

SONGFEST 2020 Script
THE CHIA PET FAN CLUB AND FRIENDS
“Trauma and Drama at Saint Songfest”

Theme Choice:

DOCTORS/HOSPITAL

Cast of Characters

DR. GASTON HUNK	Fabio-like “ideal man” that has women swooning all over the hospital He wishes others would appreciate him for his brain, and not his appearance
LEADING LADY	A smart, independent, and driven young med student. Dedicated to medicine and knowledge Very frustrated with the shallowness of her peers and others in hospital
NURSE MATCHMAKER	A loving, older woman. Has been at the hospital for a long time Takes a liking to Leading Lady
DR. BRAINMATTER	self-important supervising senior doctor Looks down on most all others as stupid- especially Dr. Hunk
TURTLE	A nerdy medical student Idolizes Dr. Hunk
MR. BRAINMATTER	A very ill patient at the hospital, and the father of Dr. Brainmatter
NURSES	Ensemble
DOCTORS	Ensemble
MED STUDENTS	Ensemble
PATIENTS	Ensemble

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The curtain rises on St. Songfest, a busy hospital. Doctors, nurses, and patients fill the stage.

LIKE A SURGEON

ENSEMBLE:

*I finally made it through med school
Somehow I made it through
I'm just an intern
I still make a mistake or two*

*I was last in my class
Barely passed at the institute
Now I'm trying to avoid, yah I'm trying to
avoid
A malpractice suit*

*Hey, like a surgeon
Cuttin' for the very first time
Like a surgeon
Organ transplants are my line*

*Better give me all your gauze nurse
This patient's fading fast
Complications have set in
Don't know how long he'll last*

*Let me see, that I.V.
Here we go - time to operate
I'll pull his insides out, pull his insides out
And see what he ate*

*Like a surgeon, hey
Cuttin' for the very first time
Like a surgeon
Here's a waiver for you to sign*

*Woe, woe, woe
Woe, woe, woe
Woe, woe, woe*

*It's a fact - I'm a quack
The disgrace of the A.M.A.
'Cause my patients die, yah my patients
die
Before they can pay*

*Like a surgeon, hey
Cuttin' for the very first time
Like a surgeon
Got your kidneys on my mind*

***Like a surgeon, ooh-hoo like a surgeon
When I reach inside
With my scalpel, and my forceps, and
retractors
Oh ho, oh ho***

***Ooh baby, yah
I can hear your heartbeat
For the very last time***

At the end of the song, everyone breaks ranks and scurries back to their normal hospital business. DR HUNK enters, and it is apparent that he is adored and admired by all. Everyone watches him, makes room for him, etc.

DOCTOR 1: Good morning Dr. Hunk!

MED STUDENT 1: Good morning Dr. Hunk!

NURSES: *(giggling in unison)*
Good morning Dr. Hunk!

MED STUDENT 2: Wow- Who is that?! Would I ever love to be in charge of monitoring his blood pressure!

MED STUDENT 3: “Who is that?” Are you serious? Just how new are you? That’s Dr. Gaston Hunk! Just the dreamiest doctor ever in the abundant history of over-acted television hospital dramas. That’s who!

DR HUNK: *(fighting his way to the nurses’ station)*
Good morning. Any appointments scheduled for me today?

NURSE: Oh of course, Dr. Hunk! Looks like another busy day. You’ve got 6 more band-aid removals, 4 1-on-1 med school tutoring sessions, and have once again had requests from every one of our female patients for a private consultation!

DR HUNK: Right. I don’t suppose I’ve been asked to lead or assist on any surgeries or anything like that? You know, diagnose any complicated physical conditions, research some mysterious symptoms, or usefully practice any sort of actual medicine?

NURSE: *(giggles and waves hand)*

DR HUNK: *(dejectedly)*
No, I didn't think so. Silly me.

DR. HUNK sadly walks away from the nurses' station, even as others push each other out of the way to be in front of him. DR. HUNK sighs heavily. TURTLE makes his way to DR HUNK'S side.

TURTLE: Good morning, Gaston!

DR HUNK: Good morning, Turtle.

TURTLE: Gee, Gaston. Why so blue? We've got another day full of 1-on-1's and patient consultations! All-female, yet again! I'm so lucky to be learning from the busiest doctor here!

DR HUNK: That's right... The "busiest" doctor here.

GASTON

TURTLE: ***Gosh it disturbs me to see you, Gaston
Looking so down in the dumps
Ev'ry guy here'd love to be you, Gaston
Even when taking your lumps
There's no man in town as admired as you
You're ev'ryone's favorite guy
Ev'ryone's awed and inspired by you
And it's not very hard to see why***

MEN: ***No one's slick as Gaston
No one's quick as Gaston
No one's neck's as incredibly thick as
Gaston's
For there's no man in town half as manly
Perfect, a pure paragon!
You can ask any Tom, Dick or Stanley
And they'll tell you whose team they
prefer to be on***

***No one's been like Gaston
A king pin like Gaston***

TURTLE: ***No one's got a swell cleft in his chin like
Gaston***

MEN: ***As a specimen, yes, #m he's intimidating!
My what a guy, that Gaston!***

ENSEMBLE: ***Give five "hurrahs!"
Give twelve "hip-hips!"***

***Gaston is the best
And the rest is all drips***

***No one writes like Gaston
Wears his whites like Gaston
For the ladies here no one excites like
Gaston!***

NURSES: ***For there's no one as burly and brawny
As you see he's got biceps to spare***

TURTLE: ***Not a bit of him's scraggly or scrawny***

DR HUNK: ***That's right!
But ev'ry last inch of me's covered with
hair***

ENSEMBLE: ***No one sits like Gaston
Matches wits like Gaston
In a spitting match nobody spits like
Gaston***

DR HUNK: ***I'm especially good at expectorating!
Ptooie!***

ENSEMBLE: ***Ten points for Gaston!***

***No one shoots like Gaston
Makes those beaubs like Gaston
Then goes tromping around wearing
boots like Gaston***

DR HUNK: ***I use planters in all of my decorating!***

ENSEMBLE: ***My what a guy,
Gaston!***

LEADING LADY is trying to get help from some of the nurses, but is having no success as seemingly everyone is preoccupied with DR HUNK. Finally, she makes it to the nurses' station.

LEADING LADY: Excuse me, are the mid-term evaluations for all the med students back yet?

NURSE MATCHMAKER: Sorry, Dearie, I know you've got a lot riding on those results, but nothing's come in yet today. As you can see, everyone's a bit pre-occupied and distracted.

LEADING LADY: Argh! What is it with everyone around here? These shallow people practically worship that... that... that Ken-doll-in-a-doctor's-suit. Seriously, when was the last time this egomaniac tended to an actual health issue? And I mean besides all the fainting!

Several female NURSES, MED STUDENTS, and PATIENTS swoon around DR. HUNK.

NURSE MATCHMAKER: All I can really say, Deary, is that not everything is always as it seems. You know how hard it is to finish med school here under tough old Dr. Brainmatter. Well, Dr. Hunk had to go through all the same stuff- the trick questions, the unfair evaluations, the insults...

DR. BRAINMATTER enters, interrupting all conversation. As he storms across the stage, everyone cowers from his presence. All doing the best they can to avoid his wrath.

MED STUDENTS: It's Dr. Brainmatter!

DR. BRAINMATTER arrives at the nurses' station.

DR. BRAINMATTER: Ah! This explains so much! The poor-performing wannabe-doctor wasting time with a no-talent never-was nurse. Typical! Fortunately, I just happen to be here to hand out the evaluations in person, before people like this old bleeding heart have time to alter your evaluation results in the record.

Miss, your performance here is appalling. It is clear that not much goes on between those ears of yours. Your last exam results were embarrassingly awful, and you didn't even manage to finish the test!

LEADING LADY: But Dr. Brainmatter, don't you remember? You assigned me to 18 hours of rounds, which started 16 hours before the exam. You told me I better not dare show my face in class until my whole shift was over!

DR. BRAINMATTER: Are you questioning me?! How dare you twist my words around like that. Just wait until this impertinence makes its way into your final evaluation! Speaking of which, unless you are able to finish up with a

flawless performance in your final clinical rounds, you are out of this program! And, dare I hope, out of medicine altogether!

DR. BRAINMATTER starts to storm off, but is intercepted by DR HUNK.

DR. HUNK: Dr. Brainmatter, I've got to talk to you about my workload!

DR. BRAINMATTER: What's the matter, meathead, are you over-exerting your pretty little brain?

DR. HUNK: No, that's just it. I'm not really being used in any way that helps anybody!

DR. BRAINMATTER: You're not fooling anyone, "doctor". I have no idea how you managed to charm and swindle those mindless board members into putting you on staff here, but as long as I'm still chief resident your "skills" will be used as I see fit!

MED STUDENT 4: Dr. Brainmatter, I'm glad you're here. We're having a really hard time with one of our patients...

DR. BRAINMATTER: Fools! Away from me!

MED STUDENT 5: But doctor...

DR. BRAINMATTER: I mean it! If you people can't take care of this yourselves, then you've got no business in a hospital! That goes for ALL OF YOU! I'll just shut down the wing! (*grumbling*) I'm surrounded by morons...

DR BRAINMATTER exits in a stormy huff.

LEADING LADY: How on earth am I going to survive here?
How can I show what I can do?

DR. HUNK: How am I ever going to get a fair shot at real medicine?

NURSES/MED STUDENTS: Something's really wrong with this patient.
What are we going to do?

LOOKIN' FOR THE ANSWER

ENSEMBLE: ***I can't seem to find it
No, I've looked everywhere***

***The questions, they run deep inside my
soul***

***When I run to unwind it
It tangles even more
The truth drifts even farther than before***

***I don't know why I'm wasting all my time
I don't know why I don't care
I don't know what I have to do to find it
I don't know I'm running out of time***

***Looking for the answer
I can't find it anywhere
Looking for the answer
I've been searching everywhere
The truth is right in front of me
But I look the other way
It's just so hard to face
Looking for the answer***

***I just can't seem to fight it
This hunger leads me on
Darkness greets me everywhere I go
I try so hard to hide
What I already know
The answer came two thousand years ago***

***Looking for the answer
I can't find it anywhere
Looking for the answer
I've been searching everywhere
The truth is right in front of me
But I've thrown it all away
It's just so hard to face
Looking for the answer***

Several MED STUDENTS and NURSES walk over to LEADING LADY at the nurse's station.

MED STUDENTS: We've got a serious problem over here, and we don't know what to do! We've tried the textbook treatment, and nothing is working. The patient can't talk, and he's starting to change colors!

LEADING LADY: What do you want me to do about it? I can't make any mistakes, or I'm outta here! We need someone who really knows what they're doing.

NURSE MATCHMAKER: Now Dearie don't sell yourself short! You march right over there and get started looking after that patient! As for the rest, I happen to know just the right person for the job. (*Nods indicating DR. HUNK*).

LEADING LADY: You've got to be kidding me. There's a life at stake here!

NURSE MATCHMAKER: Exactly. So quit wasting time! There's far more to the good doctor than any of you give him credit for. Get going and ask him to help! There's no time to waste!

MED STUDENTS and NURSES and LEADING LADY all rush to grab DR HUNK.

NURSE: Doctor, come quickly! We really need your help!

DR. HUNK: Are you sure you've got the right doctor?

LEADING LADY: No, but we haven't got much choice!

DR. HUNK looks at the boring, gawking line of girls and admirers waiting for him.

DR. HUNK: Alright. Let's get cracking! What's the trouble?

MED STUDENT: He's turning blue, but he's breathing just fine. His airway is not restricted and his vitals are fine.

DR. HUNK: (*To LEADING LADY*)
I've seen you studying. And what are we supposed to consider next?

LEADING LADY: His circulatory system?

DR. HUNK: Right. But according to his chart here, that's just fine. Perhaps he's been bitten?

LEADING LADY: But he hasn't. A cardiac condition?

Music for "Step By Step" starts as discussion continues.

STEP BY STEP

During this song, DR. HUNK, LEADING LADY, and the others keep working on and around the patient.

DR. HUNK: His EKG is normal, and shows no signs of infarction. Let's test for internal bleeding.

LEADING LADY: He's turning bluer, Dr. Hunk! We've got to work faster!

DR. HUNK: We'll keep working at it one step at a time.

NURSE: Hang in there... *(checks patient's chart)* Mr... Mr... I can't read this writing!

ENSEMBLE: ***Step by step
Bit by bit
Stone by stone yeah
Brick by brick***

***Step by step
Day by day
Mile by mile oooh
Now don't you slip away
Don't you go too far
'Cause when I close my eyes
I know who you are.***

***You are the dark emotion
That makes me hold my breath
Just like the silent water
Upon the ocean's depth.***

***Don't you slip away
Don't you go too far
'Cause when I close my eyes
I know who you are.***

***It's just the fear of falling
That makes my lose my grip
It's just the fear of falling
That makes my fingers slip.***

***Step by step
Bit by bit
Stone by stone yeah
Brick by brick***

***Step by step
Day by day
Mile by mile oooh
Go your way***

***Baby don't give up
 You've gotta hold on to what you've got
 I said baby don't give up
 You've gotta keep on moving, don't stop,
 yeah
 Just like a new excursion (I know you're
 hurting)
 Upon an open road (I know you do)
 I've got the will to take me (I know you're
 hurting)
 Just where I want to go (don't let the bad
 thing get to you)***

***C'mon baby keep moving on
 C'mon baby keep on
 Keep up...***

MR BRAINMATTER: Thank you! I feel much better now. I can talk, and I feel like myself again.

DR. BRAINMATTER enters, storming into the room.

DR. BRAINMATTER: That's it! Who assigned you two imbeciles to this patient?! Consider this your last shift, everyone! I'm pulling the plug down the ER here at St. Songfest.

MR. BRAINMATTER: Shut up, Melvin-

DR. BRAINMATTER: Daddy?!?

ENSEMBLE: Melvin?

MR. BRAINMATTER: I'm awfully tired of your puffery. If it wasn't for these fine doctors...

LEADING LADY: Actually, I'm just a med student...

MR. BRAINMATTER: ...if it wasn't for these fine doctors I'd be dead by now. No thanks to the way you've been running things around here!

DR. BRAINMATTER: But... but...

MR. BRAINMATTER: In fact, start packing your things, and hand in your stethoscope and name tag at the nurses' station. My fellow St. Songfest board members will certainly agree that it won't do at all to have "Junior" running around making

a mess of the ER, ignoring patients, and ruining the good Brainmatter name! Now go home and clean your room!

DR. BRAINMATTER gapes and pouts, before finally forcefully folding his arms and “harrumph-ing” off-stage.

MR BRAINMATTER: Well, that takes care of that problem. Thanks again!

NURSE MATCHMAKER: But Mr. Brainmatter, what about the E.R.?

MR. BRAINMATTER: Ah, Rose. After all these years, I should have known you were the one holding things together around here. Like I said, I owe my non-blue life to these fine physicians. Starting tomorrow, please see to it that these students receive positive evaluations. Furthermore, please see to it that Leading Lady is retained beyond graduation for her residency. She’ll be a great addition to Dr. Hunk’s staff, and he’ll need as many good doctors as he can get as the new Chief Resident here at St. Songfest. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen two doctors with such bright futures!

NURSE MATCHMAKER: Yes, sir!

DR. HUNK: Doctor... thanks for seeking me out. It’s been a long time since anyone did that for me.

LEADING LADY: And thank you, Doctor, for trusting me to be part of today’s work. No one else would have taken a chance on a failing med student.

TURTLE: We’re sorry it took all of us so long to really give you the credit your abilities deserve.

MR. BRAINMATTER: I’m just glad you both were there to help me! But then again, (*looks at NURSE MATCHMAKER*) somehow I’m not too surprised.

NURSE MATCHMAKER: Oh Mr. Brainmatter...

BAD CASE OF LOVING YOU (DOCTOR, DOCTOR)

ENSEMBLE: ***Woah!***

*A hot summer night, fell like a net
I've gotta find my baby yet
I need you to soothe my head
Turn my blue heart to red*

*Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you*

*A pretty face don't make no pretty heart
I learned that buddy, from the start
You think I'm cute, a little bit shy
Momma, I ain't that kind of guy*

*Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you*

Woah

*I know you like it, you like it a lot
Tell me momma are you gonna stop*

*You had me down, 21 to zip
Smile of Judas on your lip
Shake my fist, knock on wood
I've got it bad and I've got it good*

*Doctor, doctor give me the news
I've got a bad case of lovin' you
No pill's gonna cure my ill
I've got a bad case of lovin' you*

Drop curtain.