**King George and the Zombie Apocalypse at the End of the World tweaked**

By Ben Johnston and Chris Humphrey

For the Prattsbottom Mummers, 2012

Cast of characters:

Ben Johnston -- patient #1

Chris Humphrey – patient #2

Nigel Jacobs – King George

Misty Poe – health official

Content Love Knowles -- translator/narrator

Allyson Curtis -- Mayan

Daniel Norton – Chief Doctor (dead person #4)

Kathleen Yoder – Nurse (dead person #3)

Nigel Allison – Anthropologist (Dr. Louisiana Jones)

**Narrator:**

I open the door, I enter in,

A doomsday tale for you I’ll spin,

Of plague, destruction, dire end days

In stunning verse that mostly rhymes but doesn’t really scan always

Professor Louisiana Jones,

Fond of beer and ‘feared of bones,

An archeologist, proud but humble

World-renowned, but soon to stumble

**Jones** (raising a cup):

Cheers!

**Narrator:**

A Mayan princess comes to show

Professor Jones what he don’t know.

Speaking in her ancient tongue,

Moldy but forever young

**Mayan:**

Niltze!
*(prounounced Niltseh’ means ‘hello’)*

**Narrator:**

Doctor, bureaucrat, nurse, and king,

People dying of some dread thing

Unknown, alarming, terrifying,

People sick and people dying!!!!!!!

**Health Official (to King):**

A fearful plague has come, your majesty

Turning modern physik into travesty.

Here’s our finest, best physician,

In the tenuous position

Of stopping this epidemic stealthy

And keeping your highness hale and healthy.

**King George:**

Doctor, doctor, to be sure,

I must know what it is you cure.

**Doctor:**
I am the DOC. I cure ALL ills,

Some with potions, some with pills,

From whooping cough to wilted willies,

Windy blasts beneath the frillies

Chicken pox and foot-and-mouth,

Both in the north and in the south.

Belches and sneezes, whimpers and wheezes,

All sorts of diseases, whatever you pleases.

**King George:**

Then off you go, back to your clinic

Summon up your smartest gimmick

To ease the suffering in our land

And cause the dying ones to stand.

*Doctor returns to his office where the nurse is with a patient and his. The patient repeatedly hits himself in the nose with a hammer.*

**Nurse:**

You heard me, Doctor, I did not stammer.

The patient presented with a hammer.

Over and over, so it goes,

He strikes himself upon the nose.

**Doctor:**

Aha! I think I understand!

Since global warming’s cooked our land

The mollygrubs, which thrived in cold

Transform to grollymubs untold.

No cure is found for these fierce foes

Which foully breed cruel… hammernose.

*Patient dies.*

Alert the officials, get word to the king

We must do sommat to stop this thing!

**Health Official (to king):**

Disaster, sire! So many unknowns!

This case calls for Louisiana Jones!

**King:**

Jonesy—Well now, there’s a case.

But one won’t do—we’ll need a brace

For that boozehound. Be off right quick

I think I’m starting to feel sick

*Health Official goes to Prof. Jones’ office, occupied by the Professor, the Mayan and the interpreter.*

**Health Official:**

Prof. Jones, you must solve our mystery.

Are there answers to be found in history?

**Interpreter:**The professor’s area of expertise

Is the Mayan Calendar, which does not cease

To tell us we’re cursed, causing us to fear

December twenty-first of this final fatal year!

**Prof. Jones:**

Yes, the calendar clearly indicates…

**Mayan:**

Excuse me, Professor, you’ve got it all wrong.

You’ve been mistaken all along!

**Interpreter:**She says she agrees and would be delighted

To see the King see you be beknighted!

*Meanwhile, back at the clinic, the first patient’s wife begins hitting her nose with a hammer, and her butt with a club.*

**Nurse:**

Doctor, doctor, another mutation!

Now she’s got a new gyration!

Mollygrubs, grollymubs, what can this be?

Does this foreshadow what happens to me?!?!?!

**Doctor:**

The grollymubs, yes, indeed, so strange

Are now bollyrubs, due to climate change!

This woman has clubbutt, clear as your eye.

See how it bulges? She’s doomed to die.

*The patient dies.*

It must be reported to His Highness the King.

Give that health inspector a ring.

*At the palace*

**Health Official:**

Your majesty, these dread diseases

Knock the kingdom to its kneeses.

Perhaps the professor has found a solution

For this malign microbial revolution.

**King:**

Yes, go to him, see what you can find

To help poor innocent doomed mankind.

*At the professor’s office:*

**Health Official:**

Professor Jones, the matter is dire.

Insurance rates go higher and higher.

What can you tell us? We must have an answer

To rid the land of this terrible cancer.

**Prof:**

Ah, yes, well, the calendar clearly indicates…

**Mayan:**

No, no, no, no! You don’t know what you’re saying!

You have no idea how far off you’re straying!

**Interpreter:**She says the professor is smart and astute

Handsomely sexy and manly yet cute.

*At the doctor’s office, the nurse clubs her butt and then begins to compulsively rub her knee.*

**Doctor:**

Nurse, oh nurse, oh how can this be?!?!?

Your clubbutt’s morphed to dread rubber knee!

The bollyrubs turn to yollubs, I fear

The end of mankind is surely near!

*The nurse dies.*

I must tell the king. Wait! A terrible pain

Shoots from my butt clear up to my brain.

The king must be told, but I’m feeling sick.

And me with this terrible crick in my….

Neck.

*The doctor exhibits the symptoms of rubber knees and then grabs his neck and dies.*

*At the palace:*

**Health Official:**

Our doctor is dead, our nurses all gone

Bodies strewn on the streets and lawn.

The professor prophesies Mayan doom

There’s nothing ahead but death and gloom.

**King:**

You must go once more to hear what he says (rhyme with ‘days’)

To confirm that this is the end of days.

You’ve only been twice. If the third time’s the charm

We may save our planet from infinite harm.

*At the professor’s office:*

**Health Official:**

The king requires that you give him some hope

So he will no longer linger and mope

‘Round the palace, forlorn and alone

Give us good news, good Loosianne Jones.

**Prof:**

Unfortunately, the calendar clearly states...

**Mayan:**

No more! No more! You must understand!!!!

This doomsday baloney has got out of hand!!!!!

We never predicted the end of time

Any more than the mafia invented organized crime!

The end of our calendar’s only the start

Of a new phase of time, one with more heart!

Changes are coming, some sooner, some later,

Bringing a balance ‘tween mankind and natur.

You dead people laying there on the floor,

You bought the myth. Rise and live some more!

Up now, you slackers, who’ve been so gullible

Wake up—it’s back to toil and trullible!

*The dead people get up. They are zombies. They go into the audience seeking brains.*

*Everyone else on stage comes together in triumph.*

**King:**

Let us pay heed as the old year departs

**Health Official:**

And hold out hope as a new year starts

**Interpreter:**

With Mayan friends and open hearts

**Mayan:**

With flagons of ale and simply Fabulous apple tarts!

**Prof:**

Yet I’m sure that the calendar clearly states:

**ALL:**

WASSAIL!!!!!!!

The song…….

Coming soon.