

Chorus Line, A "Nothing"

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I'm so excited because I'm gonna go to the High School
of Performing
Arts, I mean I was dying to be a serious actress.
Anyway, it's our first day acting class and we're in the
auditorium and
the teacher, Mr. Karp, puts us upon the stage with
our legs around everybody, one in back of the other,
and he says:
"Okay, we're gonna do improvisations...Now, you're on
a
bobsled and it's snowing out and it's cold.
.. Okay, go!"Everyday for a week we would try to feel
the motion,Feel the motion down the hill.
Every day for a week we would try to hear the wind
rush Hear the wind rush, feel the chill And I dug right
down to the bottom of my soul To see what I had
inside.Yes,
I dug right down to the bottom of my soul And I tried,
I tried!And everybody goin' "Woosh... woosh ... I feel
the snow, I feel the
cold,I feel the air..." And Mr. Karp turns to me and he
says: "Okay,
Morales, what did you feel?
"And I said... "Nothing, I'm feeling nothing,
"And he says "Nothing could get a girl transferred.
"They all felt something, but I felt nothing Except
the feelin' that this bullcrap was absurd!
But I said to myself, "Hey, it's only the first week.
Maybe it's
genetic, They don't have bobsleds in San Juan!
"Second week, more advanced, And we had to be a
table, Be a sportscar,
Ice-cream cone.Mister Karp,
he would say, "Very good, except Morales.
Try, Morales, all alone."And I dug right down to the
bottom of my soul To see how an ice cream
felt... Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried to melt!The kids yelled,
"Nothing!" They called me "Nothing"And Karp allowed
it, which really makes me burn.
They were so helpful, they called me "Hopeless",

Until I really didn't know where else to turn.
And Karp kept saying, "Morales, I think you should
transfer to Girl's
High, You'll never be an actress,
Never!" Jesus Christ! Went to church,
praying, Santa Maria, Send me guidance,
Send me guidance on my knees.
Went to church praying, Santa Maria,
Help me feel it, Help me feel it pretty please.
And a voice from down at the bottom of my soul Came
up to the top of my head And a voice from down at the
bottom of my soul, Here is what it said: This man is
nothing! This course is nothing!
If you want something go find another class.
And when you find one You'll be an actress.
And I assure you that's what finally came to pass.
Six months later I heard that Karp had died.
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul And
cried... 'Cause
I felt..... nothing.

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