

THE ZOMBIES: A MUSICAL SPOOF!

BOOK, LYRICS, AND MUSIC BY
MAX RESTO



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

THE ZOMBIES: A MUSICAL SPOOF!
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THE ZOMBIES: A MUSICAL SPOOF! was produced by RJR and Associates (Ralph J. Rivera) and received its world premiere at the Peter Jay Sharp Theater in New York City's Theater Row on the 19th of June 2014. It was directed by Max Resto, with musical direction by Carlos J. Cruz; the set design was by Ashanti Ziths; the costume design was by Annette Westerby; the makeup was by Michelle Buonguiovanni; the lighting design was by Dan Jobbins; the projections and animations were by Shomari Brown and David Charcape; the sound design by David Ríos and choreography by Tricia Brouk. The production stage manager was Chelsea Parrish and the cast was as follows:

PETE	Alex Parrish
CHLOE	Emily Holland
JUNIOR	Alex Daly
BASIL	Russell Kohlman
BRUCE	Thomas Poarch
ODESSA	Tammi Cubilette
PEDRO	Luis Galli
OTIS	Richard Holman
GEORGE	Phil Akogu
TINA	Tova Katz
ELLEN	Christina M. Pagán
KIM	Tamrin Goldberg
WILL	Sam Given
TOWN FOLKS/PEOPLE ON TV/CB RADIO VOICE	Zombie Chorus

CHARACTERS

PETE—15, Junior's good-natured little brother

CHLOE—20, Suicidal Goth Waitress in love with Junior

JUNIOR—20, All-American High School Jock, in love with Basil

BASIL—25, Overindulging Rich Stoner, in love with Chloe

BRUCE—40-45, Alcoholic right wing gun enthusiast, with a penchant for shooting stuff, father of Junior and Pete

ODESSA—60ish, Dark and Brooding Sagely old black woman, conspiracy theorist

PEDRO—40-45, Religious Mexican-American cook with strong ties to the old country

OTIS—35-40, Goofy Red Neck, gun shop owner

GEORGE—The One Armed Zombie

TINA—The Angry Zombie

ELLEN—The Sexy Zombie

KIM—The Gluttonous Zombie

WILL—The Practically Naked Zombie

DEALER/TOWNFOLKS—3 males, 2 females

PEOPLE ON TV 1, 2, 3/CB RADIO VOICE

PLACE

Hill Valley County, Mid America, USA

TIME

Present

SET DESCRIPTION

Set design should be minimalists in media (for easy movement and change of scenes), yet rich in detail. Movable, flappable, reversible painted curtains or panels depicting: a gun shop to the left of the stage and a diner to the right. In the center and to the back of the stage is the main street and the rest of the town. Each set should be able to be extended as to take over the whole stage when prompted.

People on TV can enter stage when prompted or can be offstage voices.

Zombie Chorus can double as the town's people, Dealer and the people on TV.

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ACT ONE

Lights. Town is seen through a dark and mysterious shade. Zombies walk around slowly, and moan eerily. Then start behaving normally as they talk.

Prologue

ELLEN THE ZOMBIE. They don't want to come out, they don't let us in. This really sucks, you know?

TINA THE ZOMBIE. Just keep on moving, slowly and don't stop the moaning, that drives them crazy. Sooner or later it will lure them out.

WILL THE ZOMBIE. But we are hungry!

ELLEN THE ZOMBIE. Yeah. And they say that up to the north there is a whole platoon of young green soldiers.

KIM THE ZOMBIE. Yummy!

GEORGE THE ONE ARM ZOMBIE. Yeah...you morons! Heavily armed young green soldiers... (*Showing his severed arm.*) And lots of survivalists with machetes along the way.

KIM THE ZOMBIE. Survivalists, they are delicious!!!

TINA THE ZOMBIE. (*Scowling.*) If some zombies, and I don't want to mention any names, (*Looking sternly towards George.*) didn't go around just biting people and letting them run away and become part of the family minutes later, we would enjoy a full meal for once...

GEORGE THE ONE ARM ZOMBIE. But what can we do with the slithery ones, the high school athletes, the skinny girls from the cheerleading squad, the little kids and such? It's like trying to catch a wet soap...

WILL THE ZOMBIE. ...and they run so fast!

ELLEN THE ZOMBIE. And make so much noise. (*Imitating.*) No, no,

nooooooo nooooooooooo, arrrrrrrrg!

TINA THE ZOMBIE. Go for the neck, they usually fall down flat after you bite them on the jugular...but a love bite on an arm? Come on, fellas! That is just plain silly.

ELLEN THE ZOMBIE. Got it! But, what can we do about food? There's no more doggies around, cats are a hell to catch, them critters know you want to eat them somehow, feline instincts I guess. Frisky and delicious kittens (*Dreamy.*), fast as hell, so they are out.

TINA THE ZOMBIE. Hey, no worries. We got the perfect menu here, good things come to those who wait.

GEORGE THE ONE ARM ZOMBIE. What you mean?

TINA THE ZOMBIE. A seven-course dinner, right at our rotting, dirty fingertips. Listen carefully, (*Spot light on characters as zombie describes them as food.*) there's the picante guy at the café (*Pedro.*) and a whole bunch of meat, cured with straight southern bourbon (*Odessa.*), some organic food prepared with exotic herbs and spices (*Basil.*) and a light sweet dessert (*Chloe.*). There, (*Pointing to the shop.*) some fresh young chicken meat in its sauce (*Junior.*), geek tartar (*Pete.*), beef jerky marinated in fermented wheat and barley (*Bruce.*) and a rotisserie wild turkey (*Otis.*).

KIM THE ZOMBIE. Yummy!

GEORGE THE ONE ARM ZOMBIE. That sounds absolutely delicious! But, do you have an idea of how much time we have to wait, before our dinner is served?

TINA THE ZOMBIE. Not too long, I promise. Not too long! (*Zombies scurry out.*)

Scene 1

Lights on stage as town folk walk around gaily and greet each other effusively.

I'll Be Chilling/Killing (Company)

TOWN FOLK.

CHILLIN'

CHILLIN'

CHILLIN'

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY

FOR CHILLIN'.

MAN 1.

YES I'LL BE CHILLIN'

ALL. You bet.

WOMAN 1.

I'LL BE CHILLIN'

MAN 2. Why not?

WOMAN 2. I'm a hot item baby,
BUT I'LL BE CHILLIN' TODAY.

MAN 1.

IT'S SATURDAY MORNING
AND THE SUN IS UP
FRESH AS IT CAN BE
IN THE EARLY FALL.

ALL.

IT'S THE PERFECT WEATHER
FOR CHILLIN'.

MAN 2.

AND JUST TAKE MY SWEETHEART
FOR A MORNING STROLL,
BUY HER SOME FRESH FLOWERS,
GIVE HER A NICE KISS.

MAN 3.

TAKE THE KIDS FOR ICE CREAM
AFTER THE BIG GAME.

BRUCE. (*Strolls in tugging a beer cooler.*)
BUY SOME AMMUNITION
AND CASES OF BEER.

MAN 1.

TAKE MY DEAR OLD SWEETHEART
FOR AN EARLY BRUNCH

BRUCE.

SHOOT A BEAR FOR DINNER
AND THREE DEER FOR LUNCH
OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY
FOR KILLIN'.

ALL. (*Starting to distancing themselves from Bruce and his gun.*)

CHILLIN'

CHILLIN'

CHILLIN'

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY

FOR CHILLIN’.

BRUCE. Come on, kids, load it up!

JUNIOR. (*Enters carrying several cases of beer.*) Dad, do we need this much beer? We are just out for the day.

BRUCE. I am gonna pretend I did not hear that... Pete, come on, boy, hurry your skinny ass up.

PETE. (*Pete enters carrying a big flat gun bag that makes him look tiny. To himself.*) I hate this day already.

BRUCE. Did you pack your new rifle?

PETE. (*Tapping his ridiculously gigantic gun bag.*) Duh! Yeah.

BRUCE. Then hurry it up. You have to step away from your damn gadgets for at least a day. Go out, catch some Sun. Vitamin D, you know, healthy stuff. Put some color on them cheeks. Blow some critters up. Good old American fun.

PETE. Do we have to? Can’t we just go to the park, play soccer instead or something...

BRUCE. Soccer?! What the heck are we supposed to be, some kind of communist third world slum? This is America, darn it. We behave like good God fearing Christians. We go into the wild and conquer, we shoot stuff, we blow things sky high, we go to other planets to run dune buggies just for the heck of it, we rock, we roll, we tell other nations what to do, we drink Coca-cola, smoke Marlboros, play American football and we chug down barrels of frosty American made beer.

JUNIOR. That’s right (*Punches Pete hard on the shoulder, faking playfulness.*), OO-rah!!!!

PETE. OUCH! (*To Junior.*) Kiss ass!

BRUCE. Just imagine, in a couple of hours we will be deep in God’s country, doused from head to toe with synthetic deer urine and ready to shoot us some food!

JUNIOR. Awesome!

PETE. Gruesome!

BRUCE. Let’s drop by Otis’ for some ammo.

JUNIOR and PETE. More ammo!?

BRUCE. Of course. What we got is not enough for a day of fun, a day of hunting, a man’s man day in the wild, away from everyone, away from everything and with a government issued license to kill the little critters of nature. God bless the U S of A!

I’LL BE KILLING’

JUNIOR. You bet!

BRUCE.

WE’LL BE KILLING!

PETE. Why not?

BRUCE.

I’LL BE HAVING A BALL

CAUSE I'LL BE KILLING TODAY.
HAVE THE CHANCE TO DEBUT
MY BRAND NEW SHOTGUN.

TEACH MY BOYS THE
FINER POINTS ON SHOOTING STUFF.
OH, WHAT A PERFECT DAY FOR KILLING.

PETE.

AND SPEND THE DAY
AWAY FROM MY LAPTOP.

JUNIOR.

GET THE CHANCE TO PROVE
THAT I'M REALLY TOUGH.

PETE.

KNOWING THAT THIS WHOLE THING
WILL REALLY SUCK.

BRUCE.

KILL A BEAR FOR DINNER
AND THREE DEER FOR LUNCH.

JUNIOR.

I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU PETE,
BEFORE THE DAY IS UP.

BRUCE.

TEACH MY BOYS
THE FINER POINTS
ON SHOOTING STUFF.

ALL.

OH, WHAT A WONDERFUL DAAAAAAAAAAAY!
FOR KILLING/CHILLIN'.

(Lights.)

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book, music, and lyrics by Max Resto

8M, 5W

The Zombie Apocalypse has arrived and everybody's hungry. Our teenage hero, Little Pete, has his hands full. Forced into going hunting with his abusive father and bully older brother when he'd rather be online, he also has to deal with alcoholism, illegal drugs, gun control (or lack thereof), racism, conspiracy theories, human sexuality... all of these and zombies too!

A musical spoof celebrating the classic zombie lore and the original George Romero films, this play combines comedy and social commentary with fifteen original tunes, loads of zombie shooting, horrified townsfolk, and plenty of live ones to munch on. **THE ZOMBIES: A MUSICAL SPOOF!** offers lots of blood, gore, horror, and the delicate feeding rituals of the undead. The perfect recipe for fun.

"[THE ZOMBIES: A MUSICAL SPOOF!] delivers a new twist on the zombie apocalypse theme with a group of the living dead singing and dancing... fitful entertainment for those in the mood for a cheesy horror movie spoof."

—**WomanAroundTown.com**

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