

Substantial Disruption



Omarosa – The Musical

By Mike Tully

(Welcome to Imagination Theater. If you have at least passing familiarity with classic American musicals, you can appreciate “Omarosa – The Musical” because it will let you provide your own soundtrack. Just apply the following lyrics to the tunes of famous musical hits as indicated below. For an uproarious time, gather with friends and sing these out loud. Don’t forget to drink excessively and put out the cat.)

SCENE 1: The West Wing of the White House. The White House staff performs as an ensemble. Sung to the tune of “Oklahoma” from the musical Oklahoma.

O-o-o-marosa, like a wind comes sweepin’ through the door
Didn’t even knock, must have picked the lock
We all wonder what she’s hired for.

O o-o-o-marosa, makes as much pay as the Chief of Staff
In the hall she’ll lurk, while we’re doing work
Does she help us? Please don’t make us laugh!

SCENE 2: An office in the West Wing. Kellyanne Conway is addressing her staff. Sung to the tune of “Soon It’s Gonna Rain” from The Fantasticks.

Someone’s gonna leak
I can feel it
Someone’s gonna leak
I can tell
If somebody leaks
Boss gets mad as hell.

There will be a leak
I just know it
There will be leak
Maybe two
If somebody leaks
I think I know who...

SCENE 3: The study just outside the Oval Office. John Kelly has a problem and is talking to himself. Sung to the tune of “Maria” from The Sound of Music.

How to you solve a chick like Omarosa?
How do you reach a nut without a shell?

Who came up with a name like Omarosa?
She is the kind who'd write a kiss-and-tell.

Many a rule you know you'd like to teach her
So many things she does not comprehend
How do you let her know it's an odd reality show?
And she likely will get fired at the end.

SCENE 4: The White House Press Room. Sarah Huckabee Sanders and the White House Press Corps. (Sung to the tunes of "I Cain't Say No" from Oklahoma (Sanders) and "Sit Down You're Rockin' the Boat" from Guys and Dolls (the Press Corps)).

Sanders: I'm just a girl who cain't speak truth
That ain't the thing I'm hired for
I speak the lies they tell me to
Or I'll be shoved outside the door.

The Press Corps: All our viewership says "Shut up!"
Shut up, you're lyin' too much.
All the readership cries "Shut up!"
How can you be so out of touch?

And the ratings will drag you under
'Cause we can't believe anything you say
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up
Sit down you're lyin' too much.

SCENE 5: A political rally in Romney, West Virginia. Donald Trump and his adoring fans. Sung to the tunes of "Superstar" from Jesus Christ Superstar (crowd), "Don't Cry for Me Argentina" from Evita (Trump) and "Rhymes Have I" from Kismet (Trump).

Crowd: Donald Trump, Donald Trump.
Too bad the White House is such a dump
Donald Trump, Superstar
How in the world are where you are?

Donald Trump, show us how
Tell blacks and browns that they don't belong
Make it great for whites again
We know that Donald can do no wrong

Trump: Please vote for me, West Virginia
The truth is I don't really need you
A landslide I won West Virginia
You'd eat everything I would feed you.

Crowd: Donald Trump, Donald Trump
We'll try to fly if you tell us "jump"
Donald Trump, hair aflame
How can we trust in your transient fame?

Trump: Lies, fine lies,
Such lies have I
Lies, all lies, great lies have I.
I promise you panacea
A lot of exaggeration
A bit of imagination
Gotta go, Virginia. See ya.

SCENE 6: Sarah Huckabee Sander's office. Sanders and Omarosa. Sung to the tune of "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better" from Annie Get Your Gun.

Omarosa: Anything you can say, I can say better.

I can say anything better than you.

Sanders: No you cain't.

Omarosa: Yes, I can.

Sanders: No you cain't.

Omarosa: Yes, I can. Yes, I can.

Sanders: Any yarn you can spin, I can spin better.

I can spin every yarn better than you.

Omarosa: No you can't.

Sanders: Yes, I can.

Omarosa: No you can't.

Sanders: Yes, I can. Yes, I can.

SCENE 7: The Oval Office. Donald Trump is in there alone. Sung to the tune of "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" from Gigi.

Thank heaven for little girls.
Especially the beauty pageant type
They're sexy in bathing suits
I love them right before they're fully ripe.
Those beauty pageants I own are a blessing
I walk into them while the girls are dressing
Thank heaven for them all and I know what they're all good for
And one of them might be wife number four.

SCENE 8: Mike Pence addresses a prayer breakfast. Sung to the tune of “You’ve Got to Be Carefully Taught” from South Pacific.

You’ve got to be taught to demonize
And see all the world through racist eyes
We’ll drum it in you ‘til you realize
You’ve got to be carefully taught.

You’ve got to be taught to cringe in fear
And hate those who don’t share what you hold dear
We’ll feed you this poison from year to year
You’ve got to be carefully taught.

You’ve got to be taught before the campaign
To come to our rallies again and again
And make sure the MAGA hats flooded the plain
We hope they are heavily bought
You’re got to be carefully taught.

Coda: sad trombone.

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