

ZOMBIE WEDDING

A FULL-LENGTH PLAY IN FIVE SCENES

By **Jeff Lovett**

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Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ISBN: 978-1-61588-212-0

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: Ashley has some wonderful news! She has finally met “the one” and can't wait to introduce him to her friends and family. She hastily calls her two best friends, Beth and Summer, to arrange a lunch date for them to meet Bruce. Arriving at the restaurant, Ashley can hardly wait to announce that she is getting married in just three days. Before Beth and Summer can object, Ashley's fiancé enters the restaurant amid a chorus of crashing dishes and screams. Bruce may be the most wonderful man in the world, but he is also a zombie. Ashley is marrying one of the walking dead. Not wishing to upset their jubilant friend, Beth and Summer say nothing as they try to keep from becoming part of the lunch menu. Ashley reminds her friends of the wedding rehearsal and then heads off for more introductions. Will anyone survive the mayhem that follows? And will Ashley's friends somehow convince her that marrying a zombie is probably not the best way to start her new life? An action-filled play full of great physical comedy and outrageous makeup and prop effects.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 MEN, 7 WOMEN, EXTRAS)

ASHLEY (f).....A 20-something young woman.
(165 lines)

BETH (f).....Ashley's childhood friend. (84 lines)

SUMMER (f).....A friend of Ashley and Beth. (102 lines)

BRUCE (m).....Ashley's boyfriend, a zombie.
(Non-speaking)

MARTHA (f).....Ashley's mother. (51 lines)

THE COLONEL (m).....Ashley's father, a former Marine.
(29 lines)

TOM (m).....Bruce’s father, a zombie. (*Non-speaking*)

MARGE (f)Bruce’s mother, a zombie.
(*Non-speaking*)

CLAIRE (f)One of Ashley’s friends. (*11 lines*)

REV. BYARS (m)The minister. (*10 lines*)

LAURA (f).....One of Ashley’s friends. (*1 line*)

WAITER (m)Waiter in first scene. (*4 lines*)

VARIOUS HUMANS (m/f)

VARIOUS ZOMBIES (m/f)

PROPERTIES

Scene One:

- Tablecloth
- Plates
- Soup Bowl
- Utensils
- Glasses
- Purses (3)
- Handkerchief
- Engagement Rings
- Fake Leg
- Various Food
- Waitress Order Pad
- Menus (3)
- Large Platter

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Scene Two:

- Ring
- Wristwatch
- Handkerchief
- Pistol
- Gun Belt/holster
- Coat Stand

Scene Three:

- Chairs
- Handkerchief
- Fake Leg
- Purses (2)
- Shoe

Scene Four:

- Wedding Dress
- Veil

Scene Five:

- Fake Leg
- Wedding Dress/Veil
- Crucifix
- Spam (fake meat)

SCENE CHANGES

Scene 1: A restaurant, Thursday at noon.

Scene 2: Ashley's home, later Thursday afternoon.

Scene 3: Ballroom B of the Plaza Hotel, Friday night.

Scene 4: Dressing room prior to wedding (in front of curtain) Saturday afternoon.

Scene 5: Ballroom B of the Plaza Hotel, Saturday afternoon.

SCENE ONE

AT RISE:

A busy restaurant. There is a medium-sized table set center stage with two to three other smaller tables set around the room. The tables are covered with white tablecloths, plates, glasses, and utensils. As the curtain opens, there are several diners seated at the tables eating lunch and talking. A waiter is at one of the smaller tables in the rear taking an order. As the waiter exits stage right, the two women at the center table begin talking. Both are dressed in the latest "business" attire and very fashionable.

BETH: She called me at 2:30 this morning. Scared me to death!

SUMMER: I know. She must have called me right after you. I was having the most incredible dream. About nachos.

BETH: Nachos?

SUMMER: Yeah. You know that I've been craving nachos ever since I started my new diet. Anyway, I was dreaming about riding in this boat made of nacho chips down a river of hot melted cheese. I kept breaking off pieces of my boat and dipping them in that hot nacho cheese sauce.

BETH: Ummm...

SUMMER: Tell me about it. I knew that if I kept on, I would eat the boat right out from under me and drown, but I didn't care.

BETH: Definitely worth it. *(The waiter enters and serves the two women their beverages. A Coke for BETH and a glass of sparkling water for SUMMER)*

SUMMER: Yeah. Anyway the phone rang, I don't know how many times, and when I finally realized that I wasn't riding in a nacho cheese boat, I grabbed my cell off the nightstand and saw that it was Ashley.

BETH: I thought somebody had died. When I hit the send button, all I could hear was this growling noise in the background and I thought, "Oh no. It's Poochie!"

SUMMER: Your mom is going to be devastated when that dog dies.

BETH: I know. The vet says she needs a liver transplant, but my mother absolutely refuses to take a liver from any other breed except a registered poodle. And it has to be from the Upper East Side.

SUMMER: Poor Poochie.

BETH: I kept hollering, "Poochie, is that you?" into the phone, thinking to myself, "How in the world did that dog learn to dial the phone?"

SUMMER: She is pretty smart for a dog.

BETH: Yeah. But not that smart. Then, the growling stopped and I heard Ashley. It sounded like she was crying, and with that growling in the background, I thought maybe she was being attacked by a bear or something.

SUMMER: A bear? In Manhattan?

BETH: Yeah, right. Bears can't dial phones any better than dogs can. Then I realized Ashley wasn't crying. Well, she was crying, but it was because she was happy. She was blubbering with joy about something. I couldn't make out anything she was saying, except for what sounded like the word "bring."

SUMMER: Bring what?

BETH: I don't know. Maybe something to kill the bear?

SUMMER: Well, she wasn't much better when she called me. She kept crying and saying how happy she was. And I kept saying, "Ashley, if you're so happy, then why are you crying?" And she started crying even louder and hung up.

BETH: I finally told her to stop crying and tell me what she wanted me to bring. That's when she said for us to meet her here for lunch. That she had some big news.

SUMMER: What big news?

BETH: I don't know. She wouldn't tell me, just said that it was big. Really big...and she wanted to share it with her two best friends first. Then I heard that growling in the background again.

SUMMER: You don't think she's joined some weird cult, do you? I've read about these people who shave their heads, sit on the sidewalk and growl like dogs when people walk by.

BETH: Ashley? No way! She would never sit on a dirty sidewalk.

SUMMER: But she is impulsive. You remember that time in middle school when Roger Perkins dared her to drink a whole bottle of nail polish and she said she'd do it for a dollar.

BETH: *(Laughs.)* She had red teeth for a week.

SUMMER: She's always doing crazy, impulsive stuff like that.

BETH: Well, we're about to find out what this is all about. *(Pointing off stage left.)* Here she comes.

ASHLEY enters the restaurant. She is dressed in a stylish skirt and blouse with her hair neatly pulled back. As she approaches, BETH and SUMMER stand and they all hug before taking seats at the table, with ASHLEY seated at the far left corner of the table. She is smiling brightly and is very excited about her news.

ASHLEY: Beth. Summer. My two best friends in the world. *(ASHLEY is suddenly overcome with emotions and starts to cry, pulling a handkerchief from her purse.)*

BETH: What is wrong with you?

SUMMER: You haven't joined a cult, have you?

ASHLEY: What? *(SUMMER reaches over and pulls on ASHLEY's hair. She yelps with pain.)*

ASHLEY: What are you doing?

SUMMER: I just wanted to make sure you haven't shaved your head.

BETH: What was so important that you had to call us in the middle of the night?

SUMMER: Yeah. I was dreaming.

ASHLEY: Let me guess? Nachos.

SUMMER: Better. A nacho boat floating in cheese.

ASHLEY: You've got to quit that crazy diet, Summer.

BETH: You scared us to death, Ashley. I thought something had happened to Poochie.

ASHLEY: I'm sorry. But I was just so happy. I couldn't wait to share the news.

SUMMER: What news?

ASHLEY: I met someone.

BETH: Met someone?

SUMMER: Like a boy?

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ASHLEY: A man, Summer, a real man.

BETH: I didn't even know you were dating.

SUMMER: It's not that weird guy from accounting, is it?

ASHLEY: Rick?

SUMMER: Yeah. Rick from accounting. *(Wags her finger in front of her face as she says to BETH.)* He's got this lazy eye. Every time I see him, I'm not sure if he's talking to me or the person standing behind me. Creeps me out a little.

ASHLEY: No, it's not Rick. This is someone really special.

BETH: So you met a new guy. For that, you had to call us in the middle of the night?

ASHLEY: Well, it's a little more than that...

SUMMER: Does he have a dog or maybe a pet bear?

ASHLEY: Bear?

BETH: Never mind. What do you mean "It's a little more than that"? *(ASHLEY holds out her left hand for the girls to see. On her hand is a large engagement ring.)*

ASHLEY: We're engaged!

BETH AND SUMMER: Engaged? *(SUMMER reaches out, takes ASHLEY's hand and examines the ring more closely.)*

BETH: But we've never even met him.

ASHLEY: It was kind of sudden.

SUMMER: That's a huge ring. You sure it's real?

ASHLEY: *(Pulling the ring away.)* Yes, it's real.

BETH: You're engaged to a...stranger?

ASHLEY: Bruce is not a stranger. He's the one.

SUMMER: I thought Randy from Starbucks was "the one"?

BETH: Yeah. And that's what you said about that guy with the red hair...ah...what's his name... *(She snaps her fingers, trying to remember his name.)*

ASHLEY: Ian?

BETH: Yeah. Ian. Last month, he was "the one."

SUMMER: I liked him. He had pretty teeth.

ASHLEY: Randy and Ian were nice. But there was just something...I don't know...missing. When I met Bruce, I knew he was the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

BETH: Have you told your daddy yet?

SUMMER: Oh, I want to be there for that.

ASHLEY: (*Frowning.*) No. You know how the Colonel is about my boyfriends.

SUMMER: Did he really shoot that boy who took you to the prom?

ASHLEY: He shot *at* him,

SUMMER: He didn't shoot him. He shot *at* him.

BETH: Well, any man who makes his own kid call him "Colonel" and salute when she comes into the room is probably going to have a problem when you tell him you're marrying a stranger.

SUMMER: What does this Bruce guy do? Besides, you know, being the one?

ASHLEY: Well, he's kind of in between jobs right now.

BETH: He doesn't have a job? Oh, boy. I bet the Colonel is going to love that.

SUMMER: (*Imitating the COLONEL's voice.*) You're marrying an unemployed stranger? Where's my gun? (*She and BETH laugh at her joke.*)

ASHLEY: Daddy is going to love him. Bruce is sweet and kind and funny.

BETH: Where'd you meet him?

SUMMER: At work?

ASHLEY: No...

BETH: At the gym?

ASHLEY: No, we met in the park.

SUMMER: In the park?

ASHLEY: Yeah. You remember when we had the heat wave a couple of weeks ago? Well, I decided to take my lunch down to the boat pond and watch the sailboats while I ate. And there he was.

BETH: He races model sailboats?

ASHLEY: No.

SUMMER: Then what was he doing in Central Park in the middle of the day?

BETH: Instead of out looking for a job?

ASHLEY: Well, he was just kinda wandering around.

BETH: Wandering around? What does that mean?

SUMMER: Are you engaged to a homeless guy?

ASHLEY: No. Bruce is just a...I don't know...a free spirit. He doesn't really follow a schedule. He's very passionate in a kinda primal way. He never stays in one place for very long. He's the kind of guy that just likes to follow his passions, wherever they might lead.

BETH: Well, so was the Unabomber, and you don't see either one of us getting engaged to him.

SUMMER: He'd probably insist on getting married in sweats and those big glasses. My mother would flip!

ASHLEY: I know it sounds a little...odd, meeting in the park and all, but when you meet him, you'll fall in love with him, just like I did. He's so affectionate and sweet and funny...and so romantic. He can hardly keep his hands off of me.

BETH: (*Interrupting.*) Yeah, I'm sure he's a regular Jerry Seinfeld. But just because they're funny and sweet doesn't mean you have to marry someone you've only known for two weeks.

SUMMER: Are we going to get to meet him first? Or are you and Mr. Free Spirit going to wander off and get married somewhere in the park?

ASHLEY: Yes, you're going to meet him. Bruce is meeting us for lunch any minute now. And, no, we're not running off to get married. I've booked a ballroom at the Plaza for this Saturday.

SUMMER: Saturday? You're getting married Saturday?

BETH: Good Lord, that's in three days! What's the rush?

ASHLEY: I know it's short notice, but we've talked about it... Well, I've talked about it. Bruce is very bashful and doesn't talk a lot, but I know that he agrees with me. When you're so sure that you're right for each other, why wait?

BETH: Why wait? Because we're your two closest friends in the world and have been since first grade, and we haven't even met the guy.

SUMMER: He could be an ax murderer or a bank robber or something terrible like that and you wouldn't even know it until he dismembered you on your honeymoon or something.

ASHLEY: I know enough about Bruce to know that he's the only man I will ever love. And that's all I need to know.

There's a loud noise from off stage left. Dishes can be heard breaking and people screaming. The WAITER enters and runs screaming across the room. A moment later, BRUCE enters. He is a zombie and is wearing torn, dirty clothing and is dragging a bloody fake leg behind him. He looks at the nearest table, drops the "leg" and approaches the table, grabbing the food from the people who are seated there, causing them to scream in horror. When ASHLEY sees him, she waves and calls for him to join them. BRUCE throws the food back onto the table and lurches towards ASHLEY. BETH and SUMMER recoil as he approaches, and SUMMER screams.

ASHLEY: Beth and Ashley, this is my fiancé, Bruce Gibson. *(SUMMER extends her hand to shake with BRUCE, and he grabs it and tries to bite her. ASHLEY swats his hand away as SUMMER screams.)* I told you he was affectionate. *(BRUCE moans and lurches towards BETH and SUMMER who move away in horror. ASHLEY grabs him and pulls him back.)* He loves to hug, don't you, Bruce? *(BRUCE moans again, and grabs at ASHLEY. She giggles and guides him to the empty chair at the table.)* There will plenty of time for that later. Let's just sit, order some lunch, and get to know each other. *(BETH and SUMMER cautiously take their seats while ASHLEY waves to the WAITER to come take their order. The WAITER approaches the table slowly. BRUCE tries to grab him when he gets close to the table and the waiter jumps out of his reach with a yelp.) (Holding up her menu to order.)* I think I'll have the Cobb Salad and a Diet Coke. And Bruce will have the T-Bone steak. Medium rare... *(BRUCE grunts with displeasure at the order.)* I'm sorry, extra rare. Actually, he likes it raw if your chef can just put it on a plate that way. *(Handing the WAITER back the menu.)* No vegetables. *(To her friends.)* He's on this all-meat diet, you know.

SUMMER: *(Timidly.)* Uh huh. *(BRUCE makes a grab for the WAITER again. He yelps and goes over to take BETH and SUMMER's order.)*

WAITER: And for you ladies?

BETH: *(Still staring at BRUCE with disbelief.)* Ah... *(Without looking at the menu.)* The soup.

SUMMER: I'll have the leg of lamb. Medium. (*BRUCE hears this and beats the table with his fist.*) Medium rare. (*BRUCE roars with anger and hits the table again, causing SUMMER to become so flustered that she just throws the menu at the waiter and screams.*) Okay, rare - - extra rare... RAW!!! (*BRUCE is obviously happy with this choice and calms down. The waiter exits, taking a wide arc away from BRUCE. There is a moment of awkward silence and then BETH speaks.*)

BETH: So...ah...Bruce. I hear that you're looking for work. You know, there are a couple of openings at my company right now. Maybe I could ask them for you?

ASHLEY: That's sweet, isn't it, Bruce? (*At hearing his name, BRUCE's attention is drawn back to ASHLEY, and he leans over and tries to bite her on the arm. She swats him away as she talks.*) But I think we're going to just live on my salary for a while, aren't we, darling? (*She hits him on the nose and he yelps out in pain but continues to grope at her.*) That way we can have more time to start our family.

SUMMER: Your family?

ASHLEY: Oh, yes. Bruce loves children, don't you, sweetheart? (*She pushes him away as he tries to bite her neck and continues to fight him off as she speaks.*) Just last week, I was supposed to meet him in the park for lunch and was running late, so when I get there, Bruce was sitting on this park bench with these two little girls in his lap. He was nibbling on their necks, and they were just a-screaming away. They were having so much fun. It was so cute. (*BRUCE moans and turns towards the nearest table, swinging his arms towards the terrified diners. ASHLEY continues to talk, absentmindedly reaching out and grabbing BRUCE to keep him from getting up and attacking the nearby diners.*)

ASHLEY: Yes, we want to start having children right away, don't we, sweetheart? I'm hoping for girls, maybe twins, since Bruce seems to like them so much.

BETH: Do you think that's a good idea, Ashley? I mean, Bruce is obviously a...

ASHLEY: (*Offended.*) A what?

BETH: A...a... (*She looks at SUMMER for help.*)

SUMMER: It's just that he's...

ASHLEY: He's what? Not right for me?

SUMMER: No...I didn't mean that?

BETH: It's just we want you to be happy.

ASHLEY: Well, I am happy. And so is Bruce, aren't you, darling?
(BRUCE moans and tries to bite ASHLEY's arm. She swats him away playfully.)

ASHLEY: See? I told you he can barely keep his hands off of me.
(The WAITER enters with their food on a large platter. BRUCE sees him and tries to get up and take the food, but ASHLEY pulls him back down to the table. The WAITER makes another wide arc around BRUCE and begins passing out the food.)

WAITER: Your salad, madam. *(As soon as he sets the salad on the table, BRUCE grabs it and starts to eat it with his hands.)*

ASHLEY: Be patient. Your steak is coming, sweetie.

WAITER: And your soup. And the leg of lamb. Extra rare. *(BRUCE grabs for BETH and SUMMER's plates, and ASHLEY swats away his hands.)*

ASHLEY: I'm sorry, he is such a pig.

WAITER: And finally, your steak, sir. *(The WAITER throws the plate with the meat towards BRUCE, who immediately picks it up and begins to eat it with his bare hands, moaning loudly.)*

ASHLEY: We have really got to work on your table manners before the wedding, Bruce.

BETH: So you're really going through with it? *(BRUCE reaches across the table and grabs BETH's bowl of tomato soup, drinking it quickly and spilling it all over the front of his shirt.)*

ASHLEY: Yes, why wouldn't I want to get married to such a wonderful man? *(ASHLEY turns to BRUCE and notices the spilled soup. She grabs her napkin and begins dabbing at the stain while he continues to eat, moaning loudly and smearing steak sauce all over his face as he eats.)* I know Bruce doesn't have a job. He's messy and disheveled and has some horrible table manners. *(BRUCE finishes his steak and reaches out to grab more food. He grabs SUMMER's lamb and a tug of war begins. After a moment of tugging, SUMMER releases the lamb, and BRUCE eats it loudly.)* But I love him. And I know that when you get to know him

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better, you both will, too. All I ask is that you give him a chance. *(BRUCE burps loudly and reaches across the table and grabs more food.)* Can you both do that? For me? *(BETH and SUMMER look at each other then at BRUCE and then sigh.)*

BETH: Yes, we can. Can't we, Summer?

SUMMER: Yeah, I guess. *(ASHLEY claps with delight and reaches into her purse and pulls out a card and hands to each of them.)*

ASHLEY: Yeah! Now, I need you take these cards and show them to the lady in the bridal department at Saks, and she'll get you fitted into your bridesmaid dresses. Rehearsal will be at seven on Friday in the Terrace Room at the Plaza. It's all written on the card. *(BRUCE has finished the food and has turned his attention back to eating ASHLEY's arm. She reaches out and pulls him close and he tries to bite her face.)* Oh, we are so happy that you're going to be in the wedding, aren't we, Bruce? *(He tries to bite her and she pushes him away.)* Not here, darling. *(To the girls.)* He is always trying to kiss me in public. It can be so embarrassing. *(ASHLEY grabs her bag and gets up, pulling BRUCE with her.)* Now, don't forget to pick up your dresses, and don't be late to the rehearsal. All of Bruce's family will be there, and I know you are going to just love them. *(She bends down and gives an air kiss to each of her friends and tells them goodbye. While she is doing this, BRUCE has wandered over to a table and begins to eat the other diners' food. They scream as he tries to bite them. ASHLEY crosses to exit and grabs BRUCE by the arm and drags him behind her.)*

ASHLEY: *(To the restaurant patrons.)* I'm sorry. He has such a big appetite. Come on, Bruce. We've got a wedding to plan. *(They exit and there is another sound of breaking glass from off stage. The WAITER enters screaming with BRUCE following him and moaning loudly. The WAITER hides, whimpering, behind one of the tables. ASHLEY comes back on stage and grabs BRUCE and drags him back offstage where the sound of more breaking glass and screams can be heard. BETH and ASHLEY look toward the sound then at the cards in their hands. SUMMER is the first to speak.)*

SUMMER: So... Are you going?

BETH: Are you kidding? I wouldn't miss this for the world. (*BETH waves to the WAITER and asks for a refill of her glass as the curtain closes.*)

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWO

AT RISE:

Ashley's parents' home. It is a typical suburban home with a long sofa in the middle of the room and a wingback chair stage right. Offstage right leads to a bedroom/kitchen and downstage left leads outside. There is a tall, wooden coatstand by the door. ASHLEY is seated in the center of the sofa, dressed in a fashionable sundress. Her mother, MARTHA, is wearing a simple dress and apron and is seated in the chair. ASHLEY's father, known simply as THE COLONEL, is standing to the right of the sofa, dressed in khakis and a solid-colored polo shirt. He is an ex-Marine, has a military-style haircut and carries himself like a man who has spent much of his life giving orders.

COLONEL: So what was so important that you had to meet with us tonight, young lady? You know that Thursday is our bridge night.

MARTHA: Now, dear. I'm sure Ashley has a good reason for coming all the way out here. Don't you, dear? (*ASHLEY opens her mouth to speak, but is interrupted by the COLONEL.*)

COLONEL: You're not in trouble with a boy, are you?

ASHLEY: No, sir, Colonel.

COLONEL: Good. I've killed enough men in my life. I don't want to have to kill again. Too many nosy neighbors.

MARTHA: Then what is it, dear? You sounded so serious on the phone.

COLONEL: Tell us that you haven't lost your job and are moving back in with us. Because your mother has turned your old bedroom into some type of retreat where all her old bat friends get together and talk about their guilt.

MARTHA: Quilt, dear. We quilt.

COLONEL: Oh. Well, that makes more sense.

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ASHLEY: No, I'm not in "trouble," and I'm not moving back home. I've met someone.

MARTHA: *(Excited.)* Oh, Ashley! Someone special?

COLONEL: He is an American, right?

ASHLEY: Yes, Daddy. *(The COLONEL clears his throat loudly, displeased at being called "Daddy," and ASHLEY quickly corrects herself.)* I mean, Colonel, and yes, he is an American.

MARTHA: That's nice. A nice new friend.

ASHLEY: He's more than a friend, Mother. I think he's "the one."

MARTHA: The one? Oh, Ashley! That's wonderful. Isn't it, dear? *(The COLONEL paces behind the couch for a moment and then turns to ASHLEY.)*

COLONEL: It's not that crazy Rick from your office with the weird eye, is it?

ASHLEY: No, sir. His name is Bruce.

MARTHA: Bruce. What a nice name. Don't you think so, Harold?

COLONEL: Sounds kinda sissy to me. Had a Bruce in my outfit once. Couldn't shoot worth a toot.

ASHLEY: Well, Bruce is not a sissy. *(To her father.)* He's strong and manly, *(To her mother.)* but also kind and gentle.

MARTHA: Oh, sweetheart. We're so happy for you, aren't we, dear?

COLONEL: *(Sarcastically.)* Giddy with glee.

MARTHA: *(To ASHLEY.)* But why did you have to rush out here and tell us in person? They don't have phones in Manhattan?

ASHLEY: Well, I wanted to come in person so I could show you... this! *(ASHLEY holds out here hand and shows them her engagement ring. Her parents look at it suspiciously.)*

COLONEL: What is that?

ASHLEY: It's an engagement ring, Colonel.

COLONEL: I know that. What's it doing on your finger, young lady?

ASHLEY: I'm engaged.

MARTHA: Engaged? To who?

ASHLEY: To Bruce.

MARTHA: Now, which one is Bruce? Not that fellow with the lazy eye, is it?

ASHLEY: No, Mother. That was Rick. The ring is from Bruce. He asked me to marry him.

COLONEL: Well, I hope you told him no.

ASHLEY: Obviously, I didn't. I'm wearing his ring. I said yes, Colonel.
The wedding is this Saturday at the Plaza.

MARTHA: This Saturday? But that's bingo night.

COLONEL: No way! You are not marrying somebody that we haven't even met yet in what... *(Looks at his watch.)* ...forty-three hours?

ASHLEY: *(She gets up and goes to her father.)* Oh, Daddy. You'll love Bruce. He's so kind and sweet to me.

COLONEL: A sissy.

ASHLEY: No, he's sweet...and strong. *(The COLONEL scowls at her and she adds.)*

ASHLEY: And kinda mean too, I guess.

COLONEL: Where'd you meet him?

ASHLEY: In the park.

MARTHA: He parks cars?

ASHLEY: No, Mother. I met him in Central Park.

COLONEL: When?

ASHLEY: Two weeks ago.

COLONEL: Two weeks ago? You're getting married to someone you met in the park two weeks ago?

MARTHA: Where's he from, dear? What are his parents like?

ASHLEY: Well, I don't know, really. I haven't met them yet. But I think they are in the meat business...or run a slaughterhouse or something, because Bruce really loves meat. *(The COLONEL comes around and sits on the sofa beside ASHLEY.)*

COLONEL: Let me get this straight. You're telling me that you're marrying some guy named Bruce that you met in Central Park at 17:00 hours on Saturday? And all you know about him is that his parents run some kind of slaughterhouse and that he likes meat?

ASHLEY: I know that he's gentle and sweet. I know that he'd make a devoted husband. Bruce is always hugging and kissing me, trying to nibble on my neck in public. *(To her mother.)* He's so romantic.

MARTHA: Oh, that is sweet. Isn't it, dear? *(In a loud whisper.)* Your father never kisses me in public. *(The COLONEL throws up his hands in disgust.)*

ASHLEY: Oh, Mother. I know that you are just going to love Bruce.

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COLONEL: Are we going to get to meet this Bruce before he steals you away to go work in a slaughterhouse?

MARTHA: Oh, dear. You're not going to work there, are you? Blood is so hard to get out of clothing.

ASHLEY: No, Mother. I'm not going to work in a slaughterhouse. *(To the COLONEL.)* Oh, yes. You are going to meet him. Bruce is out in the car right now. I told him that I wanted to share the wonderful news with you first and then he could come in and meet you. *(The COLONEL crosses to the "window," pulls the curtains aside and looks out into the driveway.)*

COLONEL: He's coming in here? Now?

ASHLEY: Yes, Colonel, and you're going to be nice to him. I am tired of you putting all of my boyfriends in a headlock the first time they come over. *(The COLONEL looks back out the window and then turns to ASHLEY.)*

COLONEL: Well, let's see what ol' Bruce the Sissy thinks about marrying the only daughter of a former combat Marine. *(The COLONEL storms out of the room towards his bedroom. MARTHA gets up and follows, calling after him.)*

MARTHA: Harold, not the uniform! Please, let's not scare our new son-in-law the first time we meet him.

COLONEL: *(He steps back into the room.)* That's exactly what I intend to do, Martha. Bring the thunder! *(He exits, and MARTHA crosses back and sits in her chair again.)*

MARTHA: Every time somebody in the neighborhood makes your father angry, out comes the old uniform. Mr. Adams from across the street accidentally backed into one of our trashcans last month, and your father put on that old thing, complete with camo face paint and his rusty old pistol, and marched right over there. I thought he was going to get arrested.

ASHLEY: Don't worry, Mother. Daddy won't scare Bruce. He's sweet, but he's tough. *(There a slight pause and then MARTHA asks in a quiet voice.)*

MARTHA: Is he good to you, dear? *(ASHLEY gets up, rushes over and kneels beside her mother's chair.)*

ASHLEY: Oh yes, Mother. He's so sweet and gentle. Sometimes he brings me little gifts. Like a rabbit he's killed in the park or a squirrel.

MARTHA: A squirrel? What kind of gift is a squirrel?

ASHLEY: It's just his way of showing me how much he cares about me. *(She stands.)* Oh, Mother. You are going to love Bruce. I'll go tell him it's okay to come in now. Just please help me make Daddy behave, okay?

MARTHA: I'll try, dear. But you know how much he misses being a Marine. He keeps trying to get me to go on vacation with him to Vietnam. Says he has some "unfinished business" there, whatever that means.

ASHLEY: I'll be right back. *(ASHLEY exits through the door. MARTHA gets up and follows to look out the window. The COLONEL walks in, buttoning the shirt of his combat uniform.)*

COLONEL: Martha, have you seen my bayonet?

MARTHA: *(Over her shoulder.)* I sent it to the dry cleaners, dear. *(The COLONEL exits, and anticipating her daughter's approach, MARTHA steps back away from the window. The door opens and ASHLEY walks in, followed by BRUCE, who is moaning and grabbing for ASHLEY's neck, trying to bite her.)*

ASHLEY: Bruce, not in front of my parents. Later, I promise. *(Turning to her mother.)* Mom, I would like for you to meet my fiancé, Bruce. *(MARTHA holds out her hand to BRUCE, who turns his attention away from ASHLEY, takes MARTHA's hand and starts nibbling on her arm. MARTHA giggles.)* See? I told you that he was affectionate. *(The COLONEL enters, strapping a holster with a pistol around his waist. Seeing BRUCE trying to bite his wife's arm, the COLONEL rushes over and pulls her away.)*

COLONEL: What are you doing to my wife?!

MARTHA: It's okay, dear. I think it's sweet, nibbling my arm like that. It gives me goosebumps. *(She giggles with delight.)*

ASHLEY: Daddy, I'd like for you to meet my fiancé, Bruce. Bruce, this is my father, Colonel Harold Davenport, United States Marines.

MARTHA: Retired.

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COLONEL: But still with plenty of blood and spit, boy! *(BRUCE lurches forward with his arms outstretched, moaning. The COLONEL pushes his wife out of the way and takes a defensive stance. BRUCE is excited, moans loudly and a small stream of foam escapes from between his lips.)*

COLONEL: My God. Ashley, the man's infected. *(ASHLEY gently pulls BRUCE back towards her. As he spins around, BRUCE tries once again to bite ASHLEY as she speaks to her father. She pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his mouth as he tries to bite her hand.)*

ASHLEY: No, he's not. Bruce is just excited to finally meet you. He's such a family man. That's one of the reasons why I love him so much.

MARTHA: Oh, Harold. Let him nibble you. I read that all the royalty in Europe greet each other like that. I bet Bruce is from Austria or Morocco or someplace exotic. Wait until I tell the girls in my quilting bee that you're marrying European royalty. They'll be so jealous.

ASHLEY: I told you that he was affectionate, Colonel. Come on, let Bruce give you a hug. Just one. *(The COLONEL looks at BRUCE and then back at MARTHA and then lowers his arms in defeat. ASHLEY gives BRUCE a shove, and he "attacks" the COLONEL, who screams loudly. The two tussle for a moment, then fall to the floor behind the sofa. ASHLEY and MARTHA watch and laugh.)*

MARTHA: How sweet. I haven't seen Harold wrestle like that since college.

ASHLEY: I told you they were going to be good friends. *(The COLONEL pulls himself up behind the sofa, terrified. His hair is disheveled and his clothes torn. He's holding his pistol in one hand.)*

COLONEL: Martha! Get the ammo! *(MARTHA bends down and takes the gun from the COLONEL as BRUCE sits up, grabs the COLONEL and pulls him back down behind the sofa.)*

MARTHA: Now, dear. You're just going to have to fight fair with your son-in-law. No live rounds. At least not until you get to know him better. *(She puts the gun in the pocket of her apron and then speaks to ASHLEY.)* He loves this, you know. Your father always wanted a son.

ASHLEY: *(Leaning down towards the fight.)* You can take him, Bruce. Hey, Daddy, no eye-gouging. That's not fair. *(The COLONEL comes back up behind the sofa. This time, he has a smear of blood across his face.)*

COLONEL: Help! *(ASHLEY pushes him back down with a laugh.)*

ASHLEY: Ah, get back in there. You're a Marine, remember?

MARTHA: Semper Fi! *(MARTHA and ASHLEY laugh as the fighting escalates. Suddenly, the COLONEL breaks free, and screaming, gets up from behind the sofa and runs for the front door. BRUCE gets up and lurches after him, moaning loudly. The COLONEL exits with BRUCE close behind. The two women cross over to the window to watch the fight.)*

MARTHA: They're just like two little boys. Oh, look. Bruce has got him pinned to the ground. How cute.

ASHLEY: I told you he was sweet. We're planning on having children right away, you know.

MARTHA: *(Hugging her daughter.)* Oh, sweetheart. I think that's a wonderful idea. Your father has always wanted grandchildren. *(There is the sound of screams from offstage as the fight escalates.)*

MARTHA: I am so glad Harold finally has someone to play army man with so he'll stop harassing the neighbors.

ASHLEY: Oh, Mother. I'm so glad you're not mad. I was so worried you and the Colonel would be upset about me getting married on such short notice.

MARTHA: Nonsense. Bruce seems wonderful. And your father sure seems to love him. *(Pointing out the window.)* Look at that. He's slamming Bruce's head in the car door. How sweet. Come on, let's let them have their fun and go into the kitchen and talk about the wedding. I've got some crumb cake that just came out of the oven.

ASHLEY: Yummy!

ZOMBIE WEDDING

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