble when she gets here.

**DINO** You shouldn't have stolen her wine.

**SPIKE** Yeah, well, you shouldn't have dropped out of uni and then you wouldn't be a disappointment to your parents.

**SHIRLEY** Spike!

**SPIKE** Oh, don't you start, Shirley.

**DINO** You're drunk, Spike. Drink some water.

**SPIKE** You can't tell me what to do. You're not my mother.

**DINO** *[holding onto the bar and pulling herself up]* No. I'm your friend. I'm trying to keep you safe.

**SPIKE** *[spluttering with laughter]* Keep me safe? A little pipsqueak like you, keep me safe? *[putting an arm around Dino and practically getting her in a headlock]* Oh Dino, you're so sweet.

**SHIRLEY** Be careful with her, Spike.

**SPIKE** I said don't you start!

**CHRIS** Is your mum on her way?

**SPIKE** Should be. By the way, thanks for having a heart-to-heart while I'm trying to call her. That was really helpful. Not distracting in the slightest.

**TOM FOOLERY** Sorry.

**SHIRLEY** Well, at least you finally talked about it.

**TOM FOOLERY** Yeah.

**CHRIS** Yeah. *[to Tom]* So there you go. There's the explanation you were so desperate for.

**TOM FOOLERY** Thanks. I appreciate it.

**CHRIS** It was never your fault, Molly.

**TOM FOOLERY** I know.

**CHRIS** Are you ... are you mad at me?

**TOM FOOLERY** *[sighing]* I'm not *mad* at you. I feel like I should be, but I'm more mad at your family and your friends for trying to force you to be someone you're not.

**CHRIS** So am I.

**TOM FOOLERY** I can't be mad at you because I know what it's like to have a family that would hate you if you went against their, like, ideas for what you ought to be. So I get why you don't want to tell them anything. I just can't understand why you wouldn't tell me.

**CHRIS** I didn't tell you because I'm stupid. Okay? I thought it would be easier to cut you off than drag you into my family problems.

**TOM FOOLERY** Was it easier?

**CHRIS** No. I missed you. I missed you so much but I didn't know what to do, I was scared of what my family might do if they found out about you and I just couldn't ... I didn't want to make you vulnerable to them as well. I was trying to protect you from them.

**TOM FOOLERY** Jesus. Are they really that bad?

**CHRIS** They're a bloody nightmare. I wish I hadn't chosen them over you. But I can't just cut myself off from everyone I know. I don't want to be alone.

**TOM FOOLERY** *[taking Chris's hand]* You wouldn't be alone.

*Spike's mum, Mrs Pike, comes to the door.*

**SPIKE** Oh, hey, it's my mum! Give us the keys, Chris.

**CHRIS** I'll open the door. We've got to make sure none of the zombies get in.

*Chris opens the door carefully, then Spike grabs Mrs Pike and pulls her inside. Chris shuts the door behind her.*

**SPIKE** Right, Mum, where's the car? D'you think you can take Dino and Shirley home too? You remember where they live, right?  
*[pause]* Mum?

*Mrs Pike is staggering and her head is lolling. She leans slowly towards Spike, baring her teeth.*

**DINO AND SHIRLEY** Spike!

*They both run at her and pull Mrs Pike away. Chris opens the door again so Dino and Shirley can push her back outside, then locks it.*

**SPIKE** Mum.

**TOM FOOLERY** Oh my god.

**DINO** I ... I should have called my dad ...

*Spike goes to the bar and picks up a bottle of whiskey.*

**SHIRLEY** Don't drink any more.

**SPIKE** Don't tell me what to do. *[she takes a swig from the bottle]*

**SHIRLEY** *[taking the bottle from her and passing it to Dino]*  
I'm serious, it won't help.

**SPIKE** *[moving towards Dino]* Don't tell me what to do!

**DINO** It'll just make everything worse.

**SHIRLEY** *[holding Spike back]* Please, Spike, get a grip!

**SPIKE** DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

*In her struggle to get out of Shirley's grasp she hits him. For the first time, Shirley finally stands up for himself.*

**SHIRLEY** DON'T HIT ME!

*Spike stops struggling. She looks mortified.*

**SPIKE** I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I-

**SHIRLEY** Come here.

*Shirley hugs her. Spike buries her face in his coat, still mumbling incoherently. Dino puts down the bottle and joins the hug.*

**SPIKE** My mum's a zombie.

**SHIRLEY** She might not actually be dead, just sick. We don't know what this virus is.

**DINO** I bet the doctors are looking into it right now. Maybe they'll find a cure.

**SPIKE** I hope so. God. I fuckin' hate my mum but I don't want her to be dead!

**DINO** It'll be okay, Spike.

**SPIKE** Oh, Dino. *[clumsily kissing her cheek]* You're so sweet. I wish I wasn't such a dick to you guys. I don't deserve friends like you.

**DINO** Yes you do.

**SPIKE** *[shaking her head vigorously]* I don't.

**CHRIS** We need to get out of here.

**TOM FOOLERY** How exactly are we going to do that?

**CHRIS** I've got a plan. I mean, it's not much of a plan, but it's better than nothing.

**TOM FOOLERY** What is it?

**CHRIS** If I open the door and let all the zombies in, we might be able to fight our way out.

**TOM FOOLERY** You want to let the zombies in? Are you mad?

**CHRIS** They came in once and we survived. They're a bit useless when it comes to fighting so I reckon we could take them. We've just got to make sure we get outside instead of them this time.

**SPIKE** *[still shaking her head]* We're fucking doomed.

**SHIRLEY** Don't say that!

**CHRIS** Then we all run to my car and I drive everyone home.

**TOM FOOLERY** Well, that's better than any plan I could come up with. What are you going to do? You going back to this boyfriend of yours?

**CHRIS** I mean, I have to, don't I? I live with him.

**TOM FOOLERY** Right.

**CHRIS** But I'm going to break up with him. And I'll tell him the truth. All of it. Though I dread to think how he's going to react.

**TOM FOOLERY** Take me with you. Then if he tries anything funny I'll just whack him with this. *[swinging his walking stick in demonstration and almost hitting Chris]* Shit, sorry.

**SPIKE** Better if I end it now. Put us all out of our misery.

**CHRIS** Nah, I'd rather he didn't find out who you are. I don't want him to have a go at you. This whole thing is my fault, so I've got to take the fall for it.

*Spike steals the keys from Chris's pocket. Chris doesn't notice.*

**TOM FOOLERY** *[gently sarcastic]* That's very noble of you, Chris.

**DINO** Spike, what are you doing?

**SPIKE** *[walking to the door]* I'm going. I've had enough of sitting around waiting to die. Might as well get it over with.

**TOM FOOLERY** What the fuck?

**DINO** Spike!

**SHIRLEY** Spike, come back!

*They both run after her. They try to pull her away from the door but Spike manages to open it. The zombies start to come into the pub.*

**CHRIS** Oh god. Here we go.

**TOM FOOLERY** It's been nice knowing you, darlings.

*The zombies flood the pub. Everyone slowly fights their way to the door. There is no upbeat music this time, just the sound of*

*pure chaos. When Tom and Chris reach the door they pull the others out with them. Chris shuts the door and locks it.*

**CHRIS**        Quick, follow me!

**DINO**        Where are we going?

**CHRIS**        To my car. I'll take you guys home.

*Chris takes Tom's hand and they all run. The zombies are left groaning and growling inside the pub.*

**END OF PLAY**