

H E A V Y H E A R T 000

By Hannah C. Langley, Angela Parrish and Makena Metz

WHY I LIKE IT: *Drama Editor JANET EHRLICH COLSON writes...*

Fabulous! Unusual! Sexy and delicious! Heavy Heart, is a seamless screenplay that follows the curvaceous Ida B. Delight, from the limelight of the Burlesque stage into a perilous crisis of identity. In the character of Ida, we have a tragic beauty who draws us into her world from the nightclub to offstage and back again. At the heart of the story is Ida's relationship with Callie, determined to keep Ida from self-destructing, but Ida's relationship to food and her body are driving forces, propelled by original songs that get into our heads, even without the score. The writing team on this mini musical extravaganza, Angela Parrish, Makena Metz, and Hannah C. Langley, are all rockstars in their own right, but put them together and they're unstoppable.

And now for a sample of a song from our lovely Ida (bet you can't stop at just one):

IDA (CONT'D)
I'M SWEET, I'M SOFT
I'M FRESH OUT OF THE OVEN
I'M HERE, I'M HOT
I'M READY FOR YOUR LOVIN'
WANT SOME NOOKIE WITH YOUR COOKIE? LET ME
TREAT YOU RIGHT
I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
ALRIGHT

(Spacing and format is authors' own.)

H E A V Y H E A R T

Music and Lyrics by

Angela Parrish and
Makena Metz

Book by Hannah C. Langley

INT. BACKSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - EVENING

(1. MAGIC SHOW.)

The sound of a HEART BEATING loudly over APPLAUSE.

CLOSE ON: IDA'S FACE

IDA (late 20's, curvy) stands on the edge of the stage,
hand over her heart.

APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... Ladies and Gentlemen. It's almost
the witching hour and you know what that
means - Megan Trick is here to make your
weekday troubles disappear!

INT. ONSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - EVENING

MEGAN TRICK (20's, thin), in a sexy magician's outfit,
poses in the spotlight.

MEGAN

WELCOME, WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW
I'LL TURN SOME TRICKS, YOU'LL GET YOUR
FIX COME ON LET'S GO

GET READY FOR SURPRISE YOU WON'T BELIEVE
YOUR EYES
WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW

Megan reaches into her hat and pulls a strand of MULTI-
COLORED CONDOMS out of it, tossing them into the
audience.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

WELCOME, WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW
I'LL MISDIRECT ATTENTION NOW FROM HIGH TO
LOW
THEY CALL ME MEGAN TRICK, I MAKE MAGIC
WITH A STICK
WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW

Megan pulls out a DECK OF CARDS.

MEGAN (V.O.)
 Hey you. There in front ... I've got a
 loaded *deck* just for you.

Megan suggestively sprays the crowd with cards.

INT. BACKSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - EVENING

(TRANSITION.)

IDA
 CALM, CALM, PEACEFUL, CALM, CALM, CALM
 PEACEFUL
 THINK OF CALLIE AND BE CALM, CALM CALM,
 CALM, PEACEFUL, CALM, CALM, CALM PEACEFUL
 THINK OF CALLIE AT THE SEASHORE, SEASHORE

Ida takes a deep breath.

IDA (CONT'D)
 You're on the beach with Callie. You're
 Ida B. Delight and you are fine.

INT. ONSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - EVENING

MEGAN
 WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW
 RING MY BELL, I'LL CAST A SPELL TO MAKE
 YOU GROW
 I'LL WHISPER IN YOUR EAR, THEN I'LL
 DISAPPEAR
 WELCOME TO THE MAGIC SHOW

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Give it up one more time for Miss Megan
 Trick, everybody!

APPLAUSE.

Megan Trick bows and quickly scampers off-stage, passing..

INT. BACKSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - EVENING

... Ida, psyching herself up just beyond the curtain.

IDA
 (to herself)
 You are on the beach.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And now the moment you've all been
waiting for ...

IDA
(to herself)
With Callie.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
The captivating. The incomparable ...

Ida turns to check her reflection in the mirror,
revealing her skin-tight evening gown and a feather boa.

IDA
You are ...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)	IDA (CONT'D)	
Miss ... Ida ... B ...	Miss ... Ida ... B ...	*
Delight.	Delight.	

IDA (CONT'D)
And you are *fine*.

Ida's heart beat QUIETS as she straightens her back...

(2. EVENING DELIGHT.)

...puffs out her ample chest and struts into the BRIGHT
LIGHTS onstage.

INT. ONSTAGE - BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

The unseen crowd goes wild. Ida SMILES broadly, nerves
gone.

IDA (CONT'D)
Hello, Los Angeles! Are you ready for
this?

An affirmative ROAR from the crowd. But Ida simply shakes
her head, waving her boa, dismissing them.

IDA (CONT'D)
I don't think you're ready.

Ida starts to exit the stage. The CROWD erupts in protest
and Ida smiles, before re-entering the stage.

IDA (CONT'D)
Now that's more like it! Hit it, Simon.

(Musical Transition.)

IDA (CONT'D)
 I'M SWEET, I'M SOFT
 I'M FRESH OUT OF THE OVEN
 I'M HERE, I'M HOT
 I'M READY FOR YOUR LOVIN'
 WANT SOME NOOKIE WITH YOUR COOKIE? LET ME
 TREAT YOU RIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 ALRIGHT

Ida sees Callie (20's, naturally slim) in the audience.
 Her smile grows.

IDA (CONT'D)
 Now, I know what you're thinking ... Miss
 Ida B., is all this goodness gluten-free?
 And to that I say, that's the only thing
 free about me, baby!

Ida strips off a glove ... or two.

IDA (CONT'D)
 I'M SWEET, I'M SOUR
 I'M READY FOR A LICKIN'
 I'M ROUND, I'M REAL
 AND YOU CAN PUT THE STICK IN
 WANT SOME PUCKER WITH YOUR SUCKER? LET ME
 TREAT YOU RIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 ALRIGHT

Ida pulls off her skirt and finds a legal pad between her
 thighs. She reads off of it.

IDA (CONT'D)
 A quick public service announcement
 before the next verse, "the Club and Miss
 Ida B. are not responsible for any
 cavities that may result from ...
 (tossing the legal pad and
 another item of clothing
 aside.)
 ... all. This. SWEETNESS!

LOUD CHEERS from Callie as ...

IDA (CONT'D)
 ARE YOU READY TO SAVOR A FLAVOR I PROMISE
 WILL BLOW YOUR MIND?
 (MORE)

IDA (CONT'D)
 COME IN FOR THE NIGHT AND I'LL SHOW YOU A
 SNACK
 I EARNED MY DIPLOMAS IN SUGAR CANE COMAS,
 AND SOON YOU'LL FIND
 I'M THE ONLY SNACK THAT EATS YOU BACK

Ida throws off more layers.

IDA (CONT'D)
 I'LL LET YOU WHIP THE FROSTING
 I'LL LET YOU LICK THE BEATER
 BE BOLD, BE BAD
 COME BE A DIET CHEATER
 I'M SO GOOD IT HURTS
 GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS
 LET ME TREAT YOU RIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 COME TAKE A BITE
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 TASTE ME TONIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 ALRIGHT

CLOSE ON: IDA'S FACE

MORE APPLAUSE.

(MUSIC HEART SKIPPING CUE.)

CLOSE ON: CALLIE'S FACE

As she cheers ...

CLOSE ON: IDA'S FACE

Ida's HEART starts to POUND, hard and FAST again.

The STRAIN on Ida's perfectly made-up face is only seen by Callie.

As the POUNDING of Ida's heart drowns out her APPLAUSE, Callie's smile transforms into a mask of concern.

The spotlight goes out on Ida and the stage as the POUNDING continues over ...

INT. IDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

IDA'S HAND clutches her now-robed chest. She sits in front of her VANITY TABLE MIRROR, where several PHOTOS of Callie and Ida (in full make up) on the beach - holding hands, sharing a kiss - sit. Ida takes a deep BREATH.

IDA
 (to herself)
 Calm. Seashore.

IN THE MIRROR, we see Callie watching Ida struggle before slipping into her pajamas.

The POUNDING subsides. Ida opens her eyes and resumes removing her makeup. Ida GRIMACES at the skin underneath.

CALLIE
 They were begging for an encore tonight.

IDA
 ... It was a good crowd.

CALLIE
 It wasn't just the crowd. YOU were good.
 Great!

IDA
 Thanks but there's always room for
 improvement.

Callie SIGHS, changing tactics.

CALLIE
 Well, I'm starving. How 'bout you?

Ida continues her work as Callie makes her way past ...

... the closet, overflowing with BURLESQUE COSTUMES,
 the sewing table, and the dress form with a half-
 finished, sparkl-y outfit pinned to it toward ...

THE TINY KITCHEN AREA.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Babe? You still with me?

IDA
 Huh?

CALLIE
 We're talking dinner.

Ida looks at her bare face in the mirror. She pats her clean cheeks.

(3. Take Care of You)

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 (opening a cabinet)
 Looks like it's either-

IDA

I'm not really that hungry/right now-

Ida moves toward her sewing table.

CALLIE

/Right now! You're gonna eat. With me.

NO MORE EXCUSES
NO NEED TO GET DEFENSIVE
WE'RE COOKING DINNER
I'LL MAKE THESE FROZEN PEAS

HERE DRINK THIS WATER
(filling a GLASS OF WATER)
RIGHT NOW IN FRONT OF ME
WE'RE COOKING DINNER
DON'T GIVE ME THE BRUSH, PLEASE.
LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU

Callie sets the water in front of Ida at the sewing table. Ida moves it to the counter, away from her sequins.

IDA

Callie, please. I need to get this dress ready for Viva Las Vegas.

I'M GONNA TAKE IT
I HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN IT
MY ACT IS SOLID
I DESERVE TO TAKE THAT STAGE

CALLIE

Of course you do. But that doesn't mean you can't rest tonight.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

YOU'RE HOT AND TIRED
THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER NOW
WE'RE COOKING DINNER

IDA

I can rest when I'm dead.

CALLIE

Ida. Don't even joke -
LET'S GET ON THE SAME PAGE
LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU

Callie slides the glass of water back into Ida's hands.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Please.

IDA

Fine, Mom.

Callie kisses Ida passionately. Ida is left breathless but in the good way.

CALLIE

Cut the kinky Oedipal shit and do what you're told.

Ida takes a long drink, longer than anticipated. She grabs Callie's hand.

IDA

You take good care of me.

CALLIE

I'm trying.

IDA

Thank you. For coming. I love seeing you out there.

CALLIE

I never wanna miss a show.

Callie avoids Ida's gaze as she pulls away to start making dinner.

IDA

(re: dinner)

... So how can I help?

CALLIE

WELL IF YOU COULD TAKE A LOOK AT ALL THE STUFF ON THE TABLE

Ida notices the BROCHURES and SEVERAL SPREADSHEETS on the small dinette table. She approaches the pile of papers.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

SEE I PUT IT THERE FOR YOU, TAKE A LOOK IF YOU'RE ABLE

Ida picks up a BUDGET.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A CHART, WELL A SHEET, NO A BUDGET
AND I KNOW YOU'LL SAY NO BUT BEFORE YOU START TO JUDGE IT

THINK OF ALL THE DREAMS THAT COULD BE
 THINK OF ALL THE THINGS YOU COULD START
 IF YOU COULD AFFORD TO TAKE THE TIME
 THE TIME TO FIX YOUR HEART

Ida's heart BEATS as she glances over some PAMPHLETS
 about CALIFORNIA COVERED.

IDA

Wh-What do you mean?

CALLIE

I figured out how to make it work.

IDA

Make what work?

CALLIE

The surgery.

IDA

There's no way I can afford-

CALLIE

But we can.
 LET ME TAKE CARE
 LET ME TAKE CARE
 LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU

IDA

You're between commercial bookings right
 now and you still need to get your car
 fixed.

CALLIE

The bus isn't so bad. I can read and -

IDA

No. I hate worrying about you waiting at
 all those stops alone at night.

CALLIE

And I hate worrying about you having a
 heart attack on stage!

Another loud BEAT of IDA's heart. She clenches a fist.

IDA

You don't have to worry about that. I'm
 fine - Fit as a flabby fiddle, in fact.

CALLIE

Stop it.

IDA

It's a joke.

CALLIE

Get better material.

IDA

Alliteration's always good material. Try not to smile when I say, "Callie kills kittens."

(4. Weigh Yourself Down)

CALLIE

Ida—

IDA

Horrible content, I know. But it sounds /funny—

CALLIE

STOP MAKING LIGHT OF THIS SITUATION
LIKE YOUR WORDS DON'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE
LIKE YOUR THOUGHTS DON'T GIVE YOU CHILLS
YOU'RE ALWAYS DODGING THIS CONFRONTATION
IT'S THE REASON THAT YOU'RE HURT

IDA

NO, IT WAS STUPID DIET PILLS

CALLIE

IF YOU DON'T FIND A WAY TO CHANGE
YOU'LL JUST WEIGH YOURSELF DOWN

IDA

I'm done changing, Callie.

CALLIE

YOU DRAG YOUR COSTUMES TO ALL THE DANCE
SHOWS. YOU'RE SINKING DOWN IN SEQUINS AND
YOUR BODY'S IN DISTRESS.
And for what? A couple hundred bucks
every few months?

IDA

The money doesn't matter.

CALLIE

Yes it does! When it's your life on the
line. We could sell some of these
dresses. Make a little room —

IDA
 I CAN'T GET RID OF THEM I NEED MY DANCE
 CLOTHES
 MY COSTUMES ARE A PART OF ME
 WHY DANCE WITHOUT A DRESS

CALLIE
 They're not worth dying over.

IDA
 Nobody's dying. I'm not dieting.
 (gesturing to her body)
 Clearly.

CALLIE
 You're doing it again!
 IF YOU DON'T FIND A WAY TO CHANGE
 YOU'LL JUST WEIGH YOURSELF DOWN
 WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE CARE OF
 YOURSELF

Callie touches Ida's face.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 YOU NEED TO PUT YOUR HEART BEFORE YOUR
 HEAD
 I LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT AFRAID TO LOSE YOU
 AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE AND END UP
 DEAD

The LIGHTS SHIFT becoming THEATRICAL. Ida pulls away from Callie, grabbing a RED SPARKLE-Y SHAWL.

CLOSE ON: SHAWL

DISSOLVE TO:

SPOTLIGHTS ILLUMINATING HER, Ida, in a FIERY red costume, now stands on the COUNTER or the TABLE, her new stage. As she sings, Ida uses all available surfaces to circle Callie.

IDA
 YOU STUFF MY FACE WITH YOUR SAD OPINION
 SHOVE YOUR FEELINGS DOWN MY THROAT
 WHEN I DON'T SHARE YOUR POINT OF VIEW
 YOU'RE NOT MY BOSS YOU DON'T HAVE
 DOMINION
 I CAN'T AFFORD THE SURGERY
 IT'S SOMETHING I WON'T DO. I DON'T NEED
 TO CHANGE HERE IN THE LIMELIGHT.
 DANCING LIFTS ME UP AND YOU -

Ida lets herself fall — Black Swan style — back onto the BED, before finishing the verse on her back.

CLOSE ON: IDA'S FACE

IDA (CONT'D)
YOU'RE WEIGHING ME DOWN

The spotlights go out. Ida is in her robe again. The apartment is no longer a stage.

CALLIE
You're seriously choosing a bedazzled
thong over your fucking life?

Ida sits up, indicating the overflowing closet.

IDA
This is my life. Burlesque — It's the
only time I've ever felt like myself ...
Like I can like myself.

CALLIE
... What about me? What about when
you're with me?

IDA
You wouldn't be with me if it wasn't for
all this.

(5. See Me.)

CALLIE
Ida. I loved you the minute I saw you.

IDA
... What about Pors Vous?

Ida stands as the LIGHTS in the apartment change again as the kitchen of the apartment transforms into Por Vous.

DINETTE TABLE

IN SPOTLIGHT, Callie sits at the dinette table, drinking and laughing with IMAGINED FRIENDS as Ida approaches with a BOTTLE OF WINE and an APRON. Both women act out what Ida sings.

IDA (CONT'D)
 YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WENT DRINKING
 WEDNESDAY NIGHTS
 I WAS THE GIRL POURING DRINKS BEHIND THE
 BAR
 TOLD MYSELF IT WAS JUST THOSE DIM, OLD
 LIGHTS
 'CAUSE YOU NEVER ONCE LEFT A TIP IN MY
 JAR

AND I FELT SO SMALL
 THE MINUTE YOU SAW ME
 YOU DIDN'T SEE ME AT ALL

Callie snaps back to real life and tries to confront Ida.

CALLIE
 What? No. That isn't -

IDA
 STILL I WOULD SMILE, POUR YOU WINE, AND
 BRING YOU BEER

MEGAN TRICK enters, face in shadow, as she sits across from Callie at the table. Callie looks at her, drawn back into the memory.

IDA (CONT'D)
 STILL I FELL HARD AS THE TIME TICKED ON
 BY
 YOU DATED AROUND, I REALIZED YOU WERE
 QUEER
 YOU LOOKED AWAY WHEN I TRIED TO CATCH
 YOUR EYE

Ida pours Callie wine as she leans into Megan's shadow to give her a KISS. The spotlight goes out.

Ida turns away and Callie and Megan disappear from view.

IDA (CONT'D)
 AND I FELT SO SMALL
 'CAUSE THE MINUTE YOU SAW ME
 YOU DIDN'T SEE ME AT ALL

Ida turns back to see Callie of the present sitting on the bed, listening to her with tears in her eyes.

IDA (CONT'D)
 WHEN YOU CAME TO MY SHOW, YOU OPENED YOUR
 EYES
 I DIDN'T NEED TO ACT OR PUT ON A DISGUISE
 YOU SAW ME, YOU SAW ME

I THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD LEFT, BUT LITTLE
 DID I KNOW
 YOU WAITED BY THE DOOR, SAID "I LOVED
 YOUR SHOW"
 YOU SAW ME, YOU SAW ME

Callie rises and slowly approaches Ida as she continues
 to sing.

IDA (CONT'D)
 I THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD LEFT, BUT LITTLE
 DID I KNOW YOU WAITED BY THE DOOR, SAID
 ...

Callie's arms wrap around Ida.

CALLIE & IDA
 "I LOVED YOUR SHOW"

IDA
 YOU SAW ME, YOU SAW ME

The two pull apart, just enough for their eyes to meet.

IDA (CONT'D)	CALLIE
NOW I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU	I SEE YOU NOW
DON'T UNDERSTAND	

IDA	CALLIE (CONT'D)
THERE'S NOTHING THAT I	
WOULDN'T GIVE TO WIN THIS	
SHOW	
FIGHTING LIKE THIS IS NOT	I KNOW YOU NOW
WHAT I HAD PLANNED	

IDA
 I'M BUYING MY SEAT AND I'VE MADE MY
 CHOICE TO GO

THE MINUTE THEY SEE ME
 THE MINUTE THEY SEE ME-

CALLIE
 You're gonna die, Ida. If you don't, /let
 me help you ...

IDA

If I can't compete in Vegas, I might as well be dead.

Callie pulls away from Ida.

CALLIE

Then I might as well leave.

Callie waits for Ida to say something, to stop her.

She doesn't.

Callie walks out.

The door SLAMS shut and Ida is left alone. Ida glances at her half-finished dress and then at the pictures of her and Callie at the beach smiling at her, mocking her from the night stand.

INT. ONSTAGE — BURLESQUE CLUB — NIGHT

(Evening Delight Reprise.)

Ida, in her new costume, saunters on stage. She poses, flawless.

IDA

ARE YOU READY TO SAVOR A FLAVOR I PROMISE
WILL BLOW YOUR MIND?
COME IN FOR THE NIGHT AND I'LL SHOW YOU A
SNACK
I EARNED MY DIPLOMAS IN SUGAR CANE COMAS,
AND SOON YOU'LL FIND
I'M THE ONLY SNACK THAT EATS YOU BACK

The crowd goes WILD!

But Ida's heart starts to RACE, beating LOUD. She falters, closing her eyes.

IDA (V.O.)

CALM. THINK OF ...

Ida looks out into the audience. Her eyes find the empty seat in the crowd where Callie sat during Ida's last act.

IDA (V.O.)

Callie ...

The BEAT OF HER HEART grows LOUDER!

IDA
 I'LL LET YOU WHIP THE FROSTING
 I'LL LET YOU LICK THE BEATER
 BE BOLD, BE BAD
 COME BE A DIET CHEATER

Ida sweats, but forces herself to straighten her back and continue the act.

IDA (CONT'D)
 I'M SO GOOD IT HURTS
 GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS
 LET ME TREAT YOU RIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 COME TAKE A BITE
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 TASTE ME TONIGHT
 I'LL BE YOUR EVENING DELIGHT
 (Breathless, almost a
 whisper.)
 ALRIGHT ...

The CROWD ROARS for "MORE" as Ida struggles to hold it together for ONE, TWO more LOUD BEATS.

She looks at Callie's empty chair one last time before ...

CLOSE ON: IDA'S PALE FACE

Her eyes roll back into her head as she falls backward – Black Swan Style – then ...

BLACKOUT.

The SOUND OF THE SEA fades up through the darkness.

END.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

HEAVY HEART is a 15-minute musical screenplay, inspired by my interest in burlesque and its more-inclusive beauty standards. Like many, I have struggled to maintain a healthy relationship to food and my body my entire life. I thought this piece was a great space to explore how one's personal struggles with self-love and acceptance not only affect one's physical health, but also the health of one's relationships. I'm so grateful that Makena and Angela were attracted to this story and wrote the beautiful lyrics and music for the piece. – Hannah C. Langley

AUTHORS' BIO's:

Hannah C. Langley (book) is an emerging playwright, screen and television writer from Valencia, California and a proud member of EST/LA's New West Writers Group. Known for tackling political

topics on a personal scale, Hannah's work was chosen and featured three times by the Fountain Theatre's Rapid Development Competition—winning with her play, *Monsters Are Made*. Her play, *Losing My Religion (in 140 Characters or Less)* received a workshop production at USC, staged readings at Cypress College and the Pasadena Playhouse, and was recorded as a podcast by *At the Table: A Play Reading Series*, featuring Tony nominee Isabel Keating. The play has since earned semifinalist status in both The Road and Sanguine Theatre NYC's summer play festivals. Her screenwriting credits include Lifetime's *Psycho Nurse* (formerly known as *Munchausen by Internet*).

Makena Metz (music and lyrics) is an LA native who writes fantasy, sci-fi, and magical realism for the page, screen, and stage. She studied theatre at Columbia College Chicago and is a proud member of DGA & ASCAP. In 2020, Makena wrote her debut novel *Deeper Than Bone* and won NaNoWriMo for her second novel *A Whisper of Magic*. She was excited for her short play *Death Bites* to be presented in The Lincoln Center's Virtual ADA30 Celebration and she was also selected for the Institute for American Musical Theatre's inaugural IAMT CREATORS Certificate Program in Musical Theatre Writing. Additionally, her pilot *Theo's Grand Adventure* (Semifinals) and her feature script *Alba and The Underworld* (Quarterfinals) were selected as part of the 2020 ScreenCraft Animation Competition. Makena is a graduate of New Musicals Inc. CORE Curriculum for Musical Theatre Writing. Follow her on twitter or instagram @MakenaMetz and find her work on NPX!

Angela Parrish (music and lyrics) is a Los Angeles-based songwriter, composer, record producer, and multi-instrumentalist. She is known for her vocal work on projects such as Florence + the Machine, Jimmy Kimmel Live!, and the film *La La Land*. Most recently, Angela co-wrote original songs for the 2020 film *Chance* starring Matthew Modine, one of which was nominated for a Hollywood Music in Media Award. She is the vocal producer for the BBC/Disney series "Chuggington" and is working on several upcoming projects due for release in 2021.

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