

ZOMBIES CAN'T RUN

By
Jeffrey Lovett

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CAST

Gwen	A Student
Tracy	A Student
Stephanie	Zombie Cheerleader
Leroy	Zombie Janitor
Alicia	A Student
Leo	A Student
Judge	The Court Judge
Mr. Hammerstein	A Lawyer
Miss Rodgers	A Lawyer
Bryce	A Student
Sal	A Student
Carly	A Student
Bart	A Zombie
Mom/Doris	Gwen's Mother
Dad/Phillip	Gwen's Father
P.J.....	A Zombie Football Player
Heather	A Cheerleader
Darlene	A Cheerleader
Emily	A Cheerleader
Renee	A Cheerleader
Announcer	Football Announcer (off stage)
Water Boy	Football Team Waterboy
Principal Davies	School Principal
Coach Wheeler	Football Coach/Home Economics Teacher
Spencer	A Student
Billy	A Student
Opposing Coach	The Opposing Football Coach
Prep Zombies	
Jock Zombies	
Goth Zombies	
Various Students	
Non-speaking Roles	

ACT I

Scene 1

Curtain opens to a bare stage. Lights come up on a young girl named GWEN standing CENTER STAGE. She is dressed casually in jeans, a vintage t-shirt and old school sneakers. GWEN speaks to the audience directly and is very animated.

GWEN:

I remember when it started. It was just another ordinary day here at the Teddy. Oh, I'm sorry. You're new here, aren't you? Actually, the official name is Theodore Roosevelt High School but everybody just calls it the Teddy. You know, after that old president who had the bushy mustache and thick glasses. They called him Teddy so that's why we call the school the Teddy. Not just Teddy. Its always THE Teddy. It's very important to say it like that if you want to fit in around here. Anyway, I had my math class that morning, then band.. *(she pumps her fist in the air)*.. French Horns rule! Then boring American History with old man Whitaker who was teaching here when my Dad went to the Teddy. I had lunch in the cafeteria. Most of the cool kids bring their lunch, but I like the food in the cafeteria. It's better than Mom's, that's for sure. It was chicken strips and tater tots, both dipped in Ranch dressing. So, I finished my tots and was just hanging out in the quad checking out who was sucking face with who... sorry, whom... when my best friend, Tracy walks up.

TRACY enters from STAGE LEFT. She is a dressed very stylishly in designer jeans and a top.

TRACY:

There's something weird going on with Stephanie.

GWEN:

(to audience)

Stephanie is one of the cheerleaders at the Teddy. She thinks she's Tracy's best friend, but I don't think so.

(to TRACY) What do you mean weird?

TRACY:

Well, she got a hall pass in Miss Walton's class and was gone for a really long time. Like, for the rest of the period. So, when the bell rang, I went to the girl's restroom to see if she'd fallen in or something and met her in the hallway and she looked bad.

GWEN:

What do you mean bad? Like she had lipstick on her teeth?

TRACY:

No, like she was just kinda' shuffling along, staring ahead and was... *(she looks around to see if anyone's listening and whispers loudly)*.. sorta' drooling.

GWEN:

Drooling?

TRACY:

Ssshh.. don't say it so loud. Steph will kill me if she hears that I've been talking her. But, yeah. She was drooling. All down the front of that new Abercrombie shirt she just got... I think she's sick. Like the flu or something. *(there's a loud noise from STAGE LEFT)* Oh, here she comes. Don't say anything.

STEPHANIE enters from STAGE LEFT. Her hair is disheveled and there is makeup smeared on her face. There's a large blood stain on the front of her shirt. She has a vacant look on her face as she shuffled across the room. GWEN and TRACY turn and wave at her.

TRACY:

Hey, Steph. Feeling better? *(to GWEN)* Tell her she looks good. She gets real freaked out if people don't think she's hot.

GWEN:

You look real nice, Stephanie. I love what you're doing with your hair.

Hearing the girls, STEPHANIE turns, extends her arms and walks towards TRACY.

TRACY:

Ah, look at that. She wants a hug.

TRACY holds out her arms and is about to hug when STEPHANIE snarls loudly and begins to snap at her.

TRACY:

Hey, what's wrong with you? (*STEPHANIE tried to bite her and TRACY screams*) Okay, I don't care who hears it. You do NOT look good today. And I hate your new haircut. (*STEPHANIE chases TRACY, screaming, off STAGE RIGHT*)

GWEN:

(to audience)

Well, that was the day that zombies invaded the Teddy. We're not sure how it started but pretty soon there were zombies everywhere. There were the prep zombies.

A group of smartly dressed zombies walks across the stage from STAGE LEFT to STAGE RIGHT, moaning and groaning.

GWEN:

And the jock zombies.

A group of zombies dressed in soccer outfits, football uniforms and a couple carrying barbells in their outstretched hands, cross from STAGE RIGHT to STAGE LEFT.

GWEN:

And my personal favorite- the Goth Zombies!

Another group of kids dressed in all black with long black hair down over their faces shuffle by from STAGE LEFT to STAGE RIGHT.

GWEN:

Well, I think they're zombies. They don't really look that different so it's hard to tell which one's are really zombies and which ones are just.. you know,

weird. Most of the faculty and staff stayed human, but there were a couple of the walking dead still on the payroll. Like Mr. Kemp from shop. And the school janitor, Leroy.

LEROY shuffles onto the stage, moaning as he pushes a mop and mop bucket.

GWEN:

How's it going, Mr. Leroy?

LEROY:

Ugghh.....

GWEN:

He's pretty cool. *(she pauses and looks at the audience)* I know what you're thinking? Why aren't we scared of them? Well, one thing most of here at the Teddy found out real quick was that zombies aren't real smart.

A group of zombies enter from STAGE RIGHT and start a slow shuffle across the stage. A couple of students enter from STAGE LEFT and start crossing towards the zombies, laughing and talking.

GWEN:

.. and zombies can't run. We're not sure why, but that *(points at the zombies shuffling along)*... is about as fast as they go so it's pretty easy to get away unless one sneaks up on you. Or catches you napping in Chemistry class. Poor Barry. I liked him.

As the group of students approach the zombies, several of the monsters moan loudly and try to grab the students who dodge out of the way, laughing.

ALICIA:

Oh, you almost got me that time, Stewart.

One of the students, a boy named LEO, dashes towards the zombies, 'tags' one on the shoulder, then darts away.

LEO:

You're it.

The students laugh and walk off STAGE RIGHT. The zombies moan loudly and continue their shuffle across stage and exit.

GWEN:

(to audience)

Now, you might ask yourself why in the world would they let us go to school with zombies?

As she speaks, two actors walk on from STAGE LEFT with a small table and chair. One is wearing a suit and tie and other a long black robe. From STAGE RIGHT, another actor in dress clothes enters followed by several actors portraying parents and students. The actor in the robe sits behind the desk as the other actors mumble loudly to each other.

GWEN:

Well, it went to court.

GWEN joins the crowd of spectators in the 'courtroom' just as the JUDGE bangs his gavel loudly on the desk. The two attorneys stand in front of the table. MR. HAMMERSTEIN represents the parents and MISS RODGERS represents the zombies.

JUDGE:

Order... order in the court. Mr. Hammerstein, you were saying?

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

Thank you, your honor. If it may please the court, I would like to call Tracy Doyle to the stand.

TRACY enters from STAGE RIGHT. She is carrying a chair and places it beside the judge's table and sits.

JUDGE:

Miss Doyle, do you swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

TRACY:

Yes sir, your highness. I mean, you're honor.

JUDGE:

Mr. Hammerstein, you may proceed.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

Now, Tracy. Were you at the Dairy Queen last Friday night when the incident occurred?

TRACY:

Yes, sir.. We all go there after home games. I remember, I ordered a large blizzard. They got this real good one with peanuts and chocolate chunks and they'll put two cherries on top if you ask. My dermatologist says I'm not supposed to eat chocolate but...

JUDGE:

Miss Doyle, just please answer the question.

TRACY:

Yes, sir. I was there.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

And, please tell the court, in your own words what happened.

TRACY:

Well, we were sitting there at our usual booth up front by the windows seeing who could tie a cherry stem in a knot with their tongue when she walked in.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

Who?

TRACY:

(she starts to cry)

I told her not to come down to the Dairy Queen. There were people there who just wouldn't understand.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

Who, Tracy?

TRACY:

My best friend, Stephanie.

GWEN calls from the crowd

GWEN:

I thought I was your best friend?

TRACY:

Well, you are now. After what happened.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

And what DID happen, Tracy?

TRACY:

(to the JUDGE)

Do I have to say it out loud?

JUDGE:

Please answer the question.

TRACY:

She ate Bobby Hoskins.

*There's a stir from the crowd as voices are raised
in anger.*

MISS RODGERS:

Objection, your honor. The Supreme Court has clearly ruled that a non-conscious human just biting a conscious person does not constitute the act of eating.

TRACY:

(now very distraught)

But I saw her. She bit off every one of the fingers on Bobby's right hand. That's his pitching hand! (the crowd reacts to this loudly- one yells out, 'that ain't right!')

JUDGE:

Order. Order. *(bangs his gavel)* Sustained.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

And how did Mr. Hoskins react to this... assault?

TRACY:

How do you think he reacted? He can't throw a curve ball anymore and he was being scouted by the

Yankees. The Yankees!!

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

And where is Mr. Hoskins now?

TRACY:

In my third period chemistry class. And thanks to my FORMER best friend, Stephanie, now he's one of them.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

One of 'them'?

TRACY:

A zombie!

MISS RODGERS:

Objection. Your honor, I will remind the court that the word 'zombie' has been deemed derogatory and has been deemed as hate speech. The correct term is non-conscious human or 'non-con' for short.

TRACY:

He was going to pitch for the Yankees. The New York Yankees and now all he does is wander around in his old uniform trying to eat... (*towards MISS RODGERS*)..sorry, bite anyone he can catch.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN:

Tracy, do you feel you are in any danger sharing a class with Bobby?

TRACY:

Well... I..

JUDGE:

Remember, Miss Doyle, you are still under oath.

TRACY:

Well.. no, not really. I mean, Bobby used to could run the bases like a cheetah but now he's slow as Christmas. I'm not afraid of him.

GWEN steps forward and addresses the audience as the other actors remove leave the stage, taking table and chairs with them.

GWEN:

Well, thanks to Tracy's testimony, the Civil Liberties people won the case and now we have to share our school with zombies. But it's not all bad, I guess.

A group of students enter from STAGE LEFT. They split into two groups with the two zombies in the middle.

GWEN:

Now, nobody has to be embarrassed at being picked last at P.E.

STUDENT FROM GROUP A:

I'll take Sally.

SALLY walks over and joins Group A.

STUDENT FORM GROUP B:

Dang.. okay, we'll take George.

Several of the students in the Group B complain loudly.

BRYCE:

Not George, he can't throw.

The two groups split and start playing a game of dodge ball. The two zombies are in the middle and are getting pounded by the balls.

GWEN:

It sure does make it easier to win at dodge ball.

The two groups split and exit both side of the stage leaving the zombies CENTER STAGE. They see GWEN, moan loudly and start shuffling towards her. She evades them easily.

GWEN:

But you still have to keep on your toes. Just ask Sal Johnson.

A student enters STAGE RIGHT carrying a chair and a book. He sits in the chair and begins to read a book.

GWEN:

Poor Sal forgot he had to read *Pride and Prejudice* for a big test and was in the library one afternoon when something terrible happened.

SAL falls asleep with the book in his lap.

GWEN:

He fell asleep. A couple of the non-cons had stayed after school to work with flash cards and poor Sal was easy pickings.

The zombies who were chasing GWEN see SAL and swarm on him. SAL wakes up and screams but it is too late. They drag him (and the chair) off stage as he screams the entire time. GWEN watches the episode and shakes her head.

GWEN:

Just let that be a lesson to everyone that when you're out in public, you have to keep your guard up at all times. And make sure you don't fall down. If you fall down, they will get you every time.

A young girl enters from STAGE RIGHT, running across the stage. Two zombies are chasing her. The girl falls CENTER STAGE and the zombies pounce on her, dragging her off stage, STAGE LEFT.

GWEN:

Get up, Mary Catherine! Get up! Sad. She had just gotten a full scholarship to Princeton. What a waste. Well, after a while, we got used to the zombies living among us.

A group of zombies, arms outstretched, shuffles in from STAGE LEFT and a small group of students from STAGE RIGHT.

GWEN:

And, we sorta' became friends.

As the two groups meet CENTER STAGE, one of the students raises his hand to give a zombie a high five. The zombie raises his hand and 'high fives'

the student.

STUDENT:

What's up, bro?

ZOMBIE:

Ugghhhh...

GWEN:

And, believe it or not, some of us even started dating.

A boy and girl enter from STAGE LEFT. The boy is wearing a homemade 'cage' over his head to keep him from biting his date.

GWEN:

Hi, Carly. How was the movie?

CARLY:

It was great. Bart got a little scared when that dude came out with the chainsaw.

BART:

Urrggghh..

CARLY:

He is such a baby about blood.

BART:

Uugggghhhh...

CARLEY and BART exit STAGE RIGHT.

GWEN:

(to audience)

Yeah, I guess you could say things were almost normal around the Teddy. Still, lots of people weren't so sure that we should be going to class with zombies. Take my parents for instance....

MOM and DAD walk on from STAGE LEFT. DAD is carrying a small table and newspaper under his arm. MOM is carrying two chairs. They sit around the table, DAD reading a newspaper and MOM pretending to serve the dinner. GWEN retrieves a chair from STAGE RIGHT and sits at the table with

her parents. DAD lowers his paper.

DAD:

So, how's school going, Gwen? Old man Whitaker still making you memorize the Gettysburg Address? I remember when I was in his class, I never could get that last part about government for the people, with the people and to the people right.

GWEN:

It's government OF the people, BY the people, FOR the people, Dad. *(to mother)* Pass the potatoes, please. *(MOM pretends to pass the potatoes and GWEN scoops some onto her plate)* Anyway, Mr. Whitaker isn't teaching anymore.

DAD:

Old man Whitaker finally decided to retire? If he'd done that when I was at the Teddy, maybe I'd have passed American History.

MOM:

Well, good for him. Everyone deserves to enjoy their golden years.

GWEN:

He didn't retire, Mom.

MOM:

Oh, dear. They didn't fire Mr. Whitaker did they? *(to DAD)* It's always the old ones that go first. Pass the peas, dear. *(DAD pretends to pass MOM a bowl)*

GWEN:

He's not enjoying his golden years, Mom. He got... *(she pauses, not sure how to say it)*

MOM:

Got what, dear? Promoted? Moved up to assistant principal?

GWEN:

No, Mom.. he...

DAD:

What she's trying to say, Doris, is that old man

Whitaker got infected. He's one of them now.

MOM:

Oh, dear. You sure about that, Gwenny?

GWEN:

Yeah, Mom. I pretty sure Mr. Whitaker is a zombie.

DAD:

(wags his finger at her)

Uh, uh.. we don't use that word in this house, remember? It's 'non-conscious human' or non-con. Pass the salt, Doris. *(she pretends to pass salt which DAD shakes over his food while he talks. After a moment, MOM takes it away from him, much to DAD's despair)*

MOM:

Phillip... you remember what the doctor said about your blood pressure.

DAD:

So, old man Whitaker finally left the Teddy, huh? I thought I would never live to see that day.

GWEN:

Well, he didn't really leave. He's still at the school but now he just kind of wanders up and down the hall with a bloody history book under his arm.

MOM:

Dear me. So sad.

DAD:

Don't you think the school should do something about that, Gwen?

GWEN:

What do you mean?

DAD:

Well, why should you be forced to go to the same school with zom... I mean, non-cons? It's just not right. I mean, when someone gets infected, they should be quarantined or something. Doris, where's the ketchup?

MOM:

Top shelf of the refrigerator, dear.

(DAD gets up and crosses STAGE LEFT)

DAD:

I'm telling you, Gwen. It's just not right to act like they're normal or something, because they're not. (he exits)

GWEN:

(MOM freezes and GWEN addresses the audience)

Maybe Dad's right. Maybe humans and zombies shouldn't have to go to school or work together. And I would have said so if Dad hadn't gotten stuck in the elevator at work the next day with one of them. Ever since then, my Dad's attitude has really changed.

DAD re-enters the room. His hair is disheveled and there is a smear of blood down his face and across his shirt. He is carrying a bottle of ketchup.

MOM:

Oh, thank you, Phillip. I've been looking for that everywhere. Now, sit down and finish your dinner before it gets cold.

DAD hands the ketchup to MOM and sits at the table. They continue to pretend to eat, DAD moaning softly. GWEN gets up and addresses the audience.

GWEN:

I guess my Dad was right. I have to admit that it is kind of weird going to school with zombies. Even if I do go home to one every afternoon.

DAD gets up from table and wanders off stage, moaning. MOM follows.

MOM:

Phillip.. you haven't touched your vegetables. Phillip!

A group of students enter and remove the table and chairs. Several of the students stay on stage and talk softly.

GWEN:

There was even a movement at the Teddy to get rid of them. It all started one day when P.J. Davis tried to kiss the new head cheerleader, Heather Simpson right in the middle of the quad. I was there and saw the whole thing.

GWEN steps back into the crowd as HEATHER enters from STAGE LEFT with a group of her friends. They are gossiping loudly.

HEATHER:

Can you believe she actually thought she could be on the cheerleading squad. She drives a minivan to school. A minivan, Darlene.

The other girls laugh and jeer. One of her friends points to a boy who standing in the back of the crowd. He has his back to the front.

DARLENE:

Hey, Heather. Isn't that P.J.?

HEATHER:

Yeah. *(To the girls)* How does my hair look? *(they all mumble that it looks great)*

DARLENE:

You think he's going to like ask you to prom?

HEATHER:

Why wouldn't he? He's the quarterback of the football team and I am the head cheerleader.

EMILY:

Only because Stephanie got infected.

HEATHER:

Whatever. I'm still captain of the squad which means P.J. has to ask me to prom. It's like a law or something.

DARLENE:

Well, why don't you like go over there and like talk to him or something.

RENEE:

Yeah, you just got your teeth whitened. Now is the time to do it before they get all yellow again.

HEATHER:

I have a mineral deficiency, Renee! Have a little compassion, why don't you?

RENEE:

Sorry.

EMILY:

Go on over there, Heather, and show him your new teeth.

HEATHER:

You really think I should?

The other girls say yes in unison.

HEATHER:

Okay.... how's my hair.

DARLENE:

Like.. perfect. Go!

They push HEATHER towards P.J.

HEATHER:

Hey, P.J. Nice game last Friday night. I just love to watch you pass the ball and stuff.

P.J. doesn't respond. HEATHER looks back at her friends and they motion for her to keep trying.

HEATHER:

I hear that you got a new truck. That's cool. I'm still driving a two year old Mustang. My Dad is so selfish.

P.J. still doesn't say anything. HEATHER looks back at her friends.

HEATHER:

He's not saying anything. I don't think he likes me.

EMILY:

Show him your teeth.

HEATHER displays an exaggerated, uncomfortable smile towards P.J.

DARLENE:

No, not like that. That's creepy.

HEATHER adjusts her smile and it becomes a grimace.

EMILY:

Stop it! You're scaring him, Heather.

HEATHER:

Well, what do you want me to do?

DARLENE:

Ahh.. ask him if he like has a date for prom yet.

HEATHER:

So, I was wondering if... you know, like.. you know, if you had a date for prom yet because I don't... have a date... Oh, I have lots of dates. People are standing in line to date me. But, I don't have a date yet for.... you know for prom.. I've been kind of waiting for the right person to ask me if you know what I mean... and I thought that if maybe I went with you then... you know, I would maybe like, you know... like maybe.. kiss me... maybe..

P.J. becomes motionless and then begins to turn towards HEATHER. With one final motion, he raises his hands and tries to grab her. HEATHER screams.

HEATHER:

He's one of them, guys. P.J. is a zombie!

EMILY:

That's okay. You can still go to prom with him.

P.J. grabs HEATHER by the shoulders, puckers his lips and tries to kiss her. She pushes him away.

HEATHER:

Get away from me, you freak.

HEATHER runs off STAGE RIGHT, and then after a moment comes back on and yells at her friends to follow.

HEATHER:

Well, don't just stand there. Come on. You guys have to help me find another date!

The girls all follow. EMILY pauses to speak to P.J.

EMILY:

Hi, P.J. I still think you're cute.

HEATHER calls from off-stage.

HEATHER:

Emily, come on!

P.J. wanders through the students who make a wide path for him as he exits STAGE LEFT. GWEN steps forward and addresses the audience.

GWEN:

Well, the very next morning, Heather and her crew are passing out flyers saying that we should kick all of the zombies out of school.

HEATHER and her friends enter from STAGE RIGHT and begin to pass out flyers to the student.

HEATHER:

Say no to going to school with the Walking Dead!

DARLENE:

Just say.. like.. no!

EMILY:

I think we should let P.J. stay at the Teddy.

HEATHER:

Emily, he tried to kiss me. With his.. cold.. dead.. lips.

EMILY:

I think it was romantic. Even in death, his love for you continues to burn deep within his cold, still heart.

RENEE:

Oh, that's so sweet. Don't you think that's sweet, Heather?

HEATHER:

No, I don't think it's sweet, Renee. He tried to put his dead lips on me. What would everybody around here say if I let a zombie kiss me? Even if is the formerly hot quarterback. Now, hand out those flyers.

GWEN:

Yeah, for a minute there it looked like our old classmates.. the dead ones, at least.. would all be kicked out of Theodore Roosevelt High. But then, something really terrible happened.

GWEN steps back into the crowd. A few other students walk on, some are waving small flags and others are holding up banners that say 'Go Rough Riders' and 'Fight Tedddy Fight' They cheer loudly as if they are watching a football game.

ANNOUNCER:

And that's the end of the game. The Wolverines 21 and the Rough Riders, 3.

GWEN:

We started losing football games. The Theodore Roosevelt Rough Riders had never lost more than two games in a row... ever... and then...

ANNOUNCER:

At the end of the fourth quarter, it's the Timberwolves 45, the Rought Riders 0.

The crowd moans, their flags beginning to go a

little limp.

GWEN:

And that wasn't the end of it.

ANNOUNCER:

And that's the game folks. The Bearcats 56, your Rough Riders, 7

The crowd moans even louder. Some throw down their flags in disgust. The crowd quickly disperses, exiting the stage.

GWEN:

Our team started losing, every single Friday night. I mean, now that some of our best players were, well, zombies, Team Teddy just plain stunk. First, they fired the football coach.

A voice from off stage yells 'You're Fired!' and the COACH walks across the stage head down.

GWEN:

Then the Athletic Director...

A voice yells from off stage 'Get Out, you Bum!' and the ATHLETIC DIRECTOR walks across the stage, head down.

GWEN:

Even the water boys.

Two students holding buckets and bottles cross the stage. One turns back and holds up his bucket, defiantly.

WATER BOY:

I'm keeping my bucket!

GWEN:

It was the worst thing to happen to the Teddy since... well, since that day when poor Stephanie brought this plague upon us. And the atmosphere around here... once so cheerful and happy, was now dark and dreary.

The GOTH kids wander on from STAGE LEFT, looking

down. They walk across the stage, exit RIGHT.

GWEN:

Not those guys. They're always dark and gloomy. I mean, the regular kids. They were depressed like I've never seen before.

Another group of students enter from STAGE LEFT, also looking down. One of the students is carrying a sign that reads 'Bus Stop' which he holds up. They stop CENTER, waiting for the school bus to arrive. GWEN joins them, talking quietly with the students as they wait at the bus stop.

BRYCE:

I'm tired of everybody calling us a bunch of losers.

CARLY:

You are a bunch of losers, Bryce. How many interceptions did you throw last Friday night?

BRYCE:

Nine. But it's not my fault. I'm not a quarterback. The only sport I've ever played is chess.

CARLY:

Then why don't you let somebody else be quarterback?

BRYCE:

Who? There's nobody left. P.J. is a zombie. And David, the second string guy.. also, a zombie. All the best guys on the team... Ron, Noah, Jeremy... they're all zombies.

The 'bus driver' walks in from STAGE LEFT. He is making the motions of driving and using his mouth to make the sound of the bus. Several students are walking behind him, shoulder to shoulder like they are riding on the bus. As the 'bus' pulls up to the students on the sidewalk, the driver makes the sound of the bus braking while the student walking directly behind him folds out a round 'stop sign' to indicate that the bus is stopped. The bus driver pretends to open the door (making the sfx with his or her mouth) and the students on the sidewalk begin to file onto the

bus, walking down the aisle. They find 'seats' as the bus driver 'closes the door' and the student folds back the stop signal. The group begins to move off STAGE RIGHT as CARLY and BRYCE continue to talk.

CARLY:

So, what are you going to do?

BRYCE:

Well, unless you can learn to catch a pass or kick field goals, we're going to keep losing.

CARLY:

I wish I went to school somewhere else.

The 'bus' exits.

GWEN:

Yeah, nothing, not even a plague of zombies, can zap a school's spirit like a losing football team. It seemed like the Teddy was going to miss the State Playoffs for the first time since the Kennedy Administration. But, then my friend, Carly, had an idea.

The 'school bus' enter from STAGE RIGHT and stops CENTER STAGE. The 'bus driver' opens the door and the students begin to file off the bus. CARLY and BRYCE are still talking.

CARLY:

Well, can't you start.. I don't know.. like taking steroids of something? My Dad says if we don't start winning some games pretty soon, they might shut down the Teddy.

BRYCE:

No, I'm not going to start taking steroids.

The bus is empty and begins to pull away as the students begin to walk STAGE RIGHT.

BRYCE:

What difference does it make anyway. It's only a game.

The students ahead of BRYCE all stop suddenly at this statement. The bus driver also brings the bus to a screeching halt. Everyone turns around and glares at BRYCE. There's a long pause.

BRYCE:

I sorry. I didn't mean it.

The students are relieved and continue to cross. The bus driver shakes his head in disgust, and continues to drive the bus off STAGE LEFT.

CARLY:

That kind of talk can get you in serious trouble around here, Bryce.

BRYCE:

Sorry, but I don't know what we're going to do. They fired Coach Reese and replaced him with the Home Ec teacher.

CARLY:

Hey, Mrs. Wheeler is pretty tough.

BRYCE:

Apparently not tough enough 'cause we're still losing. And can you blame us? The quarterback is a zombie. The running back is a zombie. Heck, even the guy that puts the stripes on the field.

CARLY:

Old man Hurley?

BRYCE:

Yeah, he's a zombie, too. Haven't you noticed the how far apart the yard markers are? I'm telling you, Carly, unless a miracle happens, we are toast this year.

Just then, a group of zombies enter from STAGE LEFT. They clumsily move through the crowd of students. The students jump out of the way and one of them falls down. As BRYCE and CARLY watch the scene, suddenly CARLY's face lights up.

CARLY:

That's it!

BRYCE:

What's it? (*one of the zombies tries to grab him and BRYCE steps away*) Hey dude, get off me. (*the zombies continue to walk across the stage, arms out and moaning*)

CARLY:

Did you see how they cut through the crowd?

BRYCE:

Well, yeah... nobody wants to get infected and be one of the walking dead. When zombies come by, you move out of the way.

CARLY:

Exactly. And that's what's going to help us win.

BRYCE:

Huh?

CARLY:

Come on!

CARLY grabs BRYCE and pulls him off stage.

GWEN:

I don't know why anyone didn't think of it earlier. I mean, the idea was brilliant. All we had to do to start winning again was to put zombies back on the football team. Principal Davies didn't think much of the idea.

CARLY and BRYCE enter from STAGE RIGHT, carrying a chair and table. BRYCE is holding a football helmet in one hand. PRINCIPAL DAVIES, dressed in a suit and tie, enters from STAGE LEFT and sits in the chair behind the table.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

We can't let non-cons play on the football team, Carly.

CARLY:

Why not? They're still considered students here at the

Teddy, aren't they?

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

Yes they are. The School Board has stated clearly that we are not allowed to discriminate against a student based on race, color, religion... or their life status. But allowing those... (*the principal grimaces*)... 'things' to put on uniform and represent the school is just somehow... well, wrong. Besides, Bryce here is doing a fine job as quarterback.

CARLY:

He threw nine interceptions last week, Principal Davies. He had fourteen fumbles and was sacked twenty seven times, sir.

BRYCE:

I told you, Carly. I don't know how to play football. They recruited me because I'm the only guy in the school who would fit into P.J.'s old uniform.

CARLY:

We have to let them play, Principal Davies. It's the only way we can salvage the season.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

I don't know, Carly.

CARLY:

What's to know? Me and Bryce saw it at the bus stop today. When those zombies came through, the crowd parted like the Red Sea. All we have to do is put a uniform on them and point them in the right direction and we can't lose.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

But what if they... you know... bite some of the other players.

CARLY:

We've already thought about that. Show him Bryce.

BRYCE:

Okay.. but I still don't think it's going to work.

CARLY:

Just do it.

BRYCE puts on the football helmet.

CARLY:

Now, try to bite me.

BRYCE:

Do I have to? This is stupid.

CARLY:

Bite me, you sissy!

BRYCE reaches for CARLY, grabs her shoulders and tries to bite her but the helmet prevents him from getting his mouth near her.

CARLY:

Come on, Bryce. Take a chunk out of me! *(she screams this loudly)*

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

Keep your voice down, Carly.

CARLY:

Sorry. Try harder, Bryce.

BRYCE makes exaggerated motions trying to get his mouth anywhere near CARLY.

BRYCE:

I am trying. I can't do it. My teeth aren't long enough.

CARLY:

Exactly. See, Principal Davies. It doesn't matter how hard they try, with a football helmet on, there's no way they can bite their teammates. Or the other team.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

You know, it just might work.

CARLY:

Of course it will work. And when it does, I can see another trophy on the shelf behind your desk.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

You think so? Oh, I like trophies. (*standing and shaking hands with CARLY*) Okay, Carly. You have my permission to put zombies on the team. Let's start winning.

CARLY:

Go Rough Riders!

PRINCIPAL DAVIES picks up the table and chair and exits, STAGE LEFT. CARLY and BRYCE cross left as BRYCE begins to remove his helmet.

CARLY:

I guess this means you're coming off the team, Bryce.

BRYCE:

And back in the Chess Club where I belong.

GWEN steps forward to address the audience.

GWEN:

It was a brilliant plan. Unfortunately, Carly hadn't quite worked out how exactly we were going to get the zombies in uniforms and helmets.

A group of zombies enter from STAGE LEFT followed by a group of students holding helmets and large 'butterfly' nets.

CARLY:

Okay, careful. All we have to do is get helmets on them.

The students sneak up on the zombies, nets held high.

CARLY:

Go!!

The students pounce on the zombies who turn around and attack. One of the students falls to the ground and the zombies attack her as the other students screams and run off the stage.

GWEN:

Of course, there were casualties. *(looks at the group of zombies holding the girl to the ground as screams)*
I'm really going to miss Kayla. She was helping me get ready for the SAT.

The zombies drag the girl off stage, STAGE LEFT.

GWEN:

We tried the surprise attack. Of course, somebody had to be bait.

BRYCE enters from STAGE LEFT, looking around nervously. He suddenly turns and hurries back the way he came. CARLY enters, pushing him back on stage.

BRYCE:

I can't do this, Carly. I'm supposed to get my license this weekend and I've been studying real hard. If I get turned into a zombie, I'm never going to get to drive.

CARLY:

You'll be okay, Bryce. Just stand there and look helpless.

BRYCE:

What does that mean?

CARLY:

I don't know. Act like your just standing there, not knowing what you're doing. Kind of like you do on the football field.

BRYCE:

Hey, that's not funny.

CARLY:

Just act like you're helpless, Bryce. Somebody's got to draw them in.

BRYCE:

And why can't that 'somebody' be you?

CARLY:

Because I'm the one who thought of the plan. We can't afford to lose me.

BRYCE:

What?!

CARLY:

You'll be okay, Bryce. I promise. *(she exits and BRYCE stands CENTER STAGE, looking around nervously)*

BRYCE:

Oh, my. Look at me. Standing out here in the parking lot all by myself. I sure hope nothing happens to me.

BRYCE stands there, looking more nervous than ever. He calls to CARLY who is off stage.

BRYCE:

It's not working.

CARLY:

Try to look appetizing.

BRYCE:

What?

CARLY:

You know. Juicy and stuff.

BRYCE:

Juicy?

CARLY:

Just do it!

BRYCE:

Okay.. here I am. Alone and boy, am I juicy. *(he looks around nervously again and then bends down to roll up his right pants leg)* Man, look at these legs. So, tender and juicy.

When nothing happens, he bends down and begins to roll up the other pants leg. While he has his back turned, the zombies enter from STAGE RIGHT.

GWEN:

We all saw this coming, didn't we?

The zombies suddenly pounce on BRYCE who screams.

BRYCE:

I'm NOT juicy. I lied. I'm not juicy! I'm tough. And sour. (*he screams*) Carly!!!

The zombies throw him to the ground and begin to drag him off, STAGE RIGHT, as CARLY and some other students holding nets and large sacks run on stage. They watch the zombies drag BRYCE off stage as he continues to scream. Then CARLY turns to the group.

CARLY:

Okay, anybody else got any ideas?

The group exits, STAGE LEFT.

GWEN:

Well, I'll have to tell you. I, for one, was beginning to think that the plan was not going to work. And that we'd just keep on losing and losing until the only people in the stands on Friday nights were the homeless looking for a quiet place to sleep. Then, Carly came up with another brilliant idea.

A group of cheerleaders, HEATHER, DARLENE, EMILY and RENEE, enter from STAGE RIGHT, followed by CARLY.

HEATHER:

No way, Carly. We are not going to help you catch zombies.

EMILY:

Yeah, look what happened to Bryce.

DARLENE:

I miss him. I don't care if he couldn't like pass the football worth a lick. I miss him. Like.

CARLY:

But, Heather. You guys are our last chance to save the

season.

HEATHER:

Sorry, I love my face way too much to have it bitten off by a zombie.

RENEE:

Me, too.

DARLENE:

Me, too. I mean, like.. me third.

CARLY:

But you guys are the only ones who can keep their attention long enough for us to get helmets on them.

HEATHER:

Why us? There's plenty of other girls at the Teddy.

CARLY:

You're right. There is. But you're the cheerleading squad. And what's the one thing a high school boy can't resist? Even a dead one? A cheerleader.

HEATHER:

Well, she does have a point, girls. We are hot.

CARLY:

Exactly. All you have to do is get their attention and we'll do the rest.

DARLENE:

But aren't these guys, like, dead?

RENEE:

Yeah. They'll bite anybody. Why are we the only one's who can get their attention?

Just then, two zombie boys walk on from STAGE LEFT.

CARLY:

Watch this. *(she walks towards the zombies and calls out to them)* Hey boys. Look at me. I'm just standing here with some cheerleaders. *(she suddenly grabs her right leg and falls down)* And look at that, I just

broke my leg. I can't run. I'm completely helpless.
Come and get me.

HEATHER:

Stop it, Carly. They're going to eat you.

CARLY:

Not if there's a better meal to be had. (*calling to the zombies, who have stopped and are staring at her*) I won't fight you. Just ignore the hot cheerleaders over there and eat me.

The zombies look at each other for a moment and then start straight for CARLY. She doesn't try to run and the zombies walk right past her towards the cheerleaders who scream and bat them away with their purses.

RENEE:

Get away, I just had my nails done.

EMILY:

(one of the zombies grabs her purse and she pulls it away and hits him with it as he passes)

Hey, I just got that, you freak.

The girls push the zombies away who finally give up and exit STAGE LEFT.

CARLY:

What did I tell you? Who wants to snack on a boring honor student with they can have a cheerleader?

HEATHER:

True. Girls, what you say?

The cheerleaders huddle for a moment.

HEATHER:

Okay, we'll do it. But we need to go home and change first. If we do get bitten, we certainly don't want to spend the rest of eternity in our school clothes, do we girls?

DARLENE:

If I'm going out, it's to be like in a designer outfit.

The cheerleaders exits STAGE LEFT and CARLY exits

GWEN:

Now you might be wondering. Why risk so many young lives just so the Teddy could have a winning football season? Well, let me ask you. Why did Paul Revere ride through Boston yelling 'The British are coming?' (*as the speech begins to crescendo, patriotic music begins to play in the background*) Why did George Washington stand at the front of that little row boat while they crossed the Potomac? And how did they get them all to be so still while that guy painted that picture? Why did Samuel Morse invent that little clicky thing that let people send messages to each other? Why did Edison invent the light bulb so we didn't have to go to bed so early every night? Why did Eli Whitney invent the cotton gin? Or the Wright Brother's fly across the beach in Kitty Hawk? Why did we land on the moon? Invent velcro, yoga pants and microwave popcorn? I'll tell you why. Because we're Americans and that's what we do. We win. It's in our blood and nothing short of all out victory will stop us from doing whatever it takes to win. And if that means sacrificing a member of the chess club, an SAT tutor and a few half-wit cheerleaders, then we'll do it. Because we're red, white and blue, hotdog eating, Chevy-driving, Born on the 4th of July, Yankee Doodle Dandy Americans and we're winners!

The music ends. GWEN pauses to take a big breath.

GWEN:

I've been working on that little speech for more than week now. How'd I do? Anyway, the cheerleaders came back, dressed appropriately for the possibility of being changed into the walking dead.

DARLENE, EMILY and RENEE enter from STAGE LEFT. They're wearing long 'prom' dresses with high heels, makeup, etc.

DARLENE:

Like, zip me, Renee.

RENEE stops and zips up the back of DARLENE's dress.

RENEE:

Okay.. suck in. Big suck.. come on, Darlene, don't you quit on me now. No pain, no gain. You can do it.

DARLENE lets out a loud groan as RENEE manages to zip her dress.

EMILY:

Wow, I didn't think you'd ever wear that dress again. Not after the... *(she says the next line in a forced whisper)*... the incident with the Girl Scout cookies.

DARLENE:

I told you we're not going to, like, talk about that anymore.

RENEE:

Did you really eat an entire case of thin mints in one afternoon?

EMILY:

And two boxes of Samoas.

DARLENE:

I was in like a bad place, okay. My stepmom like took away my cellphone.

RENEE:

What a monster!

HEATHER enters from STAGE LEFT. She is also dressed in a prom wear and is pulling on her high heel shoes as she enters.

HEATHER:

How does my hair look?

DARLENE:

It looks great, Heather. Did you like touch it up?

HEATHER:

Well, I wanted to look nice, just in case Carly's plan

doesn't quite work out. I can't face the idea of spending eternity wandering around with my roots showing.

EMILY:

Me, too. I brushed my teeth three times before I left the house. Zombies always seem to have such bad oral hygiene and, just in case something happens, I don't want people to laugh at my teeth.

RENEE:

Where is she? I'm ready to get this over with, one way or another.

CARLY enters from STAGE RIGHT. She is followed by several students carrying helmets. GWEN joins the group and one of the students hands her a helmet.

CARLY:

I didn't think you guys would show. Nice dress, Darlene. I'm surprised you can still fit in it.

The students snicker at this.

DARLENE:

It was a case of cookies, okay. Just cookies. It wasn't like I was shooting heroin or anything? It was just cookies. Can't we just like forget it already?

CARLY:

Sorry.

GWEN:

You pull this off, Darlene and we all promise never to mention the Thin Mint Incident ever again. Right guys?

The students all mumble their agreements.

EMILY:

Don't forget about the Samoas.

DARLENE:

Give it a rest, Emily. You're just like jealous that I can still fit into last year's prom dress.

EMILY:
Am not!

DARLENE:
Am too!

CARLY:
Okay, cool it you two. Let's go over the plan one more time. All you guys have to do is stand over there and look..

HEATHER:
Hot?

CARLY:
Yeah.. just try to look hot.

RENEE:
Girl, we don't need to 'try.'

The cheerleaders laugh and 'high-five' each other.

CARLY:
The zombie guys from the football team are over by the gym like they are every afternoon at four.

GWEN:
Don't you find it a little weird that even after being turned into zombies, they're still trying to get into the weight room every afternoon.

CARLY:
I need you, Heather, to go over there and get their attention.

HEATHER:
Why me? Why can't Darlene do it in her new dress.

DARLENE:
It's not like new. It just fits.

HEATHER:
Renee?

RENEE:
Not me. I busted my butt to get into Stamford and I'm

not blowing that.

EMILY:

I'll do it. I'm the only one not wearing high heels so I can run. *(she points at HEATHER's shoes)* What were you thinking, Heather? Six inch heels when you're about to be chased by a pack of zombies.

HEATHER:

Zombies can't run, remember. And anyway, I wanted to look good. You know, just in case.

CARLY:

Okay, we're going to hide in the bushes and you guys just get them to come this way and we'll do the rest. *(to students)* Ready, guys? *(they all say yes and exit, STAGE RIGHT)* Okay, good luck. *(she begins to exit and HEATHER calls out to her)*

HEATHER:

Carly?

CARLY:

Yeah?

HEATHER:

If something happens. You know, and we're not 'us' anymore, will you make sure they write something really nice about us in the yearbook? Like how we died heroes and all.

CARLY:

Yes, Heather. You guys are really brave. Now let's do this.

CARLY exits.

EMILY:

Okay, girls. Ready?

HEATHER:

Go get them, Emmy.

EMILY exits STAGE RIGHT while the other three girls stand uncomfortably CENTER STAGE.

DARLENE:

Do you really think like this dress still like fits okay?

RENEE:

Better than ever.

HEATHER:

You look beautiful.

DARLENE:

You do, too, Heather. You, too, Renee.

The cheerleaders hug and start to cry a little when there's a scream from off stage.

EMILY:

Here they come!

She comes back on stage and calls to the group following her.

EMILY:

What's the matter, you big sissies. Can't catch a girl in a prom dress?

There's a series of loud moans from off stage and then a group of zombies lumber in from STAGE RIGHT. P.J. is in the lead.

HEATHER:

Hey, P.J.! Change your mind about going to the Prom?

P.J.

Uhhh!

HEATHER:

That's what I thought. Come on girls. Let's reel them in with the Teddy Chant.

The cheerleaders spread out in a line and start to cheer.

HEATHER:

Ready? Okay!

The cheerleaders all 'clap' their hands in front and start to do a cheer while they dance.

CHEERLEADERS:

"Down the field, move it slow and steady, Come on, let's go.. and do the Teddy, do the Teddy... "

The zombies recognize the chant and stop for a moment. A couple of them even start to do sloppily do some of the dance moves. (similar to the 'Dougie' dance)

DARLENE:

It's working, girls... don't stop!

CHEERLEADERS:

"We're a horror show.. worst than Freddy... come on, everybody, get up and do the Teddy, do the Teddy..."

All of the zombies are now looking at the cheerleaders, moaning loudly along with the chant and dancing.

HEATHER:

We've got 'em now.. keep dancing girls.

CHEERLEADERS:

"Do the Teddy... Do the Teddy.. come on, everybody, get up and do the Teddy, Do the Teddy.."

HEATHER:

(she calls offstage)

Come and get 'em, Carly!

CARLY, GWEN and the other students enter from STAGE RIGHT and approach the zombies who are turned away from them, busy trying to do the movements of the 'Teddy Dance' with the cheerleaders.

CARLY:

Keep going, Heather. Louder.. louder!

CHEERLEADERS:

(now doing the dance moves so exaggerated that it is comical)

Do the Teddy! Do the Teddy!

CARLY:

Okay, guys... get those helmets on them.

The students quickly creep up on the zombie football players and push the helmets onto their heads. The zombies don't even seem to notice and keep dancing.

CARLY:

Okay, Heather... get them over to the practice field.

HEATHER:

Come on girls! Let's work it!

The cheerleaders continue to do the cheer and chant as they dance off STAGE LEFT and the zombies follow. There's a loud cheer from CARLY and the students who run after the zombies. GWEN watches them pass and then steps forward.

GWEN:

Well, getting the helmets on them was the easy part. Now, all we had to do is teach them to play.

The zombies and several of the 'human' players come on from STAGE LEFT. CARLY and BRYCE enter with COACH WHEELER, a crotchity old woman wearing a flowered dress and thigh high panty hose. There's a whistle hanging around her neck.

COACH:

Are you sure this is going to work, Carly?

CARLY:

It'll work, Coach. I think that somewhere deep in their dead brains, P.J. and the guys still remember playing football. I mean, why do they keep trying to get into the weight room every afternoon? All we have to do is spark a memory of their glory days on the field and they'll be putty in your hands.

The COACH notices that one of the zombies is grabbing at one of the human players, a boy named SPENCER. He's trying to 'bite' SPENCER through his helmet.

SPENCER:

Get him off me, Coach!

COACH crosses and pulls P.J. off of SPENCER.

COACH:

Alright, P.J. What have I said about biting your receiver?

P.J. moans something unintelligible.

COACH:

That's right. No biting. Now, let's work on just a simple handoff, okay?

The players line up in a loose formation and COACH grabs P.J. and drags him to a spot behind the center.

COACH:

Okay.. it's just a simple snap and hand off, P.J. Like putting a loaf of bread in the oven. You mix it up and knead it twenty times, then preheat your oven..

CARLY:

Coach, this is football. Not home-ec.

COACH:

Sorry.. you've done it a thousand times before. Just snap and push, snap and push. Now, this here is your running back, Bobby. Say hi, Billy.

BILLY:

(terrified and in a high-pitched voice)

Hey.

COACH:

Okay. On three, guys.

COACH steps back and P.J. bends down behind the center.

CARLY:

I told you he'd remember.

P.J.

Uh... Uh.. Uh...

The center snaps the ball to P.J. who looks at it for a moment, then turns and throws it at BILLY. The ball bounces off his head and BILLY screams.

BILLY:

Hey! Watch it!

P.J. moans loudly and lunges towards BILLY. Seeing this, the other zombies moan and try to 'bite' some of the other players. The 'human' players scream and all run off stage. COACH blows her whistle and follows the players off stage.

COACH:

Hey, the loaf is still in the oven. You can't leave yet!

GWEN:

As you can see, things didn't get off to a very good start, but Coach and Carly didn't give up. Before we knew it, P.J. had learned to hand off the ball.

The team, COACH and CARLY walk back on while GWEN is speaking to the audience and line up.

P.J.

Uhh.. Uh.. Uh...

The ball is snapped to P.J. who again looks at it for a moment and then hands it off to BILLY who screams during the contact with P.J. BILLY also looks at the ball in his hands for a moment.

COACH:

Put that loaf in the oven, Billy!

CARLY:
Coach!

COACH:
Sorry. Run!

BILLY runs off STAGE LEFT and the team cheers.

GWEN:
Learning to pass was a little harder.

COACH pulls P.J. and SPENCER aside while the other players line up again.

COACH:
P.J., this is your receiver. You remember what a receiver is, don't you?

P.J. moans loudly and then grabs SPENCER's arm and tries to bite him through his helmet.

SPENCER:
He thinks I'm lunch!

COACH:
You're okay, Spencer. P.J. here isn't going to eat you. What he is going to do, however, is throw that dryer sheet into the dryer. I mean, throw you the ball. Right, P.J.? Just toss him a simple pass, right up the middle, okay?

P.J.
UUUugh....

COACH:
Okay, on three..

COACH blows her whistle and the center snaps the call to P.J. who just looks at it for a moment.

COACH:
Toss it, P.J.! In the dryer!

P.J. tucks the ball under his arm, sticks his other arm and lumbers through the line, the other players screaming and giving him a wide berth. The

players all follow and the COACH shakes her head in despair and follows. CARLY calls after her.

CARLY:

It's going to work, Coach. All they need is some more practice. *(she starts to follow COACH)*

GWEN:

Actually, nobody thought it was going to work.

CARLY:

(she turns back to GWEN)

It'll work. They just need some more practice, that's all. *(she exits)*

GWEN:

Well, the team did practice. A lot. And by the end of the week, they could do a Wishbone, Screen Pass, Quarterback Sneak and even a Double Reverse. And I might also add, bake a cake, sew a blouse and fix the garbage disposal. Even P.J. got the hang of it.

SPENCER runs on from STAGE LEFT. The football sails across the stage and he catches it and keeps running. After he is off, students, COACH, CARLY and other spectators enter from both sides of the stage and stand along the 'sidelines' of the field.

GWEN:

The first big test was against our arch rivals from the next county over, the Turnerville Terriers. They were big. Real big. But we did have one thing the Terriers didn't. Zombies!

GWEN eases into the crowd, now waving banners and cheering. A student in a football uniform and helmet enters from STAGE LEFT, the football tucked under his arm.

ANNOUNCER:

Look's like the Terriers are going to score..

Suddenly, three of the zombie players from The Teddy enter from STAGE RIGHT, arms outstretched and moaning loudly. The player from Turnersville

*see them, screams and then turns and runs off
STAGE LEFT.*

ANNOUNCER:

He's running the wrong way.. he's running the wrong way.

The crowd cheers loudly.

ANNOUNCER:

The final score... the Teddy 42.. Turnersville 3..

GWEN:

(stepping forward)

Yep, something amazing started to happen. We started winning again.

P.J. enters from STAGE RIGHT. He had the ball 'palmed' in one hand as he hold both arms out in front of him and lumbers across the stage, moaning loudly. He is met by some of the players from the opposing team. P.J. snarls loudly. The players hear this, scream and run back off stage.

ANNOUNCER:

And the Rough Riders wins again. 56 to nothing.

GWEN:

And we kept winning. All the way to the State Championship game. Of course, we did hit a little bump along the way.

While she speaks, a student enters wearing a long robe, carrying a small table and chair. The crowd splits and the student sets up the table and chair CENTER STAGE. Two of the 'fans' step forward, acting as the coaches of the two teams. The two sides are mumbling loudly.

JUDGE:

(banging gavel)

Order.... order in the court.

COACH:

Your honor, the law clearly says that zombies....

JUDGE:

Coach, what have I said about using that term?

COACH:

I'm sorry your honor. The law says that non-con's cannot be discriminated against. Any non-con who is enrolled at the Theodore Roosevelt High can play football.

OPPOSING COACH:

It's not fair, your honor. They're killers!

COACH:

Oh, hush Timmy Peters. You're just mad because I failed you for scalding cream in your double boiler.

OPPOSING COACH:

It wasn't my fault, Mrs. Wheeler! Tommy Mays turned the knob on the stove while I wasn't looking.

The JUDGE bangs her gavel.

JUDGE:

Order, order! You two know each other?

COACH:

Yes, Your Honor. Little Timmy Peters was one of the worst students I ever had in Home Economics. He burned four shirts with an iron and his pickle relish tasted like sawdust.

OPPOSING COACH:

Okay, so I had some bad years at the Teddy. But I'm grown up and coaching my own team and my boys are terrified to be on the field with those freaks. Especially that crazy quarterback, P.J.!

JUDGE:

Okay, just calm down... Timmy. *(the crowd snickers)*
Coach, call your first witness.

COACH:

I call P.J. Davis.

OPPOSING COACH:

That's him, Coach. That's the one!

P.J. enters from STAGE RIGHT. He is moaning loudly, grabbing at the crowd and COACH steers him to a spot in front of the JUDGE's table.

COACH:

Stop that, Paul James Davis! What did I tell you about making sure your soufflé doesn't fall? You enter the room quietly. *(to JUDGE)* Sorry, Judge. The only metaphors I know are from Home Ec.

JUDGE:

Well, he looks harmless to me. *(to COACH)* But young man, you cannot wear that helmet in my courtroom. It's disrespectful. Take it off, please.

COACH:

Your honor, I don't think that's a good idea.

The JUDGE stands and crosses to P.J. She begins to take off his helmet.

JUDGE:

Nonsense. Here let me help you.

The JUDGE pulls off P.J.'s helmet and he looks around for a moment.

JUDGE:

See.. he's just...

P.J. sees the JUDGE, snarls loudly and pounces on her, dragging her behind the table. The crowd screams and move back into a 'sideline' formation. The table and chair are removed behind the crowd. The JUDGE removes her robe and becomes one of the crowd.

GWEN:

So, since there was a mistrial... obviously... the Teddy made it to the big game. And the Pottstown Penguins didn't have a chance.

ANNOUNCER:

He's going all the way.

P.J. enters from STAGE RIGHT with the football tucked under his arm. The Penguin defenders come on from STAGE LEFT and when it looks like they are going to tackle P.J., the other zombie players enter from STAGE RIGHT and block for him as the other players scatters. The crowd cheers loudly and disperses as GWEN steps forward.

GWEN:

Principal Davies got his trophy.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES enters from STAGE LEFT holding a trophy over his head. He is followed by a large group of students who are cheering him.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES:

State Champions, baby!

The crowd following PRINCIPAL DAVIES cheer again and they exit.

GWEN:

Coach Wheeler was made the permanent football coach and the team never looked better.

COACH leads the players across the stage, blowing her whistle.

COACH:

Okay, boys. Hit the showers and then I'm going to teach you how to put pleats in those football pants.

GWEN:

Carly was a hero!

Another group enters from STAGE RIGHT. They're carrying CARLY on their shoulders. They cheer as they carry her across stage and off.

GWEN:

Even Heather got what she wanted. A date to prom.

HEATHER and P.J. enter from STAGE RIGHT. She's wearing a prom dress and P.J. still has his helmet on, although he is wearing a tie with his uniform.

HEATHER:

You look real nice, P.J. Who knows, play your cards right and you might even get a little kiss after the prom.

P.J. moans loudly and tries to 'bite' HEATHER. She bats him away.

HEATHER:

I said AFTER the prom!

They exit STAGE LEFT.

GWEN:

And as for me? Well, my SAT scores turned out pretty good, even without Kayla's help and I got into Dartmouth. Dad doesn't like that I'm moving so far away from home, but he'll get over it. Won't you, Dad?

DAD enters from STAGE LEFT. He is wearing a 'cage' over his head and carrying two large suitcases. GWEN smiles at him and then exits, STAGE RIGHT. DAD moans loudly and MOM enters from STAGE LEFT, looking over her shoulder. She crosses towards DAD.

MOM:

We've got to hurry. I parked in a loading zone.

(seeing her husband struggling with the large bags, she goes over and takes one of the bags from him))

Phillip, what have I told you about carrying those suitcases by yourself. You're going to throw your back out, again.

(she looks up at him)

Oh, for heaven's sake, stop drooling. You're going to embarrass Gwen on her first day at college.

(she pulls a handkerchief from her purse and wipes his mouth)

There, that's better. You almost look.... alive.

DAD moans again loudly as MOM turns and exits, carrying one of the bags off STAGE RIGHT. DAD slowly shuffles off stage as the lights dim.

THE END

