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Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

LAWYER

CORY BOWMAN

ALEJANDRA MARQUEZ

MICKEY

MISS FARKUS

MARIA

SHARARAY

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA

CHET

VICTORIA

ANCIENT MAYAN KID

BASKETBALL GUYS

SMART PEOPLE

STUDENTS

COACH BOWMAN

BAD ACTORS

Character Notes

Many of the roles can be doublecast or cross-cast. Please feel free to cast this show as best suits your group of actors. I have mostly used male pronouns for the extras, but that does not mean that they must be played by male actors.

About the singing: You may have as much or as little singing as you would like. In the original production, all singing was done a capella, with made-up tunes in the style of the film. (Think lots of extra, unnecessary notes.) By all means, if you have amazingly talented singers, feel free to wow the audience. Otherwise, make the audience laugh about how bad everyone is.

Acknowledgments

High School Musi-pocalypse was originally performed at North Oaks Middle School in Haltom City, Texas on January 11, 2010. The original cast was as follows:

NARRATOR..... Joey Lovelady
LAWYER..... Matthew Ash
CORY BOWMAN Tanner Stephens
ALEJANDRA MARQUEZ Gabby Sipes
SHARARAY..... Armani Hickman
MICKEY Christian Hausman
MISS FARKUS Taylor Ervin
MARIA Karina Guzman
PRINCIPAL OSHIMA Tony Dinh
CHET..... Skyler Cancino
VICTORIA Cl’Nasia Akins
ANCIENT MAYAN KID Gonzo Gonzales
BASKETBALL GUYS Iggy Galdos, Samir Khalil
SMART PEOPLE Tyler Lake, Daija Grant
STUDENTS..... Treylen Hunter, Devin Jones,
Brianna Loar
COACH BOWMAN Tristan Gilbert
BAD ACTORS Christian Gomez, Greg Lopez

HIGH SCHOOL MUSI-POCALYPSE

by Don Zolidis

NARRATOR. (*In movie trailer voice:*) Our story begins at a medium-sized high school located in the Western half of the United States of America. An ordinary high school, filled with ordinary high school students.

(*STUDENTS begin to enter—they all look great.*)

Ordinary high school students who were very attractive and had amazing skin. And they all looked like they were about twenty or so. And one man—the most attractive one of all—had a dream.

(*CORY steps forward from the crowd.*)

And one woman, also extremely, extremely attractive, had the exact same dream.

(*ALEJANDRA steps forward from the crowd.*)

CORY and ALEJANDRA. I want to be in the musical.

NARRATOR. Only one problem: their friends wouldn't let them.

CHET and VICTORIA. We won't let you!

CORY. Don't you get it? Don't you understand? I don't care that I'm a high school jock and the captain of the basketball team; I want to sing, I want to sing my heart out, and then after I sing my heart out I want to sing my kidneys out and all the rest of my internal organs too.

ALEJANDRA. And I want to sing. Sing like an Angel. Sing like an Angel who's just won American Idol. Even though I'm the smartest girl in this school I still have a dream.

(*ALEJANDRA and CORY spot each other. They walk slowly towards each other, mesmerized.*)

CORY. I thought I was the only one.

ALEJANDRA. I thought I was the only one.

CORY and ALEJANDRA. We've found each other! This is the happiest day of my life!

NARRATOR. But there was one girl determined to see them fail.

(*SHARARAY enters.*)

SHARARAY. I am determined to see you fail. You see it has been my life goal—

(*MICKEY enters.*)

MICKEY. And my life goal too because I have no independent life.

SHARARAY. It has been my life goal to star in the musical and—

MICKEY. You are the greatest—

SHARARAY. And I will stop at nothing to make my dream a reality—

MICKEY. And I will be right there with you sister—

CORY. I've got an idea! Let's all sing!

(A LAWYER bursts in, blowing an air horn.)

LAWYER. Hold on! Stop right there! Stop! Stop! Get off the stage. Go. Leave. Get off. You too.

(The LAWYER kicks all the extras off the stage.)

You too twinkletoes, off the stage—

CORY. I was just about to sing—

LAWYER. No you're not! Get off the stage. Hey Narrator. Come here.

NARRATOR. In a world where I'm going to say no—

LAWYER. Get over here now.

NARRATOR. *(Dropping out of movie trailer voice:)* You can't make me.

LAWYER. I'm putting a stop to this show. I have here a cease-and-desist order.

NARRATOR. What?

LAWYER. This entire show is in copyright violation.

(He starts tearing down posters of the show.)

I'm going to need to confiscate those programs.

NARRATOR. Oh come on, we're doing parody here. We're making fun of it.

LAWYER. You're not doing a very good job of it. And my client is not amused.

NARRATOR. It's not like anyone is going to mistake this for HSM—

LAWYER. HEY! We own those letters!

NARRATOR. You can't own letters.

LAWYER. Read it and weep, narrator.

(LAWYER produces yet another piece of paper.)

NARRATOR. You copyrighted the letters H, S, and M?

LAWYER. We are more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

(CORY returns.)

CORY. Look, we're just trying to have a little fun here.

LAWYER. We own fun. And if you want to rent fun, we can come to some kind of arrangement. We have some great vacation packages.

CORY. Man.

NARRATOR. Fine. You know what? We'll stop. We won't do the show.

CORY. But what about the big basketball musical number?

NARRATOR. I'm afraid there's not going to be a show this year, Timmy.

CORY. No! This was my chance to be cool!

NARRATOR. I hate to break it to you, kid, but even if the show went well, you still wouldn't be cool. Let's go home. Pack it up everyone!

CORY. I hate you mister Lawyer man!

LAWYER. Tough break, kid. Maybe next time you'll learn that the mouse is not to be trifled with.

CORY. Don't you have a soul?!

LAWYER. Sorry. I'm a lawyer.

CORY. Nooooooooooooo! Wait. Wait—I sense something. There is good in you, I can feel it.

NARRATOR. Forget it Timmy. He's more lawyer than man now, twisted and evil.

CORY. I don't believe that. Listen to me, Mister corporate attorney: isn't there some glimmer of goodness left inside you?

(Intense musical theme from Star Wars plays.)

LAWYER. Don't waste your time on me. I belong to the empire.

CORY. No! Listen to your heart. I know it's still inside there. Law school didn't totally destroy it. Help us.

LAWYER. *(Beginning to break:)* I can't.

CORY. Please. Join us and we can put on this musical together. Without getting sued. With your knowledge of copyright law, there's nothing we can't accomplish. Father.

LAWYER. Dude. I'm twenty-six years old.

CORY. I know. I just thought I'd throw that in there.

LAWYER. I'd love to help you but—

CORY. Wouldn't you like to be in the show?

LAWYER. In...the show?

CORY. Yes.

LAWYER. I... I...would I get to sing...*and dance*?

CORY. Anything you want.

LAWYER. All right I'll do it!

CORY. Yay!

NARRATOR. Does that mean I can keep narrating?

LAWYER. All right. But remember: you can't use any of the same names. You're going to have to change them around.

CORY. Can my name be Zac Efron?

LAWYER. Well um—

CORY. How bout Zack-with-a-K Eefron?

LAWYER. Let's go with Cory Bowman.

NARRATOR. All right get off the stage. Let's keep going.

*(The LAWYER sets up with notes right next to the NARRATOR.
CORY exits.)*

Where was I? In a world where high school cliques rule the school—
one boy broke the status quo—and became a living god.

(CORY enters.)

And one girl changed the world with her voice. And so—they had
no choice, but to fall in love.

(ALEJANDRA enters.)

ALEJANDRA. I am in love with you now Cory Bowman.

CORY. And I am in love with you a lot Alejandra Marquez.

NARRATOR. It was a love that would change the world.

(All the other students enter.)

STUDENTS. Hey look! It's Cory and Alejandra! What's going on?

CORY and ALEJANDRA. We're in love.

STUDENTS. Nooooooooo! They're too different!

(MICKEY steps out of the crowd.)

MICKEY. Wait a minute. Wait one minute guys. I just realized
something. If two people as different as the captain of the basketball
team and a really hot chick can get together—

ALEJANDRA. I'm the smart girl.

MICKEY. I don't get it.

(She puts on glasses.)

STUDENT. NERD!

MICKEY. Oh. Okay. If two people as different as the captain of the basketball team and the smart geeky girl—

(She takes off her glasses.)

You're beautiful. I mean, um...what was my point? If the captain of the basketball team and the beautiful smart girl can get along and be in a musical together and also find a forbidden love—

BASKETBALL GUY. I don't think they should be allowed to be in love! Cory, you need to find love on the basketball team, man! I mean um...wait I didn't mean it like that. I'll be quiet now.

MICKEY. If two people as radically different as this can come together, what is separating the rest of us? Maybe...and this is the thought that blows my mind—maybe we're not all that different on the inside. Maybe our hearts are the same. And what if people from different walks of life could get along, and get along so well they might fall in love?

(CHET steps forward.)

CHET. I like to bake cookies.

STUDENTS. Noooooooooo!

MICKEY. Wait wait wait wait. Chet just said something embarrassing about himself. And I think that Cory and Alejandra's pure love has shown us that that's okay.

BASKETBALL GUY. So we shouldn't make fun of him now?

MICKEY. No.

(VICTORIA steps forward.)

VICTORIA. I enjoy rap music. I find the storylines compelling.

MICKEY. Come on people, share!

(A SMART PERSON steps forward.)

SMART PERSON. I fear trees.

MICKEY. Good! That's weird, but—

(People begin raising their hands. MICKEY calls on them.)

BASKETBALL GUY. I like hand puppets.

(ANOTHER STUDENT *comes forward.*)

ANOTHER STUDENT. I smell my own feet.

MICKEY. Well um—

A DIFFERENT STUDENT. I eat dirt.

ANOTHER SMART PERSON. I am planning on building a nuclear bomb in my basement so I can have my revenge.

(More and more people raise hands.)

A STUDENT SHOUTING FROM THE BACK. I hate foreigners!

MICKEY. All right sharing time is over! But don't you see?

A DIFFERENT STUDENT. I've got an idea! Let's all hug!

(Everyone hugs someone that looks different.)

NARRATOR. And so...peace had come to the high school.

(Everyone dances off, happily.)

And that's when our story begins.

(Everyone exits. MISS FARKUS commands centerstage.)

MISS FARKUS. It is time for rehearsals for our Winter Musicale. Everyone! I summon you to the stage!

(The cast of the musicale, including SHARARAY, MICKEY, ALEJANDRA, CORY, and one other RANDOM STUDENT, enters. MARIA, the playwright, sidles up to MISS FARKUS.)

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.)

MISS FARKUS. Thank you Maria. Let us applaud you.

(Half-hearted applause from the cast.)

SHARARAY. Miss Farkus, I think that musical needs some jazzing up.

MARIA. No it does not.

SHARARAY. Can I put some new musical numbers in it?

MICKEY. Can I help?

SHARARAY. So I've got something I've been working on. What if, instead of the girl killing herself with her foot at the end, which I'm not sure anyone can do anyway—

MARIA. It can be done.

SHARARAY. How 'bout instead of that, she sings a song about how much better life is in the future?

MICKEY. And there are aliens in the future!

SHARARAY. Exactly. Let's show 'em, Mickey.

MICKEY. You got it, Shararay.

(They begin a carefully choreographed song-and-dance.)

SHARARAY. *(Singing:)* IT'S TIME FOR THE FUTURE

MICKEY. *(Singing:)* MAKE TIME FOR THE FUTURE

SHARARAY. *(Singing:)* WE'VE GOT FLYING CARS

MICKEY. *(Singing:)* AND VISITORS FROM MARS

SHARARAY. *(Singing:)* IN THE FU-U-U-TURE

MICKEY. *(Singing:)* THE FU-U-U-TURE

SHARARAY and **MICKEY.** *(Singing:)* IS COOL!

MICKEY. *(An operatic solo:)* AND IT'S GOT A-A-A-LIENS!

(They bow.)

MISS FARKUS. Watching you perform makes me long for the days when I was young and flexible.

SHARARAY. Thank you, Miss Farkus.

MICKEY. Thank you, Miss Farkus.

MISS FARKUS. Oh I used to dance, children, dance like the wind. I wore a leopard-print leotard and sprang like a jungle cat. That was how I met my first husband.

MARIA. I don't think that goes with the dark spirit I'm trying to convey here.

MICKEY. You are so funny with your depression!

SHARARAY. Seriously, Maria, you need to find some kind of creative outlet. Try mime.

ALEJANDRA. I think we should go with what Maria intended.

CORY. Yeah!

MARIA. Thank you, Alejandra.

ALEJANDRA. I'm really wanting to stretch into something dramatic, you know?

CORY. Yeah!

MISS FARKUS. Your concern for the integrity of the script is touching, Miss Marquez, however, my thespians are on the right track. Shararay's song shall be included in the finale.

MARIA. But that doesn't even—

MISS FARKUS. Silence! Playwrights are meant to be seen and not listened to. Now, prepare yourselves, my children, for the rehearsal process. You shall be tested as no men and women have ever been tested. You will face your deepest fears. There will be times when you question your own sanity. There will be times when you wish for a swift and painless death. There will be other times when you don't really do much. However, if you survive, you shall emerge stronger, far stronger than you can possibly imagine. And you shall perform your little hearts out.

CORY. All right! Let's do it! High fives for everyone!

(CORY looks to give high fives.)

MICKEY. What are you doing?

CORY. You guys don't do high fives, do you? I guess the pat on the rear is out too then?

SHARARAY. Definitely.

CORY. I'll just sit back down now.

MISS FARKUS. Miss Marquez. We begin with you. Approach!

(ALEJANDRA steps up.)

We shall begin with emotional recall.

ALEJANDRA. What's that?

SHARARAY. She doesn't even know what emotional recall is!

MICKEY. That's why she doesn't have any thespian points!

MISS FARKUS. Shararay, explain the process.

SHARARAY. Emotional recall is um...it's like um...it's hard to explain.

MICKEY. It's way cool though.

MISS FARKUS. For the uninitiated, emotional recall is a process whereby we relive an emotion from the past and use it to feed our performance.

SHARARAY. Yeah!

CORY. I get it! It's like in basketball when I'm trying to make a shot, I think about all the other shots that I've made, and that helps me make the shot I'm taking now. High fives everybody!

(Nobody high fives him.)

No? Come on!

(ALEJANDRA high fives him.)

That was the most special high five I've ever gotten. That was a high five of love.

ALEJANDRA. Don't ever leave me.

MISS FARKUS. All right stop.

MICKEY. Ewwww!

MISS FARKUS. Alejandra. Come to me.

ALEJANDRA. Okay I guess.

MISS FARKUS. Sit here and close your eyes.

MICKEY. Can I close my eyes too?

MISS FARKUS. No. Now...Alejandra, I want you to think back to your childhood...imagine the carefree days of splashing in puddles and pulling wings off butterflies.

ALEJANDRA. I didn't do that.

MISS FARKUS. I said imagine it! Do you feel the emotions bubbling up inside of you?

ALEJANDRA. Um...

MISS FARKUS. Yes...massage the emotions, tickle them, coax them forth from their hiding places. Speak! Speak now!

ALEJANDRA. What um—

MISS FARKUS. Tell us all!

ALEJANDRA. Okay, uh...I was six, I guess. And um...I loved Barbies.

MICKEY. Me too!

ALEJANDRA. I had all the Barbies. I had career Barbie and workout Barbie and Regular Barbie and the house and the car and everything. And I used to act out little scenes with them; like all the Barbies lived in one big house together—I didn't have Ken, I hated Ken, but all the Barbies lived in the dream house and they used to have tea together and career Barbie used to make Regular Barbie clean the house and cook dinner and everything. Workout Barbie didn't care, she was always in front of the television and Regular Barbie had to do all the work. They were so mean to her. Career Barbie would come home and she'd say, "I'm putting food on the table! I break my back every day, the least you could do would be to have a hot meal ready for me

when I get home!” and then Regular Barbie would cry and Workout Barbie would just keep working out. She was obsessed. And then I remember...my older brother Jared—he used to have his G.I. Joes come over and pop off the Barbies’ heads. So one day I went up to my room and Regular Barbie was gone. And I thought, she’s had enough, she’s left Career Barbie and Workout Barbie and has gone off to be a meteorologist. I used to love meteorologists until I discovered they were liars. So Career Barbie looked everywhere and she was really sad and she said, “Please come back! I’m sorry I was mean to you! I promise to do my share of the housework!” but Regular Barbie didn’t come back. And Workout Barbie was just doing aerobics like the stupid bimbo she was. So Career Barbie went a little crazy. We looked everywhere together. And then we found her. Jared’s G.I. Joes had tied her to a stick in the backyard and were shooting firecrackers at her. They had a little cannon set up and everything. Her whole left side had melted down. Career Barbie cried and cried and we took her down from the stick and set her up in the bed in the dream house and then Career Barbie made the dinner and cleaned the house too. Workout Barbie kept on doing aerobics because she was heartless. But Career Barbie felt really sad. And then the story has a happy ending because Career Barbie learned not to take Regular Barbie for granted and also I took Jared’s G.I. Joes and ran them over with the lawnmower.

(Short pause.)

MISS FARKUS. Thank you for sharing. Cory, it’s your turn to—

(PRINCIPAL OSHIMA enters.)

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. Hello!

MISS FARKUS. Principal Oshima! Konni-chi-wa.

(They all bow to him.)

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. I find that offensive.

MISS FARKUS. Sorry. I just wanted to respect your culture.

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. I’m from Oklahoma.

MISS FARKUS. Oklahoma, Japan.

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. No just Oklahoma. Look, the reason why I’m here—

MISS FARKUS. You wish to take a cameo role in our winter musicale. Say no more, say no more, you shall play the part of the ninja assassin.

MARIA. There’s a ninja assassin?

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. No, I was looking at our budget—well, at your budget.

MISS FARKUS. Oh.

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. Last year you spent fifty-two thousand dollars on your spring musical.

MISS FARKUS. Musicale.

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. What?

MISS FARKUS. You speak English very well, principal, but it's musicale.

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. I'm pretty sure it's musical. And I'm pretty sure I'm also your boss.

MISS FARKUS. You people are just taking over everything, aren't you?

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. Now, ticket sales accounted for fifteen thousand dollars. Which means you are deeply in debt. Deeply in debt. You either make money with this production or...it's sayonara for you.

MISS FARKUS. Sayonara?

PRINCIPAL OSHIMA. It means goodbye. Now if you'll excuse me, I have other duties to attend to.

(He leaves.)

MISS FARKUS. Well, then.

ALEJANDRA. Maybe we could do a fund-raiser or something.

CORY. I know—we could get the whole school together and—

MISS FARKUS. Silence!

(An ANCIENT MAYAN KID comes over.)

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. I have an idea.

CORY. Who are you?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. I'm an exchange student. From the Ancient Mayan Empire. As I see it, your problem is that your show doesn't appeal to enough people.

MARIA. What are you talking about? It's a universal story of love and loss, artistically drawn—

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Yeah yeah yeah, whatever. If you're going to make money on this thing, you need something that's going to appeal to the lowest common denominator.

MISS FARKUS. I'm listening.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. I happen to have written a musical.

MISS FARKUS. Musicale.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Whatever. And this musical will strike fear into the hearts of everyone who sees it. Because it's true. Or almost true.

CORY. What are you talking about?

(The ANCIENT MAYAN KID takes out a word-of-the-day desk calendar.)

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. This is the calendar of my people: the ancient Mayans. Look at the year.

MISS FARKUS. Why that's this year.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. And look here.

(He flips to the end of the calendar.)

The calendar ends.

CORY. Does that mean what I think it means?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. That depends on what you think it means.

CORY. I think it means that the world is going to end when that calendar ends.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. That's one possible interpretation.

CORY. Oh my God!

(CORY freaks out.)

We're all gonna die! The ancient Mayan calendar is ending! Run for your lives!

(He grabs ALEJANDRA.)

We need to escape! Quick before the world explodes! I love you. Ahhhh!

(He leaps off-stage.)

MARIA. Um...don't you guys have a calendar for next year?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. We haven't made one yet. But think about it: we can capitalize on that kind of stupid fear and make tons of money off my show. 2012¹: the musical.

MARIA. It's a musical about the apocalypse? Who's going to be dumb enough to want to see that?

¹ Or whatever year it is currently.

MICKEY. I am!

SHARARAY. Can we do a musical number about volcanoes?

MISS FARKUS. Of course.

MARIA. But what about my show?

MISS FARKUS. Maria, in the thea-a-tuh, you must realize that you may be pushed out for any reason. Let us now begin rehearsals for:

(She looks at it.)

2012². A musical odyssey. I'm tingly.

NARRATOR. And so began work on the most ambitious, most expensive musicale ever conceived.

MISS FARKUS. So why are we blowing up California again?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. The end of the world always begins in California.

MISS FARKUS. That seems logical. Oh this will be a glorious musicale!

(They leave.)

NARRATOR. But there were stormclouds looming.

(COACH BOWMAN enters, with basketball.)

COACH BOWMAN. Son.

CORY. Dad.

COACH BOWMAN. I heard something disturbing today.

CORY. Was it about Lady Gaga?

COACH BOWMAN. Who's Lady Gaga?

CORY. You just don't understand me.

COACH BOWMAN. No, Cory, I heard something disturbing about you.

CORY. I can explain about my blog, Dad.

COACH BOWMAN. What's a blog? No, Cory, what disturbs me is that I heard you were performing in some silly musical thing.

CORY. It's not silly!

COACH BOWMAN. No son of mine is going to sing and dance. You hear me! You will walk without rhythm like the other people in

² Or current year.

this family and speak in a gruff monotone. Like this: You. Will. Not. Be. In. The. Musical.

CORY. Musicale.

COACH BOWMAN. Who put you up to this? The geeks? Are you listening to the geeks again? What have I told you about those geeks?

CORY. Leave me alone, Dad! You're trying to put me in a box!

COACH BOWMAN. I stopped putting you in a box a long time ago when child protective services found out. What I'm talking about is basketball, sport, basketball. Don't you want to be something?

CORY. Why can't I like basketball and singing?

COACH BOWMAN. Do you think LeBron James sings?

CORY. I think he's probably got enough self-confidence to sing if he wants to.

COACH BOWMAN. Wrong! I happen to know for a fact that he is very, very insecure. He is! And if he ever sings he feels really bad about it and then goes out and scores a hundred points in a game!

CORY. You're not making any sense, Dad.

COACH BOWMAN. Can I show you something?

(He rolls up his pants leg.)

I got this tattoo after we won the state championship in 1984.

CORY. Where is it?

COACH BOWMAN. It's right there. Next to the mole.

CORY. It's awfully small.

COACH BOWMAN. I didn't have a lot of money back then. But once I got this tattoo, I felt like a man. And I promise you, if you win that state championship I will get you the biggest tattoo the world has ever seen.

CORY. I don't really want to do that.

COACH BOWMAN. What is wrong with you?!

CORY. I'm gonna sing and you can't stop me!

(He runs off crying.)

COACH BOWMAN. CORY! CORY! COOOOORRRRRYYYYY!

(He slams down the basketball.)

COOOOORRRRRRRYYYYYYY!!!!

(He leaves as ALEJANDRA and VICTORIA enter from the opposite side of the stage.)

VICTORIA. I'm very excited about this year's academic decathlon.

ALEJANDRA. Yeah, me too. We're really going to be smart this year.

VICTORIA. Are we? Are we?!

ALEJANDRA. What?

VICTORIA. What is this I hear about the musical?!

ALEJANDRA. Well I just—

VICTORIA. I don't want to hear it! Time for the intervention!

(SMART PEOPLE emerge from everywhere.)

SMART PERSON. Allow me, Victoria. What do all of these people have in common? Einstein. You.

ALEJANDRA. Umm...they had curly hair?

SMART PERSON. No. they were smart. And when was the last time you heard of Einstein being a musical? You know why you haven't heard that? Because he wasn't in a musical because he was too busy figuring everything out in the universe!

ALEJANDRA. Actually, there's quite a lot in the universe Einstein wasn't able to decipher—

SMART PERSON. I don't care!

SMART PERSON 2. Let's try another analogy. What do these people have in common? Shakespeare. Mozart. You.

ALEJANDRA. They were involved in the arts?

SMART PERSON 2. That's where you're wrong! You think Shakespeare set foot in the theatre?! No, he was too busy being a genius to ever involve himself in—

VICTORIA. You're not really helping our cause.

SMART PERSON 2. What?

VICTORIA. How did you get to be on the team?

SMART PERSON 2. Why um... I just kinda snuck in here. I don't really belong. I guess I'll be leaving now.

VICTORIA. Go hang out with your own kind!

ALEJANDRA. Hey guys—there's no problem, I can study before school and rehearse the musical after school. And our competition is weeks after the show is performed.

VICTORIA. Oh. Well. We still don't like it.

ALEJANDRA. So?

VICTORIA. So um... I guess we'll be going then.

SMART PERSON 2. Yeah! We'll be going!

(COACH BOWMAN runs on.)

COACH BOWMAN. COOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRYYYYY!

(They all stop to look at him.)

VICTORIA. He's not here.

COACH BOWMAN. Do you uh...know where he is?

VICTORIA. No.

COACH BOWMAN. All right... I'll be going then.

(He leaves.)

NARRATOR. And so...

CORY. Hey.

ALEJANDRA. Hey.

CORY. Can I open up to you in an emotionally vulnerable way?

ALEJANDRA. Yes. Please do.

CORY. All my life—

ALEJANDRA. Wait hold on.

(She calls off.)

What?! Mom I'm busy!

(Back to CORY.)

CORY. (Continuous, oblivious:) All my life I've felt this pressure—

ALEJANDRA. I'm with Cory right now! Cory! Cory Bowman! The basketball guy!

CORY. (Continuous:) To be the best—

ALEJANDRA. You know the guy with the blue eyes you can swim in!?

CORY. (Continuous:) And I guess my Dad has been the one to put that on me—

ALEJANDRA. Yeah! He's totally gorgeous! We're having a special moment where we share feelings! It's awesome!

CORY. (*Continuous:*) So now I want to try something new and I'm scared—

ALEJANDRA. I'll probably kiss him!

(*CORY stops.*)

CORY. Okay. I feel better. Bye.

(*He leaves.*)

ALEJANDRA. Wait. I have something to say to you!

(*He's gone.*)

(*MISS FARKUS enters.*)

MISS FARKUS. Let us commence the rehearsal process! Now, I must remind you fledgling thespians that our rehearsals are meant to separate the weak from the strong; you will be tested physically, emotionally, spiritually, cosmetically, and any other way I can think of. We begin with scene one!

(*ANCIENT MAYAN KID enters with pages.*)

Ah yes, the hum of creative excitement. Where are the bit players?

(*BAD ACTOR 1 and BAD ACTOR 2 enter.*)

You shall do nicely.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Okay, you guys are anthropologists—

BAD ACTOR 1. We're what?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Anthropologists.

BAD ACTOR 1. I totally don't know what that is.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Scientists.

BAD ACTOR 2. Wait. What?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Geeks. You're geeks.

BAD ACTOR 1. Okay.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. And you are searching through the ruins of the Ancient Mayan civilization when you discover their calendar.

BAD ACTOR 2. Wait. What?

MISS FARKUS. You bore me with these questions. Thea-tuh is about action, not words. Begin!

(*BAD ACTOR 1 and BAD ACTOR 2 begin rehearsing the scene.*)

BAD ACTOR 1. Look! Ancient Mayan ruins!

BAD ACTOR 2. Wow! They're so...ancient!

BAD ACTOR 1. They have so much to teach us!

BAD ACTOR 2. Let's find out...what!

BAD ACTOR 1. Hey look a calendar!

BAD ACTOR 2. What could it...say!

BAD ACTOR 1. The last year is 2012³. There aren't any more years after that!

BAD ACTOR 2. Does that mean what I think it means?

BAD ACTOR 1. I think it means we're all gonna die!

BAD ACTOR 2. We have to warn the president!

BAD ACTOR 1. Oh wait a rockslide oh no!

BAD ACTOR 2. Aaaaaaaaahhhhh!

(They stand there.)

MISS FARKUS. And you die.

(They don't do anything.)

I said die!

(They die badly.)

No. Absolutely not.

(She jumps up.)

Allow me to show you how a true actor dies. Shararay! Mickey!
Come to me my disciples!

(SHARARAY and MICKEY run in.)

SHARARAY. I'm still working on our volcano song but—

MISS FARKUS. Stop! Say nothing. Listen to me: show these nin-compoops how to die dramatically.

SHARARAY. Have I been poisoned?

MICKEY. Stabbed?

SHARARAY. Shot?

MICKEY. Burned?

SHARARAY. Eaten by wild animals?

MICKEY. Hit with a meteor?

³ Or whatever year it is currently.

MISS FARKUS. You have been crushed under two thousand tons of falling rock.

SHARARAY. I can do that.

MICKEY. I can totally do that.

SHARARAY and MICKEY. Aaharrhghgrgrhrgrhrgrhrg! Nooooooo!

(They die amazingly well.)

MISS FARKUS. That, children, is what is called brilliance. Now run along.

(They leave as MARIA approaches.)

MARIA. Can I talk to you for a second?

MISS FARKUS. No.

(She walks off.)

Where are my leads?

(CORY is there.)

CORY. Here, Miss Farkus.

(ALEJANDRA darts in, accompanied by VICTORIA.)

ALEJANDRA. I'm here too.

MISS FARKUS. Ancient Mayan Kid, explain this scene to them.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. All right, um...you're Danny, the simple chauffeur of a Russian oligarch—

BAD ACTOR 1. Stop using big words! We can't understand what you're talking about!

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Oligarch.

(Everyone looks confused.)

MISS FARKUS. Clearly the ancient Mayans have a lot of knowledge we do not share.

ALEJANDRA. Oligarch. It means a wealthy person who shares in the ruling of a nation. Oligarch. O. L. I.

BAD ACTOR 1. Okay fine!

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. And you are his ex-wife, Jessica, a tough-as-nails single Mom who has a lot of street smarts.

ALEJANDRA. Okay.

MARIA. Can I make a point here? This is totally unrealistic—how are these two people going to survive and—

MISS FARKUS. Silence! Begin.

(CORY runs in.)

CORY. Jessica! Jessica! Jessiccc-aaa!

(ALEJANDRA enters from the opposite direction.)

ALEJANDRA. Danny.

CORY. Jessica.

ALEJANDRA. Have you come to pay your child support?

CORY. This is more important than child support.

ALEJANDRA. Say that to your child!

(She stomps off.)

CORY. Wait! Please! I have something I have to tell you.

(He bursts into song:)

THE WORLD IS GOING TO END
THE TECTONIC PLATES ARE GOING TO BEND

ALEJANDRA. (Singing:)

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAUSE YOU'RE A CRAZY STUPID
DEADBEAT GUY

CORY. (Singing:)

I'VE LOOKED AT THE CALENDAR MAYAN
AND THE SUN IS GOING TO BE FRYIN'
THE MAGNETIC FIELDS ARE A CHANGING
AND OUR LIVES ARE REARRANGING

ALEJANDRA. (Singing:)

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAUSE YOU'RE A CRAZY STUPID
DEADBEAT GUY

CORY. (Singing:)

THE EARTH IS A QUAKING
THE POLES ARE A SHAKING
WE'LL SOON BE BAKING
IN THE NIGHTMARE IN THE MAKING

ALEJANDRA. (Singing:)

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAUSE YOU'RE A—

MISS FARKUS. And go!

(A STUDENT runs in.)

STUDENT. Ah! The world is exploding! Oh no!

(He dies.)

CORY. Let's run for it!

ALEJANDRA. I'M NOT LEAVING MY BABY!

CORY. That's our baby!

ALEJANDRA. WHATEVER.

(ALEJANDRA runs and grabs a baby doll.)

It's okay. Mommy's got you.

CORY. Daddy's here too.

ALEJANDRA. She doesn't love you any more.

CORY. We don't have time for this! The entire world is dying! Let's get in our car and drive away!

MISS FARKUS. And stop. My heart is fluttering, children. Fluttering. I can almost feel the impending destruction of the planet.

MARIA. Okay, so the world is exploding and they're *driving* away?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. In a crisis situation you do anything to survive.

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 life-blood 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!

CHORUS. *(Singing:)*

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT
AND WE'RE GONNA DIE
WE'RE GONNA DIE
WE DON'T HAVE VERY LARGE PARTS IN THIS MOVIE
WE DON'T HAVE VERY LARGE PARTS IN THIS MOVIE
AND WE'RE GONNA DIE
WE'RE GONNA DIE

MISS FARKUS. And that's when the earth swallows you.

(They all die.)

All right we need the people who play the recognizable world monuments!

NARRATOR. And so...with frightening ferocity, the end of the world began to strike. First, Mount Rushmore.

(A student portraying MOUNT RUSHMORE enters and is destroyed.)

Then, that statue in Brazil.

(A student portraying the FAMOUS STATUE IN BRAZIL enters and collapses.)

And next, DisneyWorld.

(A student portraying DISNEYWORLD enters.)

LAWYER. Hey! Whoah! Whoah!

NARRATOR. Sorry. And next, EuroDisney.

(The DISNEYWORLD student puts on a beret.)

LAWYER. You can't do that. In fact, the whole plot of this musical is a little too close to—

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Do you want to play the President in the next scene?

LAWYER. Me? President?

MICKEY. I thought I was playing President!

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. You can play the First Lady.

MICKEY. Yay!

LAWYER. I don't want to be President any more.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. Okay, fine, you're the evil Chief of Staff.

MICKEY. Yay!

(SHARARAY *enters.*)

SHARARAY. Do I get to sing my song? I borrowed the music from Beyonce.

LAWYER. You borrowed the music from someone like Beyonce. But not actually Beyonce.

SHARARAY. Someone like Beyonce. Oh...

CORY. Can we speed this up? We just called our second fire alarm to delay the basketball game.

ALEJANDRA. And there's a lot of stuff I need to be doing too.

(CHET *and* VICTORIA *run in.*)

CHET. Cory! It's okay! We postponed the basketball game so you could rehearse!

VICTORIA. And we're not having the Academic Decathlon today.

CHET. We finally understand how much this musical stuff means to you.

VICTORIA. That's why we're here to cheer you on.

CHET. Cause we're friends.

VICTORIA. Good friends.

CORY. How did the basketball game get postponed?

CHET. Oh, me and a couple of the other basketball guys got together and planted false steroid results in the other teams' drug tests. They all tested positive man! So their whole team was disqualified and we won the game by forfeit and their coach is going to jail! Teamwork!

VICTORIA. And you don't have to worry about academic decathlon any more because we stole the answers to the quiz and planted them on the other teams' laptops. Then one of us dressed up like a concerned mother and called the officials in charge of the contest. So then they confiscated the laptops and the other team was disqualified. We won the match! Teamwork!

CHET. Yeah.

VICTORIA. Yeah.

CORY. Sweet!

ALEJANDRA. Hey um...isn't this a little bit...I don't know...criminal?

CORY. Alejandra this is teamwork in action. Let's do this rehearsal!

CHET. Yeah!

MISS FARKUS. Very well. This is the final scene. Cory, you and Alejandra have reached the president's airplane, Air Force One.

MARIA. How did they do that?

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. They flew their plane and docked.

MARIA. I thought he was a chauffeur.

ANCIENT MAYAN KID. How hard is it to fly a plane?

MARIA. I imagine it's pretty hard.

MISS FARKUS. Maria, no one likes you. Get used to it. Be quiet.

(*MICKEY runs in.*)

MICKEY. I'm the evil Chief of Staff! Yes!

MISS FARKUS. And begin.

(*LAWYER barks at MICKEY. He's a very bad actor.*)

LAWYER. Get me the president of China!

MICKEY. He's dead.

LAWYER. Get me the president of Japan!

MICKEY. He's dead too.

LAWYER. Get me some ancient Mayans then!

MICKEY. Right away sir.

(*CORY and ALEJANDRA run in.*)

CORY. Mister president!

LAWYER. How did you get on this plane?

ALEJANDRA. We caught some lucky breaks.

(*Responding to the baby doll:*)

It's okay baby. Shhhhh. We're going to be just fine.

CORY. I heard you built an enormous secret spaceship to take humanity to another planet.

LAWYER. Oh yeah, I did do that. Nobody even suspected anything.

MARIA. All right, what? Do you have any idea what a giant spaceship would cost? And how is he going to keep it secret? Who's going to build it? This is the stupidest thing ever!

LAWYER. It's time for my song.

**THIS PLAY IS
NOT OVER!**

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