

From High School Musi-pocalypse

MARIA

I am so excited that you have given me this opportunity to write the school musical.

<MISS FARKUS

*Musicale.*

MARIA

*Whatever.*> And let me tell you guys, it's not going to be like last year's musical at all. I really wanted to take a moment to apologize for that. I thought that writing a play about the field nurses in the Civil War would be fun and educational for everyone. I realize we went a little overboard with the blood packets, and maybe there were a few too many musical numbers about people getting their legs sawed off. I should have kept that off-stage. And it was probably a bad idea to bring all those kindergarten classes in to see it. I did talk to the parents of that little girl who ran out screaming and needed weeks of counseling and they've agreed to drop the lawsuit. So... this year we're going in the completely opposite direction. This show is going to be an emotional massacre for the audience. It starts with one woman, Bess, a dancer, who is diagnosed with terminal foot cancer. She has ten days to live. She falls in love with Jorge, a painter, who has recently been diagnosed with terminal finger cancer. He has eleven days to live. And get this: it takes them ten and a half days to fall in love. Because he freezes her body after she dies. And then he freezes himself. And then... and this is where we really pull at the heartstrings – and then the rest of the play takes place a thousand years in the future after they've cured foot cancer and they wake them up but they haven't cured finger cancer yet so he dies after one last kiss. So she kills herself. With her foot. It's ironic. I'd actually like to act that scene out for you now.

*(she becomes incredibly emotional.)*

No... No! Jorge! Jorge please wake up! Please! *Please!* Kiss me one last time before the finger cancer kills you.

*(she mimes kissing someone, then slowly letting down the body.)*

No! JORGE!

*(a whisper)*

Jorge! You were supposed to live longer than me.

*(she grabs a hold of her foot.)*

Ohhh... this foot. This darn foot. I hate you foot! I hate you!

*(she tries to start hitting herself in the head with her foot, she breaks out of character for a second.)*

The actress who has to play this part needs to be really flexible.

*(she dies. Then gets up.)*

Thanks. And I just want to say that I've been through some really difficult emotional times in my life, so any criticism of my amazing script will probably result in my institutionalization.

*(she sits down.)*