

From High School Musi-pocalypse

MISS FARKUS

Let us rehearse the next number for our musicale. Chorus people! Chorus people! I summon you!

*(various students emerge.)*

Ah. Allow me to make a speech. The chorus. You may think that simply because your character has no name, you are unimportant in our show. Wrong! Wrong I say! You, the little people, are the lifeblood of the thea-a-tuh, pumping through its veins, spilling from its wounds, dripping from its nose when it gets scared – I envy you people. I do. You sit in the darkness watching, waiting for your moment, will it ever come? You watch the people with more talent and you think, “someday that will be me.” And let me tell you, if you stick with us, if you work as hard as you can possibly work, you will never be that talented. No, stardom is not for you. You are the spear carriers, the door holders, the attendants and random students in the background, you are the people the director casts when they want to get more people involved in the show but they don’t actually want you to speak. You are the people whose parents come night after night to get the merest glimmer of you upon the stage – well I say go forth! Go forth my chorus and sing! Oh you glorious tiny humans! You are destined to participate in our great process! Yes! Participate! And at the cast party we, those who are important, will forget your names. But still... you can say that you made it on to the stage! Seize your moment! Seize it between your fingertips and crush it! Sing! Sing your untalented hearts out!

*(the Chorus looks confused.)*

Sing now I say!