

Living Dead in Denmark

Pre-show

-30:00

LX 8

SX 0.3

-18:00 at 15 minute call

-13:00 at 10 minute call (Check in with House)

-8:00 at 5 minute call

-3:00 for Places

VOM 1 – E. Sage, C. Files ✓

VOM 2 – A. DiRaimondo

VOM 4 – M. Harkins ✓

1:00p – Half Hour	7:00p – Half Hour
1:12p – 15 min	7:12p – 15 min
1:17p – 10 min	7:17p – 10 min
1:22p – 5 min	7:22p – 5 min
1:27p - Places	7:27p - Places

0:00 (timer!)

S/B: LX 9-19

SX 0.3x - 11x, vom 1 light ON

LX 9

House to Half

SX 0.3x

(beat)

SX 0.5

Hello, and welcome to this performance of Living Dead in Denmark.

We respectfully acknowledge that we are gathered together on the ancestral lands and unseated territories of Indigenous peoples. Arizona is home to 22 federally recognized tribes with Tucson being home to the Tohono O'odham and the Yaqui.

We are happy to share that our program partner, ON Media, has developed an interactive digital theatre program to accompany your printed program. To access the digital program of this production, you can text T-F-T-V to the number 55741. At this time, we ask that you turn off all cell phones and other electronic devices.

We also remind you that audio and video recording, photography, and text messaging are strictly prohibited during the performance. Please take a moment to identify the emergency exit closest to you.

Thank you, and enjoy the show!

LX 10

B/O

SX 3

vom 1 light OFF

Scene One

*(Projection: "LIVING DEAD IN DENMARK:A
VAMPIRE COWBOY CREATION")*

LX 12 SX 4

OP set

OPHELIA: *(V O)* This is death.

The end.

The eternal darkness that equals the sum total of
nothingness.

This is your soul ascending to a greater plain.

You are no longer your body. You are no longer your
feeble form of flesh and bones and guts and tear
ducts. You are now inconsequential to the movements
of the world, of the actions taking place in life, you are
no more a variable. And here, in this great void, in this
gigantic infinite pit of suck...you wait...you persist... you
ascend to heaven.

(beat)

SX 7

(Nothing happens.)

(beat)

SX 10

(Nada)

OPHELIA: You ascend to—

(Lights quickly shift with an accompanying loud

LX 13

percussive sound cue.)

(Hard-hitting music begins pouring in.)

*(OPHELIA, a dark-haired and pale young girl, falls from
her ethereal state and into the hard concrete reality.
She wears a hospital gown.)*

LX 14

OPHELIA: Where the fuck am I? *docs enter*

SX 11

docs hit the zero level

(Suddenly, men, dressed in scrubs, surgical masks, and large black rubber gloves, appear around OPHELIA)

(One of the men pulls out a syringe. OPHELIA sees it.)

LX 16 OPHELIA: Okay, now that doesn't look very friendly.

(The men attack, trying to subdue OPHELIA. She fights back. Surprisingly, she's enormously strong. Each time they grab her, she easily throws them off and at great distance.)

LX 18 SX 11x OPHELIA: What the hell? I'm fuckin' She-Hulk.

*OP throw docs,
FO claps*

(They keep coming. OPHELIA bears down and takes them all out in a series of agile moves.)

(FORTINBRAS, a weathered king and general, slowly enters. He walks with a cane and adorns an eye-patch. He applauds as the men slowly collect themselves.)

LX 19 FORTINBRAS: Good. Good. You're awake. This is good.

*FO onstage,
vom out*

OPHELIA: Who in the hell are you? Where am I?

FORTINBRAS: You're in a hospital, young lady. We revived you.

OPHELIA: Gee, thanks. But that was suppose to be a one way trip—

FORTINBRAS: You were in a coma for quite a long time. You should be grateful.

OPHELIA: Grateful?

FORTINBRAS: You will be a fine addition to my collection. A fine addition indeed.

OPHELIA: Collection? You mean you collect people?

FORTINBRAS: What? Do you find that...strange?

OPHELIA: Yeah, well, thanks for waking me up and all, but I really think I should be going—

(OPHELIA tries to run pass FORTINBRAS but he trips her up. She falls.)

ACT ONE

3

FORTINBRAS: Where could you possibly go?

OPHELIA: I was thinking "away" would be a pretty good destination.

FORTINBRAS: I'm sorry to inform you, miss, there are no other places.

OPHELIA: What?

FORTINBRAS: Everywhere and everyone you ever known is gone. Perished. Your father, brother, everyone who you ever loved is. What's the expression? Food for maggots. All that is left now is here. You're ours. And I will enjoy having you.

S/B: SX 13-13x
LX 20-25

VOM 2 light
ON

OPHELIA: Ya know what? I'll take my chances.

(OPHELIA attacks FORTINBRAS. He easily defends himself.)

FORTINBRAS: As expected, strong of body, but yet like so many of your kind—weak of mind. Now, young lady, are we going to play nice?

(Beat)

OPHELIA: Nope.

(OPHELIA pokes FORTINBRAS in his one good eye, kicks his good leg out from under him, and dashes away.)

LX 20 SX 13 FORTINBRAS: Dammit! Send out the hounds!

Scene Two

(Melodramatic lightning & thunder)

(Lights come up on HAMLET's headstone. We know this because it clearly says "HAMLET" across it.)

(OPHELIA enters. She sees the grave-site and approaches it. She touches the edges of HAMLET's name.)

VOM 2 Light OFF

LX 24 SX 13x OPHELIA: No, please.....*(She quietly cries.)*

LX 25

GD onstage, vom out

(Lights come up on a old blind GRAVEDIGGER. Hearing her sobs, he sneaks up on OPHELIA holding a shovel.)

(GRAVEDIGGER goes to poke at OPHELIA, but she grabs him and tosses him to ground.)

GRAVEDIGGER: Chill chill chill! Damnit I am so sick of this zombie.

OPHELIA: The hell are you doing?

GRAVEDIGGER: Don't eat me man!!!

OPHELIA: Don't what you?

GRAVEDIGGER: Hold on, slow your roll... you alive?

OPHELIA: Seems to be the case.

GRAVEDIGGER: Whew, right on. Me too.

OPHELIA: The hell's wrong with you?

GRAVEDIGGER: Well, I thought that...maybe...I forgot to bury you.

OPHELIA: You thought I was a corpse?

GRAVEDIGGER: So you're not then, yeah?

OPHELIA: Yeah.

GRAVEDIGGER: Then why on earth are you just vibing out in a cemetery?

OPHELIA: I find them relaxing.

GRAVEDIGGER: Relaxing? And I thought I was weird. What's your name if you don't mind me asking?

OPHELIA: Ophelia.

ACT ONE

5

GRAVEDIGGER: Well, Miss Ophelia, sounds like you're just another lost soul trying to find yourself in this crazy, indifferent universe.

OPHELIA: Okay?

GRAVEDIGGER: Is that a friend of yours?

OPHELIA: I guess.

GRAVEDIGGER: You guess?

OPHELIA: Ex-boyfriend.

GRAVEDIGGER: Guess it ended pretty badly?

OPHELIA: Gee. Ya think?

GRAVEDIGGER: You still love him though, don't you?

OPHELIA: It's stupid.

GRAVEDIGGER: I feel ya, Ophelia. But there's nothing stupid about love, it makes the world go round! You

S/B: SX 16-16x
LX 26-32 got unresolved business with this one, anyone can see that. He caught the 9 am bus to the great beyond, your soul is aching, but that's not a bus you can just chase after. You've got a life to live, and there are so many beautiful things out there besides this dank old haunt.

OPHELIA: Thanks for the advice, but—

GRAVEDIGGER: Come on, Ophelia, you gotta start living, LX 26 SX 16 you gotta start staying alive..

(A funk beat begins to play.)

GRAVEDIGGER: *Well, I can tell by the way you hold that sword*

You're a warrior few can afford

Getting drowned and suicide

You got kicked and before you died

But it's alright

OPHELIA: *It's ok*

GRAVEDIGGER: *Somehow we're alive today*

OPHELIA: *But we can try*

GRAVEDIGGER: *To understand*

BOTH: *That Danish prince effect on man*

OPHELIA: *Whether you're a walker or whether you're a talker*

You are stayin' alive

Staying alive

GRAVEDIGGER: *Feel the grave's a breaking and feeling your body shaking*

We are staying alive

Staying alive, AH

OPHELIA: *AH*

GRAVEDIGGER: *AH*

OPHELIA: *AH*

GRAVEDIGGER: *Stayin' alive*

OPHELIA: *Ah*

GRAVEDIGGER: *Ah*

OPHELIA: *Ah*

GRAVEDIGGER: *Stayin' al-*

(While OPHELIA and GRAVEDIGGER are singing and dancing, zombies suddenly rush in. They knock OPHELIA out of the way and attack the GRAVEDIGGER. They beginto rip away at him.)

ACT ONE

7

LX 28 SX 16.3 OPHELIA: Oh God. Stop. Stop!

(OPHELIA tries to rush in and help, but one of the zombies turns to her. He rushes her as she backs away. She is cornered.)

(Suddenly, two heavily armed women rush in and attack the zombies.)

JULIET: Hey there, guys. Don't you know it's bad to eat after midnight?

SX 16.5 LADY MACBETH: Come on, dead heads. Let's party.

LX 31 SX 16x

Zombies leave

(The two heroines easily and swiftly take out their opponents.)

JULIET: *(Drenched in blood)* Gross!

LADY MACBETH: *(Also drenched in blood)* Sweet.

JULIET: *(Giddily)* Hi. You must be Ophelia. I'm Juliet and my rather brutish friend here is Bertha Macbeth.

LADY MACBETH: Come on, cupcake, you're coming with us.

OPHELIA: I beg your pardon?

LADY MACBETH: Ya heard me, skinny. We don't got all night. The boss wants you back. And he didn't seem too happy that you poked him in his good eye.

OPHELIA: You work for that creepy old guy.

LADY MACBETH: Look, Jules, she has the ability to deduce the obvious. Now let's see if she can follow instruction too. Come on.

OPHELIA: No.

LADY MACBETH: This ain't a request.

OPHELIA: And this isn't a suggestion. I'm not going anywhere.

LX 32

*HOR enter,
vom up*

LADY MACBETH: Hey, Jules, no one said she had to come back conscious, right? I can just as easily thwack her on the head and—

(HORATIO *enters.*)

HORATIO: You will do no such thing, soldier.

LADY MACBETH: Oh, great, now you show up.

JULIET: Hey there, Captain!

OPHELIA: (*Seeing who it is*) Oh my god.

HORATIO: Hey there, little lady. You've been a bit of a pain in the ass. But then again...I guess you always were good at giving us a hard time.

(OPHELIA *sees her old friend. She runs up and hugs HORATIO.*)

LADY MACBETH: So I'm guessing you two know each other?

OPHELIA: Horatio, you look...you look...well, you look good. Real good.

HORATIO: Yeah, well, I started dressing better. And went I on this no carb diet. It really did wonders.

OPHELIA: Really? Like no bread and stuff?

HORATIO: Yeah, and you know how much I love muffins.

OPHELIA: Right, that must have been horrible—

LADY MACBETH: (*Interrupting*) OKAY! Great. I'm glad you're enjoying this reunion and all, but we are still hanging out in the middle of a cemetery.

stair light OFF

JULIET: I have to agree. This isn't a good formula for, you know, staying alive.

SB: SX 25-34

LX 34-36

stair light ON

ACT ONE

9

LX 33 HORATIO: (To OPHELIA) Will you come with us?

LX 34 SX 25 *(Light shift)*

*Trio + HOR
walk into vom*

(Darkness and smoke. With a big ominous sound, the silhouettes of TITANIA and the three WITCHES appear.)

GHOST: *(V.O. Enhanced)* Mark me...

(The dark figure of the GHOST enters. We do not see his face.)

GHOST: Soon, my brothers and sisters, we will have full control over the human world. No longer will we need to hide in the shadows—no longer will we be relegated onto the far regions of Scottish mountain tops or deep within the forest of Athens. No longer will we have to haunt the walls of castles and be subject to the laws of humanity. Our forces are at work to finally topple our oppressors. As we speak, they are attempting to forge one last stand against us. But it will be futile. Already, we have a spy within Fortinbras' ranks and soon, Fortinbras, too shall succumb to our might.

Once we have gathered all the magical creatures of the land to join our cause—the last of the humans will fall. Our time is at hand, my brothers and sisters. Soon the world will know of us—the Council of Winter. Soon, Titania you will be more than just the Queen of the Fairies, and you, the three weird sisters, won't be seen nearly as weird.

S/B: LX 34.5-36
SX 25x

And I, the rightful king of Denmark, will finally claim my throne. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the fall of man.

LX 34.5 Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me...

LX 36 SX 25x

FO + Trio + HOR enter

Scene Three

(Lights come up on OPHELIA, LADY MACBETH, JULIET, HORATIO, and FORTINBRAS.)

FORTINBRAS: Zombies. They're soul-less creatures. Mindless. Pure killing machines. In every sense of the word, evil. Their kind are never to be trusted. Never.

OPHELIA: Okay, I'm having a little trouble here, we're talking about zombies. Let me repeat that: Zombies.

FORTINBRAS: Bingo.

OPHELIA: And no one thinks this is weird?

LADY MACBETH: Only you, kiddo.

OPHELIA: But isn't there one small incongruity in this conversation? Like, perhaps, I don't know—there's no such thing as zombies?

LADY MACBETH: Yeah, and what we saw last night—those were what? Just a group of ugly dudes? Guys in truly desperate need of some nip/tuck action.

NO, wait, I got it—crackheads. A thoroughly aggressive group of flesh-eating crackheads.

OPHELIA: I think I need to sit down.

HORATIO: You are sitting down.

OPHELIA: Oh. Good for me.

JULIET: It's okay, Ophelia. It can all be a bit overwhelming. It was for us too with the, you know, coming out of comas during the apocalypse and all. But, look at the bright side, there's still some good in all this.

OPHELIA: Yeah? Like what?

JULIET: Um...you're still very pretty?