



GAIETIES 1989  
**DON OF THE DEAD**  
An Original Musical Comedy

by  
**RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY**

Premiered November 15, 1989

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1989

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**STANFORD**  
UNIVERSITY

## Gaieties 1989: Don of the Dead

### The "Weird Shit Happenin' Here" Teaser

*Oh joy, the orchestra finishes off its cute little overture. Nice try guys, don't feel too bad. Now we have the Green Library Entrance/Exit desks. Our hero, er, uh, villain, Psychoclicker, is clicking people into Green Library... or is he?*

*The voiceover begins with a bell arpeggio (just like at the beginning of the PA announcements in Grease).*

**Voiceover:** Attention Students: Green Library will be closing in 4 hours. The loan desk will be closing in 3 hours 55 minutes. The New York Stock Exchange closed up 14 points today in heavy trading, the American Mind closed in 1980, and Denny's never closes!

**Psychoclicker:** I.D.? *click-click* I.D.? *click-click* I.D.? *click-click* I.D.? (*obviously spoken*) CLICK-CLICK.

**Jill:** Hey, you didn't click me in!

**Psychoclicker:** You're wrong. I did click you in.

**Jill:** I distinctly heard you say "click-click".

**Psychoclicker:** What's the difference anyway?

**Jill:** You're the clicker guy -- you click people in to the library -- it's your job!

**Psychoclicker:** (*Evil laugh...and he kidnaps her as the curtain opens to a big spooky, smoky library scene, with people studying, milling around etc in the smoke -- and thus we get a big song and dance number about how there are weird disappearances occurring on the campus...*)

**Song:** "Weird Shit Happenin' Here"

### The Overly Specific Character Introduction

*Scene: Tableau. That means that there are four separate scenes frozen, waiting to happen (as soon as the lights come up on them). The scenes are: Bianca being threatened by two other students (Myssi and Syssi); Ingrid with a couple of rather liberal-looking hippie types; Ralph with a stern old Stern office woman; and Chryssi with a couple of Draw people. Also Walter w/ harmonica at stage center, but he doesn't have a tableau... they all come to his tableau. Lights up on the first tableau, which springs into life, full of warmth and vigor. Not really, it's Bianca et al.*

**Myssi:** That's it Bianca! Syssi and I have had it with you!

**Syssi:** Yeah. I don't want to hurt your feelings or anything Bianca, but Myssi and I...hate you.

**Bianca:** I'm crushed.

**Syssi:** Do you always have to be so sarcastic?

**Bianca:** *(totally sweetly-sarcastic)* Ohh, I'm sorry -- am I being sarcastic again? I promise to try harder not to!

**Myssi:** There you go again! Why can't you just be like everyone else in Branner?

**Bianca:***(sarcastically serious)* Because Branner sucks.

**Syssi:** You're such a...a...a...NONCONFORMIST!

**Myssi:** Face it Bianca, this triple isn't big enough for the three of us!

**Syssi:** Here's your stuff *(each of them tosses a hangerful of black clothing to Bianca and stand shoulder to shoulder waiting for her to get out)*. Now get out.

**Bianca:** *(sarcastic)* Thanks. You two have been great. And by the way -- I replaced your birth control pills with Pez.

*(Myssi and Syssi's jaws drop and their eyes bug out. Bianca walks calmly to the center of the stage.)*

*Next tableau:*

**Ingrid** *(meticulously folding clothing and putting it into her valise):* I can't stand this anymore! I hate the Draw! If it were run on the capitalist system I could have bought a better number and none of this would have happened! Instead I end up here in Synergy, rooming with a goat! And the food -- wheat bread, wheat germ, wheat thins! Oatmeal, oat bran, oat burgers! What the hell is an oat burger?!?

**Sid Synergy:** C'mon Ingrid, don't you realize what you are gaining by living in a cooperative ecosystem? You're milking cows, tilling the soil, building fences -- you're becoming one with the environment!

**Ingrid:** No I'm not. I'm becoming a farmer. Look, if I want to become one with the environment, I'll go to Club Med. As for right now, I'm moving out.

**Cathy Columbae:** Are you sure Ingrid? I mean, where'll you live? What will you eat?

**Ingrid:** *(sarcastically)* I'll camp out -- I'll forage for nuts and berries -- it won't be that different from living here! *(cool and confident)* But not to worry -- I have plastic. *(she opens her wallet and a long row of cards flips out in one of those plastic things; she storms to center stage)*.

*Next Tableau:*

**Stern Stern Lady:** Mr. Eldridge, you have listed on your damage report form that your room had a "man sized hole in the wall, "a map of Australia painted into the carpet, and that your light fixture had been replaced by "a mirrored disco ball." We appreciate the humor, Mr. Eldridge, however listing excess damage in advance is a violation of the Fundamental Standard! (*evil chords!!!*)

**Ralph:** C'mon lady, everybody lists excess damage on those forms! I just didn't want to get stuck with a huge bill at the end of the year when -- I mean if I broke something accidentally -- you understand... don't you?

**Stern Stern Lady:** Yes Mr. Eldridge, I understand. Everybody does do it -- but you got caught. And so you must serve as an example.

**Ralph:** I'm...I'm...

**Stern Stern Lady:** In deep doo-doo, Mr. Eldridge, deep doo-doo. I'm afraid you're out of housing. Stern is no place for people like you.

**Ralph:** Stern is no place for people. Period!

**Stern Stern Lady:** Here's your tent, Mr. Eldridge. Good luck!

*(Ralph shuffles to center, dejected).*

*Next Tableau:*

**Debbie Draw:** Welcome to the Draw! (*she holds out a hat*) This year's theme is "Hats!"

**Chryssi:** Hats? No Disney? No universal studios?

**Debbie Draw:** What's wrong with hats? Consider yourself lucky -- our second choice was Dante's Inferno!

**Chryssi:** All right, all right. Hats is nice. I'll draw now. (*draws a number*) Oooh! (*she pulls the end of a roll of adding machine paper out of the envelope: it just doesn't end -- it's really really really really long. Huge. Big. So where were we?*)

**Debbie Draw:** You drew 237! 237 times 10 to the 7th! That's **really** bad!!!

*(XTV guy runs up)*

**Xavier XTV:** Hi there Chryssi! I'm Biff from XTV! You just drew the worst number in draw history!! How do you feel about that?

*Chryssi decks him. Walks to center stage.*

*The leads are now all at center stage (did I mention this is all in front of the red?). Walter has been sitting there all along. Lights up on center stage.*

[DITTY: "It Sucks To Be Out Of Housing"

*Walter does not sing, he just accompanies on his harmonica. The leads do sing, but do not accompany. Each has his/her own verse whining about their out-of-housing-ness. Maybe individual chunks o' music join together. Maybe lyrics are like:*

*"I never liked them anyway"*

*"Wheat thins are for Sandy Duncan"*

*"You won't catch me standing out in a field"*

*if I stayed there much longer, I'd have congealed."*

*"Damages, damages, damages, damn!"*

*"Two thirty-seven, sixty-four, ninety-eight... [all of Chryssi's singing is her draw number, she continues singing throughout the whole song... it's a really long number, eh?]"*

**Bianca:** *(goes up to Walter, and says sarcastically):* Enjoying the sixties?

**Walter***(nods):* Heeeey. I'm Walter.

**Bianca***(sarcastically) :* I'm sure you are.

**Ralph:** Hi, Walter, how did you get boofed out of housing!?

**Walter:** Housing? They kill trees to make houses. Bad trip. My home is wherever I put down my stuff and get in line.

**Bianca:** Yeah, I've often felt that way. Life: an endless series of lines, and everyone's trying to cut ahead just so they can pay and get out.

**Ingrid:** Line? What line might we be talking about?

**Walter:** The Dead. I'm waiting in line for the Dead. I **live** for the Dead. All I want from this year is to see the Dead.

**Chryssi:** Oh Walter, don't be ridiculous! The Grateful Dead play in the spring!

**Walter:** I **really** want to make sure I get tickets. See, I missed them last year, cuz I was in Stanford in Nicaragua.

*Daily guy walks in.*

**Daily Guy:** Daily's here! Get your Daily!

*The assorted characters bloodlustfully swarm around the Daily like a school of pirhanas and scarf 'em up. The frozen characters get theirs and run off. The last few copies go to desperate hands in the Orchestra Pit.*

**Walter:** The Daily. Wow. I've never read it. Is it cool?

**Ralph:** No, but the columnists always have really stupid pictures!

*And of course, now we get the entrance of....*

**Release Guy** (*joke: his fingers are being singed by the hothothot Releases*): Hot hot hot! Release's here! Get your Release! It's hot hot hot! Hot... hah... hot! Ow, ouch, ow!! *Drops the stack in great pain.*

*Everyone on stage looks down from their Daily for a second, shoots an evil glance at the Release Guy, and go back to his/her quality journalism. Note that the stack of Releases will remain exactly where it has been dropped for THE ENTIRE SHOW. Perhaps they will begin to rot onstage.*

**Chryssi:** Hey! Look at this, guys! There are four students reported missing!

*Characters look up from their Dailys, and get a DING! lightbulb effect in realization... except Ralph. So it goes DING!, DING!, DING!, Clunk?.*

**Ralph:** I don't get it.

**Ingrid** (*patronizing and emphatically*) : There are four missing students, Ralph, and four of us.

**Ralph:** You mean... we're going to be missing next?

**Bianca:** Empty spots, Ralph! Empty dorm rooms that need to be filled with living, breathing, thinking individuals. In **your** case, two out of these three might do.

**Ralph:** So, we go to the Res Ed office and find out the details -- let's check it out! Tally Ho! (*Ralph marches off triumphantly*).

**Chryssi:** Res Ed? Why would we go to Res Ed to get housing?

**Walter:** Why not?

**Chryssi:** Ralph! Ralph! *(she follows him)*

**Walter:** Don't stress. He's on a roll. *(he exits)*

**Ingrid:** He's on something. *(she exits)*

**Bianca:** I can already tell I'm gonna love these people. *(she follows, too)*

### **The Rather Evil Residential Education Scene**

*Scene (behind the big red curtain of doom): The Res Ed office / Supton's workshop. It's kind of like the office scenes in "Brazil": Fast, busy working music excites lots of people looking very busy doing very useless things in bad light. Lots of phones ringing, frantic writing, virgin sacrifices, etc. Several boxes of papers are being passed from worker to worker. Occasionally, someone does something with a paper or two in the box. You know how it is.*

*There's a big ResEd banner saying "Welcome to Res Ed -- Now Go Home". Perhaps the audience will be able to read it.*

*Somewhere downstage, a student is strapped down to a table and has mucho electroshock paraphernalia plugged into him. ResEd grand Puston sits down next to him, pencil in one hand, electrodeath control (big switch, eh?) in the other.*

**Puston:** Good afternoon, Bob. As you know this is the first round of R.A. interviews. Just sit back and relax, I'm going to ask you a few questions. Don't worry about all these wires, and please, don't be afraid to be completely honest.

**Bob:** Great, I've really been looking forward to this.

**Puston:** So, Bob... why do you want to be an RA?

**Bob:** Well, Ms. Puston, next year will be my junior year, and I'm going unguaranteed, so I really need hous...

*Puston pulls switch... hence abbreviated as **BZZZZTTT!!!!!!***

...I want to be an educator! An educator and a role model for my fellow students. I feel I have a lot to offer the dorm and especially since I'm 21 now, I figure I can... **BZZZZTTT!!!!!!**... drive them up to the city to see the opera!

**Puston:** Well done, Bob *(now ShiskaBob)*. Now, when did you decide you wanted to become an RA?

**Bob:** Well, I was tripping at the last happy hour the Alpha Deltas had before they lost their house... **BZZZZTTT!!!!!!** I mean at the "Fire Within" program. I really felt the fire within, and I was moved, really. Let me tell you, there was this awesome frosh-babe about two rows up and I

said to myself "Geez, those frosh RA's sure have the pick of the crop". And I figured, hey, I could get in on that action... **BZZZZTTT!!!!!! BZZZZTTT!!!!!! BZZZZTTT!!!!!!**

*Bob is now going into convulsions, smoke starts to pour out of various bodily orifices, etc. Our own little Motley Crüe has wandered onto stage from the Stage Whatever entrance. By the way, Chris, we just wanted to remind you that there are no little romances developing amongst the very very busy workers, who by the way are still working very busily.*

**Chryssi:** What are they doing?

**Bianca:***(sarcastically)* A picnic, Chryssi. They're having a picnic.

**Puston:** All right, thank you very much, Bob. Call next Tuesday to see if you have any second-round interviews. *[Bob staggers off, Puston turns to our leads. Bianca sits up on the table and begins hooking herself up to the electrodes and turning the switch slowly up. As the characters speak, they must jump on each others lines otherwise this will be way too slow]* Ah, you must be the reporters from Newsweek On Campus!

**Ingrid:** No we're not, we're here for housing.

**Puston:** Yes of course, your magazine is very informative. Now, I want to show you something, the culmination of my life's work. It should make a fine little feature story! *Puston takes them over to the covered cube (or else it's rolled over). She motions to two busy drones to get in the goddamn light already.* This invention of mine should solve the problem Res Ed has every holiday season with non-secular dorm decorations. The vast diversity of our student body makes it virtually impossible to please absolutely everyone. Year after year we have struggled to find some way of bringing the warmth of the holiday season to the entire Stanford community. We believe that we have finally found the solution. Biff, Mary! *The drones rip off the covering, revealing a 6'x6'x6' translucent cube)* This is the official prototype for the Residential Education non-offensive, non-sectarian, non-religious, non-sequitur, non-fat **HOLIDAY FUN UNIT!!** *Whole office stops their work and applauds...Then big silence...*

**Ralph:** So? *Shocked drones stare at the infidel Ralph.*

**Puston:** So??!! Why... this is the wave of the future! The slate of the times! Picture, if you would, a kinder, gentler holiday spirit in our dormitories. Franz, Helga! Activate the Unit! *Two more drones, Franz and Helga run up to activate the Holiday Fun Unit. The cube glows, flashes, emits happy laser beams, and begins to emit joyous, if tuneless, beeps and boops to celebrate mankind. Biff, Franz, Helga, and Mary join hands, sigh, and wipe a tear from their eyes. They begin to skip around the cube, singing "la la la la la la, la la la la la." (perhaps to the tune of "The Smurfs", or else "Sweet Child O' Mine"), motioning for the leads to join them.*

**Ingrid:** You've got to be kidding.

**Chryssi:** C'mon, you guys. Look at how much it means to them...



**Ralph:** Heck, I like to dance. *He grabs their hands and they start to circle around the cube and sing, at first half-heartedly, but soon enough they really get into the joyousness and wildly gallop about, singing loudly, etc. Walter dances in his own unique way, in his own unique space in a reggae-esque style like he's at a Dead concert. It has to end eventually...*

**Puston:** Right! That's enough! *Biff, Franz, Helga, and Mary immediately cease romp & frolicking, push the others aside, deactivate the unit, cover it, and go back to work.*

**Walter:** That... was really spiritual. It was beautiful.

**Ingrid** (*fixing her hair*): That wasn't half bad. You know, with a little advertising, better packaging, a nice fat seasonal mark-up, we could make a killing with these things.

*Bianca walks over to our enlightened foursome.*

**Ralph:** Hey Bianca! You missed out on a really good thing over here.

**Bianca** (*sarcastic*): A good thing? A good thing, Ralph? Was it a good thing or were you horribly tricked into misleading yourself?

**Chryssi:** Actually, it was pretty fun, Bibi.

**Bianca:** (*gets in Chryssi's face*) Don't EVER call me Bibi! My name is Bianca. Well did you bundles of fun find anything out about our housing?

**Walter:** Housing? Oh yeah, housing. What about the Dead?

*(Chryssi begins to address Puston, but Ralph cuts her off)*

**Ralph:** Let me handle this, Chryssi. (*Begins to speak with a confidence which fades quickly to cowering fear as Puston stares him down*) We're here to find out about housing!

**Puston** What?

**Ralph** A place to live. We don't have a place to live.

**Walter:** Or Dead Tickets.

**Ralph:** But we heard there are some missing students.

**Puston:** (*Louder*) Missing?

**Bianca:** (*morbidly cheerful*) Or dead! (*Walter perks up!*)

**Ralph:** Well, anyway, they're uh not around and...

**Ingrid:** *(Pushing her way to the front)* And that sounded like walk-on spots to us. So where do we pick up our keys?

**Puston:** Right! Well... as I was saying... *drones drag two naughty students onto stage, who are kicking and screaming all the way* *The Puston turns to the drones.* Is there something I might help you with?

**DRONE GUARD 1:** We were leading a meaningful discussion on how CIV has transformed Stanford into a bastion of cultural awareness when we caught these two posting....flyers!!!! *Hands stack of flyers to Puston.*

**Ralph:** What do they say?

**Puston** *(reading ominously):* Party. Ten o' clock.

**ALL DRONES:** GASP!

**RANDOM DRONE 1:** Uh oh, here comes ASSOCIATE DEAN OF STUDENT AFFAIRS... Michael Jackson!!! *Underscoring starts here, it's the song "Bad" by Michael Jackson (the other one, dammit) The basic intent of the song is "You're Bad" -- MJ accuses the troublemakers of all sorts of terrible stuff.*

**RD 2** *(to the two troublemakers):* Oooooohhhhhh... you're in trouble!!

*Drone crowd parts to reveal ADOSA Michael Jackson impersonator, as RERS (Real effeminate rock star) Michael Jackson, with silly jacket, bad hair, etc. He launches into the parody song here, with the drones and the unlikables joining in on a M.J. video style dance . During the dance break the Psychoclicker conspicuously emerges a few times and steals at least a few of the chorus. This can be really funny -- use big sacks, nooses, axes, chainsaws, lassoes, etc. etc. etc.*

*[THE SONG GOES HERE, ending with "You're out of housing!"]*

*DGs take the naughty students away. MJ spins offstage, presumably for another hit of estrogen. Drones, on some cue, resume their insanely busy working.*

**Puston:** Right then. Where were we? Ah, yes, right over here in our robotics division we have the Res Ed "You Better Make a Difference" public service enforcer*(The Puston begins to walk toward stage whatever where the enforcer presumably is)*

**Walter:** *(Approaching the wing that hides our non-existing robo thing and staring off-stage in wonder)* Wow. . . an enforcer dude.

**RoboVoice from offstage:** You must come to the House Meeting. You have 20 seconds to comply.

**Ingrid:** LOOK! We don't care. We don't want to see your robot. We don't want to make a difference. We just want to find housing, OK?

**Puston:** Housing! Why didn't you say so! Why, that's downstairs in the housing office!

*Bianca goes up to the Puston and grabs her by the brooch and takes her over to the machine.*

**Bianca:** 10,000 volts says you can help us right here.

**Puston:** (*shaken up*) Actually, perhaps I can try to help you right here.

**Bianca:** Good.

**Chryssi:** See, we heard that there were several students reported missing, and since we have no housing, we thought it would be fun to walk-on to their spots!

**Puston:** Ah! Most unusual! This is a special case; before these particular spots can be made available for walk-ons, the presumed missing students simply need to file a "Missing Student Form", indicating that they are indeed missing, that will remain missing for the entire academic year, and that they will not be requesting a refund of their \$50 housing deposit.

**Ralph:** That sounds like a lot of paperwork. Isn't there any other way?

**Puston:** Well, if they were to be found dead, they wouldn't need to fill out the form and we could open up the spots immediately.

**Ingrid:** Now there's an idea!

**Chryssi:** Ingrid!

**Puston:** Well, there you have it. Glad to have been of assistance. Now if you'll excuse me... Franz! Helga!

*The busy music starts up again, as Puston and the drones get moving even faster. The red curtain comes down again slowly, leaving the Unlikables out front. Yipeee.*

## **Tour Guides from HELL**

*(OK, maybe they're from HECK. It's pretty hard to say for sure)*

*Scene: In front of the red. The curtain has just come down behind them. Walter has a daily. There's something in the Daily -- something big. We'll tell you later.*

**Ralph:** So here we are.

**Chryssi:** With a bunch of missing student forms...

**Bianca:** ...and no dead students. Bummer.

**Ingrid:** This is getting ridiculous. We need to organize this operation. We'll form a search committee. I, of course, will be the chair. In time, you will all submit proposals for how best to begin the search, and I will choose accordingly. So, as for the first meeting... *(Ingrid whips out her big schedule thing.)* how about next Thursday?

**Chryssi:** Why don't we just look at the Daily and split up the names. There are only four. We should be able to find them pretty easily. Walter, could I see that paper for a sec?

**Walter** *(looks at paper, then back at up them, wondering what they might want with the paper he's been playing with):* Sure, if you want it. Anyways, I'm done with it...

*Chryssi picks up the paper, and it has in fact been turned into an incredibly ornate cut-out peace sign (really ornate... lots of frills and stuff he couldn't have done in the last 2 minutes.... so this is obviously the work of a Ram's Head techie who slaved for hours for this one visual joke.*

**Bianca:** Nice work, Walter. Learn that in Comm 1?

**Ralph:** Damn. OK, our Daily is now -- uh -- art. Maybe Release has some valuable information. *(all characters look at stack of Releases, then at each other).*

**All:** Naaah.

**Chryssi** *(rotating and contorting the peace symbol in an attempt to read):* Wait, don't give up yet. I think I can still read a few of the names. Let's see... some guy named Oliver Oxenfree who's a CS major... and... Stan Drofnats who lives on the row. OK, Walter, you can have this back, but don't forget the address, okay? *(returns paper to him)*

*Enter the overly enthusiastic tour guide with her tour group. The tours enter the stage from alternating left and right sides, as one group exits, the next appears.*

**OETG:** Hello, and welcome to the Leland Stanford Junior University! And I'm Bunny, your enthusiastic tour guide!

**Tour Victim 1:** Wait. I thought Stanford was fully-accredited; is this really a junior university?

**OETG** *(flustered. Beauty never takes well to scrutiny)* Uh, um, well gosh, if it's in the name, it must be, huh? I guess we just take four years because the weather's so nice. I mean, you can go windsurfing here... for credit! Now, come let me show you where we buy our fro yo!

**Walter:** Check it out, a tour. The Dead tour. Maybe they're touring with the Dead. I'm following this.

**Ingrid:** Wait, Walter! *(turns to other three)* Look for Oxenfree, I'll go with Walter and try to find Drofnats.

**Bianca:** Meet us at the Coffee House tonight!

*Ingrid catches up with Walter and the tour and they exit. The remaining leads are lucky enough to be left on stage long enough to get to deal with...*

**SRTG** (*Stanford Review Tour Guide, with 3-pc. suit, cowboy hat and briefcase, with wacky southern accent, leading his tour group*) Hello, my name's Peter Prescott Norman and I'm your tour guide today. I'm only taking this job because the Stanford Review doesn't pay me for my fine journalism and efforts to rid the farm of the godless Communiss' menace. Up ahead on the left is the English department, followed further ahead on the left by Old Union. Also on the left is the president's office, along with the ASSU. Quite to the left is the Political Science department. Way, way off to the left is the Modern Thought and Literature offices. And way out in left field is the Stanford Daily. Oh, for Christ's sake, **everything at this goddamn university is off to the goddamn left!!** Except for them good ol' boys at Hoover, which is just ahead... to your right. (*by this point, they've left the stage... tee hee.... off stage left! Ha ha!! OK, what are we left with in this scene? Ha! I kill me!*)

**Bianca:** Too bad Ingrid missed out on this guy, huh?

**Ralph:** Look out! Here comes another tour!

**ETG** (*existential tour guide*): Now, up ahead, you can see Tresidder Memorial Union, on my right. Which is your left. But then again, how do I know that my right is your left? When you think about it, I'm only imposing my experience on what I perceive to be your point-of-view. And really, how can I be sure that any of you actually exist? And if you do, how can I know that the way that I see the color blue is the way you see the color blue...

*(one of the Tour Victims shoots him with an elephant gun. This tour victim is actually the Jungleground tour guide, who now takes control of the tour, à la Alexander Haig. Suddenly the air is filled with the sounds of the jungle: monkeys and birds and shit. One of the tour victims throws the kill over his shoulder as they march off.)*

**JTG** (*did you remember to put a pith helmet on this guy? Thank you*): Well, you never know what'll happen here on Stanford University "AdventureTours". I'm Jim, and I'll be taking over from here. Up ahead, you'll notice the infamous Mayfield Avenue, otherwise known as... **the row**. There are a lot of fraternities along this trail, but not to worry, they're perfectly safe as long as you don't see any of them up on the roof.

**Tour Victim 5:** Aieeee!! What's that? It's something up on the roof!

**JTG:** Uh oh (*draws*) it's one of those wild but pesky fraternity creatures. *Shoots. Body (no, not a mannequin, a real actor) drops from above, attired in SAE sweatshirt. Splat. It's an SAE -- and his fly was open. (little jungle tour guide helpers in khaki run out on stage and drag the SAE off as the tour group leaves).*

*Next Tour: Midget Pirate Tour Guide: Peg leg, eye patch, cutlass, hook, two parrots.*

**MPTG:** Arrrrr! Avast mateys! Batten down yer hatches and hoist yer mainsail for our plundering and pillaging Stanford tour! Off to the port side tis our prize possession, the very very big and tall Hoover Tower! Arrrrrr Arrrrr! *(all look up at Tower, including the tiny Pirate, who lifts his eyepatch to see better. Suddenly -- PsychoClicker emerges with a very big and thus very funny hammer. He weaves his way to the front of the tour, bops the very small and light Pirate on the head, puts him over his shoulder and starts to leave. If Ram's Head is too cheap to build/buy a midget, then perhaps you can just have the PC drag him by the foot or hair).*

**The Whole Tour Group:** Hey! Where are you going? What about our tour?

**PC** *(Has no idea what he's gotten into):* What? Uh ohhhhh. *(dragging Pirate along with him, he takes control)* As I was saying -- welcome one and all, to Stanford. Yeah, this is, uh, sure is Stanford, isn't it? *(begins to speak quickly, trying to get this over with and appear capable)* And there's a building over there. And there are some people in it... and they're doing things that people do here. In buildings. Look! Another building! Maybe it's a library, or perhaps classrooms. We have lots of buildings like that.

**Tour Victim 3:** Excuse me, what's that large statue of the man sitting down with his head on his hand?

**PC:** Uh, it's, it's... oh wait I know this, I know this. It starts with a T. Uh, The Talker. The Toucher. Wait, maybe it's not a T. The stressed-out guy. The Pusher. The Butcher, the baker... the candlestick maker. No, wait, Candlestick... the arena in Oakland. It's Manute Bol, running back for the Oakland A's.

**Chryssi:** Excuse me, Mr. Tour Guide, would you happen to know a guy named Oliver Oxenfree?

**PC:** *(panicked aside)* Oliver Oxenfree! *(regains composure and a Tommy Flannagan impersonation, to boot!)* Yeah...sure I do! He hangs out at...LOTS all the time. With my girlfriend. Gretchen Carlsen -- whom I've seennaked!

**The Whole Tour:** *(all lean forward, amazingly interested)* REALLY?

**PC:** *(still impersonating Flannagan)* Sure!

**Chryssi:** Hey thanks! C'mon, let's head over to LOTS. *(Chryssi, Ralph, and Bianca exuent)*

*Lights down.*

### **LOTS III**

*The drop to rises revealing the interior of LOTS-III There is a helper/consultant cubicle upstage, dead center, with one well-dressed consultant typing away. On the left and right sides of the cubicle are long rows of tables that have been cubicled off into computer stations, completely*

*with geeky little hackers. In other words, no one in the audience should mistake this for the Coffee House. On the other hand, a large LOTS-III banner may be useful.*

*(Ralph, Chryssi, and Bianca enter. They fan out in search of Oliver Oxenfree, pulling geeks out of their cubicles and comparing them to the picture in the Daily. It might be funny to have all the geeks look more or less alike.)*

**Ralph:** Oh, gross, it's "Night of the Living Dead" in here.

**Bianca:** I don't know, I think it has a certain desperate ambience.

*(Ralph and Chryssi give Bianca a weird look, then continue searching.)*

**Ralph:** Look, let's leave -- Oxenfree's not here, and this place is giving me the creeps.

**Chryssi:** Don't be such a cheesehead, Ralph! *(suddenly)* Hey! I just had a great idea!

**Bianca:** *(Momentarily enthused, and taking a large voodoo doll out of her pocket)* Does it involve voodoo rituals? *(She stabs the doll, and a random geek jumps out of his seat with a yelp.)*

**Chryssi:** No.

**Bianca:** *(totally bummed)* Rats...*(puts the doll back in her pocket.)*

**Chryssi:** Remember that Oliver Oxenfree was-

**Ralph:** Don't you mean "is"? We don't know for sure he's dead...

**Bianca:** *(sarcastically)* Think positive, Ralph. You do want housing, don't you?

**Chryssi:** Ssssh! As I was saying, Oxenfree's a Computer Science major, which means...

**Ralph:** He's celibate...

**Bianca:** And he's never read anything deeper than Batman...

**Chryssi:** And he's got a computer account!

**Ralph:** So what?

**Chryssi:** *(doing impersonation)* "So what?" So, you sillies, Computer Science majors never leave their accounts for more than three hours at a time! If we can hack onto his account-

**Bianca:** *(not really excited, but willing to finish the sentence to keep the ball rolling)* -we can find out approximately when he disappeared, and maybe what he was doing. Whoop-pee. So, how are we going to do this, anyway?

**Chryssi:** Well, I-

**Ralph:** Stand back, this is a job for a CS105 student! *(Ralph sits down at a terminal, and starts typing at slightly-faster-than-a-turtle's pace.)*

**Bianca:** Oh yes, this should be entertaining --

**Ralph:** Ah ha...And...Oh No! *(frustrated and upset)* Shit Shit Shit!!

**Chryssi:** You can't get into the Computer Science Database?

**Ralph:** *(still really frustrated)* No! I can't get this stupid Robot to pick up the damn beeper!

*(Chryssi shakes her head and Bianca looks up, totally frustrated with the whole thing. Chryssi takes Ralph's place at the console and lights turn from our heroes to a geek trudging a huge program to the helpers'/consultants' cubicle. A cascade of paper trails behind him.)*

**Geek:** Excuse me?

**Helper:** *(he has a British accent)* Yes?

**Geek:** Are you a CS106 helper?

**Helper:** Yes.

**Geek:** Could you help me with my program?

**Helper:** Hmmm, let me see *(he grabs program, as thumping intro music starts, and the Robert Palmer Sexually Uniform Dancers emerge from helpers' cubicle. It turns out the helper is Robert Palmer, doing a Gaieties cameo because he loves us so much. He also sings this song. Somewhere past the first verse the PC pops out and drags off a Robert Palmer Girl, maybe by her huge gold loop earring).*

Addicted to LOTS *(the long version)*

You don't sleep, you don't date,

Your Mac is your mate,

You hang out here, with your kind,

You're in a dweeby state of mind

You start to talk, you speak Pascal,

Your thoughts are di-gi-tal,



Your screen blinks, your disks grind,  
Another hour and you'll be blind,  
You'd like to think that you're an average fuzzie, oh yeah,  
It's closer to the truth to say you can't hack enough of  
And you're gonna have to face it you're addicted to LOTS  
Might as well face it your addicted to LOTS,  
Might as well face it your addicted to LOTS....

*a pause in the song as the Geek approaches Robert Palmer...*

**Geek:** Please, Mr. Palmer, please help me!

*(Palmer looks at program, shows it to the Robert Palmer Sexually Uniform Dancers, who all kind of shake their heads in that stoned-out, Robert Palmer Sexually Uniform Dancer kind of way. Robert snaps his head back to face the Geek, the music suddenly changes to that other song Robert Palmer does...)*

**Helper:** This program's uncomputable,  
The problem's irreducible,  
The proof is irrefutable,  
So sit down in your cubicle.

*(Palmer kicks Geek back into his cubicle, the music stops suddenly, and returns to the first song.)*

You'd like to think that you're an average fuzzie, oh yeah,  
It's closer to the truth to say you can't hack enough of  
And you're gonna have to face it you're addicted to LOTS  
Might as well face it your addicted to LOTS,  
Might as well face it your addicted to LOTS....

*(Robert Palmer Sexually Uniform Dancers, who were sauntering their way back into the booth during the last bit, drop out of sight. Palmer wipes his hands, smiles, and returns to his booth. The lights go back to our heroes.)*

**Bianca:** Well? Have you found anything?

**Chryssi:** Only that Oliver Oxenfree lived in. <whatever house has block tix>

**Ralph:** Oh, so he had no social life whatsoever..

**Bianca:** Can we go? I don't want to miss the masculine poetry reading at the Coffee House.

**Chryssi:** I guess. I only wish we had been able to find out more. Maybe Ingrid and Walter had better luck finding Drofnats.*(They get up and head out towards stage whatever-they-came-in-from. Chryssi pauses to reflect aloud -- so the audience can hear it)* It's almost as if someone had erased all the interesting information from his account...

*At the opposite end of the room, the Psycho-Clicker peers out of a cubicle, leers, and laughs a maniacal laugh that could raise the dead.*

**550-something:**

*(Which takes place in front of the drop. Two doors are slid out onto the wings (or not) as the drop is dropped. Michael and Elliot are in front of one door, which has a potted yuppie plant next to it. Hope and Nancy are in front of the other one. Walter and Ingrid are on "that little chunk of stage near the staircase".)*

**Ingrid:** Walter?

**Walter:** Grid!

**Ingrid:** Where's the big Mercedes symbol you made out of the Daily?

**Walter:** Grid, that wasn't a Mercedes symbol, it was a sign of international peace.

**Ingrid:** Whatever. Where is it?

**Walter:** I sold it in White Plaza -- but I can make you another!

**Ingrid:** I don't want another. I want to know Drofnats' address -- which was printed on the left prong of your so-called "peace symbol"!

**Walter:** Oh, no problem. I remember where Stan lives. Dude lives at 550-something.

*(cue "thirtysomething" theme music. Lights on big "fivefiftysomething" sign. Lights on Michael and Elliot. Michael is wearing suspenders, and looks Italian. Elliot is a redhead, with a beard,*

*and his clothes are just a little off-center. Oh fuck it. Watch the show. They're playing nerf basketball. This continues for a few seconds, until they collapse in front of the door, pull a couple of bottles of Evian (the 24 oz jumbo-economy yuppie size) out of their backpacks, and begin to gritch and moan in typical yuppie style.)*

**Michael:** Oof, I shouldn't have had all that pasta salad for lunch.

**Elliot:** Oh, sure, talk about pasta salad, while Nancy and I are breaking up again! What about my needs, Michael?

**Michael:** Elliot, I think you're overreacting. Maybe if you tried to be a little more...

*(Michael and Elliot freeze, stop talking, or something so the focus shifts to Hope and Nancy. Nancy finishes Michael's line.)*

**Nancy:** ...uncaring and thoroughly inconsiderate!! I mean, Elliot doesn't consider my needs at all, Hope. Just last week we were thrown out of Club Uj because he insisted on wearing his sneakers! I was SO embarrassed. Of course, you wouldn't know anything about this, since you and Michael have the perfect relationship.

**Hope:** Well maybe you should just have a nice hot...

*(Focus shifts from Hope and Nancy, to Walter and Ingrid as they make their way to center stage.)*

**Ingrid:** Yak! The carpet in this dorm is 100% Tibetan Yak! It's like something out of Architectural Digest!

**Walter:** Yeah, or like something you'd see on Lifestyles of the Rich and Uptight. *(Walter spots plant in Michael and Elliot's room and begins to head towards it, hence missing Ingrid's next line.)*

**Ingrid:** Oh, so you do watch television? *(Ingrid watches Walter's butt as he walks across stage.)*

**Walter:** Oh wow, a ficus tree...

*(Walter is now at the plant. He grabs one of the Evian bottles, and waters the plant.)*

**Michael:** Hey, we paid good money for that water!

**Elliot:** Yeah, it's French! *(turns to Michael)* It is French, right? *(Michael shrugs and holds up his hands to indicate he has no clue).*

**Walter:** Hey, I'm sorry, it's just that this plant looked thirsty.

**Elliot:** Would you mind leaving? Michael and I are in the middle of an intense emotional scene, and you're getting in the way of my angst.

**Walter:** Sorry, I was just wondering if you knew Stanley Drofnats...

*(Elliot turns to Michael, winks. They clearly see this as an opportunity to make fun of the non-yuppie Walter.)*

**Elliot:** Stan Drofnats? *(they begin to mock his hippyness)* Oh, yeah sure Dude, we know Stan Drofnats...

**Michael:** Sure...Stan's really...uh...groovy! I think he went to sit in at Kennedy's Office...

**Elliot:** *(condescending)* Like a protest -- you know?

*Michael and Elliot feed off each others mocking of Walter, building to a massive hippy-grilling crescendo!*

**Michael:** No, no Elliot -- wasn't he was going to Synergy to feed the chickens?

**Elliot:** Oh right on Michael! And he was going to tie-dye his underwear

**Michael:** ...at Flo-Mo...

**Elliot:** ...where the Grateful Dead are playing...

**Michael:** ...a homeless benefit concert for..

**Elliot:** The Alpha-Delts!!!!

*They break into hysterical laughter!!*

**Walter:** Really? The Dead are at Flo Mo? *Walter begins to cross to center stage, not paying attention to them anymore*

**Michael:** Sure! Good luck!

**Elliot:** Vegetable rights and peace! *(holds up two fingers in a peace sign. Turns to Michael)* Hey, where did Stan go, anyway?

**Michael:** I don't know. Probably went to Green Library to study again.

*Ficus-- er Focus shifts to Hope, Nancy, and Ingrid, who are eating from a communal 4-gallon vat of Haagen Daaz, which Janet will not be popping out of, despite a heated debate.)*

**Hope:** Gawd, I'm glad we have Haagen Daaz and truffles with every meal here at FiveFifty-Something.

**Nancy:** I know what you mean.

**Ingrid:** *(wiping her ice cream-besotted face)* So, what did you say you drew to get in here? *(Walter arrives, saving this scene from a lame punchline.)*

**Walter:** Hey Grid, I just found out that Drofnats went to FloMo.

**Nancy:** Is this a friend of yours?

**Ingrid:** *(jumping to her feet.)* Yes. I mean No. Let's go Walter! *(She takes him by the arm and whisks him away, embarrassed to be seen consorting with Walter. Ingrid and Hope pick up the Haagen Daaz and walk offstage)*

**Nancy:** So what was I talking about?

**Hope:** Your needs. . .

*( Prop doors are surreptitiously withdrawn from wings. Drop rises. )*

### **Food Disservice**

*(Which takes place at a FloMo dining hall/kitchen. As curtain opens a line of random FloMites marches across the staage towards the card punching table in one corner, behind them are the kitchen workers, who work busily but silently during the introditty...)*

**Random Flomites:** FloMo, FloMo, it's off to eat we go,

Munch, munch, slurp, slurp, munch munch slurp belch,

FloMo, FloMo FloMo....

*(As Flomites arrive at puncher table where there is already a big line and they slow to a halt.)*

SloMo, SloMo, we're moving in SloMo

Waughwaugh *(goes into a Charlie Brown adult-type voice.)*

**Card Puncher:** Get in line, get in line! Plenty for everyone! One at a time! One tray each!

*(The workers begin to be audible. There are literally tens of hasher-types are scurrying around busily. The Head Hasher is ordering them around. Busy music is building in background, sort of like that music in 50's grade school movies about the liver. There is a chicken squawking in the background.)*

**Head Hasher:** *(as a very loud cross between Julia Child and the drill sergeant in "Gomer Pyle", perhaps. )* All right! Let's see some movement here! Jenkins, puree the cabbage! Sikowsky, mash the spuds! Baines, kill that chicken! *(a cat screech pierces the ear, er, air, and we are blessed with the Return of the Scared Kid.)*

**Scared (Sacred!) Kid:** Boss?

**Head Hasher:** Yessss?

**Scared Kid:** It's faculty advisor night, remember? *(everybody stops what they're doing, and looks to the Head Hasher for guidance.)*

**Head Hasher:** Oooooooh...poop. All right darlings, it looks like we're gonna have to do this by the book...Goldfarb, get the candelabra! Springsteen, wash the tablecloths! DuBois, prepare the vichyssoise! And Gonzales, get the machine that goes *(cheezy little card puncher machine sound that isn't really a "ping", but is more of a "bink".)*

*(all the hasher types take off their stupid little FloMo food service beanies, and put on chef's hats. Head Hasher says something that leads into big wonderful song which has the general theme of "We Are Your Food Service, Doing A Job For You." The song begins with the line "God, I'm a hasher, a hasher hashes," --Debbie insists-- but it stops there, **right Debbie?** At the bridge of the song Walter and Ingrid should walk in and sing something plaintive about their quest for Stan Drofnsats and Dead tickets. The last verse should feature FloMites singing about how much better this food is than the glop they get served most nights, and express the opinion that maybe they should have advisor dinners more often. During this last verse, Ingrid and Walter should be working the room, comparing people's faces to the picture in the Daily. I shouldn't even have to mention that the whole number will feature lots of people dancing around with food trays, so I won't. )*

*(The song ends with all the FloMites holding their food trays triumphantly over their heads. Surprisingly, the food doesn't fall off, because it's glued on. When the music ends, the FloMites drop into their seats, and start talking. Focus goes back to Walter and Ingrid, who have met back at center stage.)*

**Walter:** I'm sooo bummed.

**Ingrid:** You couldn't find Drofnsats either?

**Walter:** No, it's not that. No one's even heard of the Dead here. They're all into some group called "SLE."

**Ingrid:** *(peevd)* Well, this is getting us nowhere. The others will be waiting for us at the *(she shudders)*, Coffee House. I swear, we're never going to figure this mess out. *(PC emerges from giant soup tureen and giggles maniacally)*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

### **The Scene Before the Flashback Scene**

*Scene: Front of Red. Supposedly this is Green Library. That means that a big red curtain in the background will not reinforce this point. So, maybe we need a different background. If possible,*

*turnstiles and desks for the clickers to sit at and admit people. Two lines of people -- one going in, one going out. People going in all have their ID's ready, except for the last person in line, who is frantically searching all over his body and elsewhere for it. People going out all have backpacks that get checked. There are a few LSJUMB members in line to get in. They're in uniform and have their instruments. Two big study library police, sunglasses on, stand next to the exit with their arms crossed. They're just waiting for someone to try and steal a book...they live for it.*

**Voiceover** (*smooth, Disneyland voice*): Attention students, the Government Documents Library will be closing in 55 minutes. Please check out all materials at this time. Green library will remain open until midnight.

**Psychoclicker:** I.D.? *click-click*

**Exit clerk:** Backpack?

**Psychoclicker:** I.D.? *click-click*

**Exit clerk:** Backpack?

**Psychoclicker:** I.D.? *click-click*

**Exit Clerk:** I.D.?

**Psychoclicker:** Bac-- STOP THAT! (*continues to click people in*)

**Exit Clerk:** (*searching through a backpack*) A ha! What's this? A secret compartment, eh?

**Lisa Fragner:** No! that's where I keep my pencils!

**Exit Clerk:** Sure you do. And what else, huh? (*guards step forward on either side of her*) You know what this means. (*she screams "no no no, not the search etc!", the guards lift her by the arms, her legs flailing, and carry her off*). Next please. (*lights down on exit clerk, up on PC*).

*During the following voiceover, people continue to pass through, one student exits with a huge stack of library books, untouched. Probably because the exit clerk is reading the paper and just waving everyone through.*

**Voiceover:** Attention students, in the unlikely event of a water landing your seat cushion may be used as a flotation device. In case of sudden library depressurization -- hey give me that (*sound of a scuffle for the mike*) Hey students this James Brown -- HEH! I in jail -- jump back, kiss myself! -- Get me out!! HEH!

*(last student to enter library is still searching for ID)*

**Psychoclicker:** I.D.?

**Student:** I'm sorry, I can't find it. I have a room key.

**Psychoclicker:** This is Green Library, not Sigma Chi.

**Student:** Sigma-- wait -- you know me! I met you at a party last week.

**Psychoclicker:** *(maliciously sweet)* Did you? Oh, yes. Of course. Well I suppose I can let you in just this once, since you are such an old friend. Can I trust you?

**Student:** Sure you can! *(behind the desk, puts his arm around PC, buddy buddy like).*

**Psychoclicker:** Do you trust me?

**Student:** *(hesitant, questioning)* Um...Yeah...I guess. What do you mean?

**Psychoclicker:** I mean I'm kidnapping you! *(big struggle behind the desk, arms and legs appear and disappear over the top, heads alternate up and down, etc etc etc. They emerge together, PC has the student tied up in some way).*

**Student:** Why are you doing this?

**Psychoclicker:** Why am I doing this?

**Student:** Why are you doing this?

**Psychoclicker:** Why am I doing this?

**Student:** Why am I doing this?

**Psychoclicker:** Why are -- STOP THAT! If you shut up a second I'll tell you -- we are *friends*, right? *(He gets that faraway look in his eyes)* I remember it like it was yesterday....*(tinkling wind chimes, as the curtain opens)*...

### **Flashback!**

*Scene: Flashback to the Bookstore. The scene is very 1940's and is reminiscent of old 40's B&W movies (people in grey and white, lights sort of sepia-tone) Psychoclicker, steps into the scene, narrating. The scene is, of course, the Bookstore. You were expecting something else? There should be cash registers, counters, and nothing that looks like big grey pyramids.*

**Psychoclicker:** I used to be an ordinary student -- if you call pre-med ordinary -- until that fateful day I walked into the bookstore for a book -- was that too much to ask?

*(singing, 1-3-5)*

**Andrews Sister Clerk #1:** Hello!



**Andrews Sister Clerk #2:** Hello!

**Andrews Sister Clerk #3:** Hello!

**All Three ASC's:** Welcome to the bookstore!

**Andrews Sister Clerk #1:** May we help you?

**Psychoclicker:** Yeah, I need a Chemistry textbook.

**ASC's:** Ooooo! Big spender! Oh Larreeee, bring out the 31!

**Larry** (*the friendly stock boy*): Here ya go! (*he wheels it out, it's huge. Leatherette cover, gold leaf embossed "Chemistry" on the front, and measures about 3x4 feet.*)

**Psychoclicker:** This is my textbook?

**Larry:** (*describes it like it were a sports car*) This isn't just your textbook, friend, this is the textbook -- the most modern, up to date volume there is: gold embossed, full leatherette cover, and an index like you wouldn't believe. Reads real smooth, too. She sure is a beauty, eh?

**Psychoclicker:** Uh, yeah, I guess. What'll it run me? (*takes out checkbook*)

**Andrews Sister Clerk #2:** \$1891.00...plus tax, license, and delivery.

**Psychoclicker:** (*aghast*) HOW MUCH????

**Andrews Sister Clerk #3:** You heard her kid -- fork it up!

**Psychoclicker:** I don't have that kind of cash -- not here, not anywhere! (*he runs back to the student he was kidnapping, grabs him by the collar*) But I needed the textbook -- how was I going to study for the midterm? I had to have it! What could I do, what, what?

**Student:** I don't know! I don't know!

**Andrews Sister Clerk #1:** Well, what's it going to (*sings*) be?

**Andrews Sister Clerk #2:** be?

**Andrews Sister Clerk #3:** be?

(*Enter Chet, the proverbial evil Cal guy -- he too is very 40's -- he is attired in blue and yellow. He pops up behind the counter next to the Andrews Sisters and sings the octave*)

**Chet:** BE? (*Chet's entrance is underscored by a smooth piano and drum tune that continues to the song coming up...*)

**Psychoclicker:** Who are you?

**Chet:** Call me...uh...Chet! Chet (*points out his nametag*), your friendly Bookstore purchasing agent.

**Student:** He's Chet. He's the friendly Bookstore purchasing agent.

**Andrews Sisters** (*singing*): He's Chet the friendly Bookstore purchasing agent, oooo wah!

**Psychoclicker:** I can hear

**Student:** Yeah, but can you see? He sure doesn't look like he belongs in the Bookstore. (*to the audience*) He looks like he belongs at--

**Chet:** (*snarling, to the student*) You keep out of this! (*friendly as can be to PC*) Now, now, now. It seems you are having, how shall we say, financial difficulties?

**Psychoclicker:** Yeah. I need that book. Real bad, Chet. Real bad.

**Chet:** Have I got a deal for you. You can have that book.

**Psychoclicker:** Have it? You mean, for free?

**Chet**(*puts his arm around the Psychclicker and smiles*): I didn't say that, my little red arboreal Palo Alto dwelling friend.

**Psychoclicker:** Well what do you want for it? I'm desperate.

*Spotlight on Chet. He pulls out a blue and yellow top hat and cane and goes into a soft shoe salesman song:*

### **Song: Gimme Some Soul**

*Part I: Chet sings about having book, PC wants the book, Chet wants PC's soul, PC isn't going to need it anyway because he's going to be a doctor, and we all know doctors have no souls, they have them removed in med school.*

*Part II: Anguish. Psychoclicker is tormented by his need for the textbook and the prospect of selling his soul to the bookstore.*

*Part III: Redeem your soul with the Bookstore Rebate. Dancing Andrews Sisters with big ol' rebate envelopes.*

**Chet:** So you see, my Cardinal clad foothill farmboy, there's nothing to worry about: your soul is perfectly safe and entirely redeemable through the generous bookstore rebate plan! Simply fill

our special giant-size rebate envelope with 100 friends, and you get the purchase price back -- your soul!

**Psychoclicker:** But...but that means I've gotta ask 100 people to give up their souls!

**Chet:** No one said you had to ask them, but that's your problem now!

**Student:** *(To the audience)* Oh my God, I'm going to be turned over to Chet the weenie bookstore purchasing agent by a souless pre-med psychoclicker!

**Psychoclicker:** But, aren't rebate envelopes due in a couple weeks? And anyway, how am I going to get an envelope that big through the slot in the box?

**Chet:** No need to worry about that, old bean. This is a special case -- I'll come and pick up the envelope myself, wherever it's most convenient for you. As for deadlines, let's not trouble ourselves with those. I'll- I mean theBookstore - will give you an extension. Let's just pick a completely meaningless and random time next fall... say, the night before Big Game? Don't you see, it's all so simple.

**Student:** *to audience* One hundred Stanford souls to be delivered the night before Big Game?! Chet must be planning to ... to... NO! NO! I can't even say it!

**Psychoclicker:** Well, gee, I don't know. But that problem set is due tomorrow. . . O.K., I'll do it. Where do I sign?

**Chet:** *(takes out a clipboard)* Right here. No no no, *(insidiously)* use the red pen. *(PC signs)* Fine, fine. We'll have that book delivered right away.

**Psychoclicker:** Thanks Chet. I think. *(Chet chuckles, evilly, as the curtain closes and PC returns to the captured student)* So that's the story. Big Game is only a few days away and I've almost reached my goal. And it's all been so easy. As long as I don't click you into the library *(he demonstrates)* , no one will ever miss you if you don't come out...it's like you were never here *(PC titters evilly ; picks student up, shuffles him across the stage)* Now, don't struggle, please...I hate it when I have to get messy.

**Student:** You -- you're insane! You'll never get away with this!

**Psychoclicker:** That's what you think. Look. *(pushes the student offstage)*

**Student:** No...no...NO! NOT THE ENVELOPE!!!!

FINIS.

**Koffee Haus**

*Which takes place in front of the drop and is situated at the Coffee House. Strangely, everyone except our heroes are dressed in black, just like Bianca. Bianca, Ralph, and Chryssi are already at a table as the scene opens. A poet sits on one wing of the stage. He looks like an All-American type, complete with bright red high school letter jacket, but he's playing the bongos.*

**Poet:** Thank you, thank you. Welcome to the Coffee House. Now, I'd like to read my latest composition, a work I call "My Harley and Me":

My Harley (*bongo*)

Me (*bongo*)

Bigstrongmassivemachinesglisteningboldly (*bongo bongo bongo*) (*Ingrid and Walter arrive at this point.*)

Me (*bongo*)

My Harley (*bongo*)

Ineverknewlovelifesexuntilihadyou (*bongo bongo bongo*)

Me My Harley (*bongo bongo*)

Whoneedswomenanyway? (*bongo bongo ad nauseam*)

Thank you. (*scattered applause. Light comes down on poet, up on table with our reunited heroes.*)

**Ralph:** So, did you find anything?

**Walter:** No, man, it was a total bummer trip. I didn't even find any Dead tickets. (*Walter goes to accompany the poet.*)

**Ingrid:** How about you?

**Bianca:** (*annoyed at having her attention drawn from the poetry*) It was a complete waste of time, just like this whole inane search.

**Ralph:** I guess it's time to head back to the tents.

**Chryssi:** In case you hadn't noticed, it's raining and forty degrees outside. (*Thunderclap sound effects, storm noise, storm music, a special up on the stack of Release magazines that is **still** there*) Sleeping outside would be really stupid.

**Bianca:** At least we'd get points for consistency.

*(At this point, the Poet speaks a bit louder.)*

**Poet:** Why are the only guys I male-bond with jerks? *(bongo)*

Why aren't they like Joe Isuzu *(bongo)*

Or Robin Williams *(bongo)*

Or Dennis Green? *(bongo bongo bongo)*

**Chryssi:** Dennis Green? That's it! Green -- Green Library!

**Ralph:** *(totally enthusiastic and has no idea why)* Green Library!!!

**Chryssi:** Its chairs!!

**Ralph:** Its chairs!!!

**Chryssi:** Green Library Chairs!!

**Ralph:** Green Library Chairs!! *(Bianca smacks Ralph on the side of the head.)* Hey!

**Bianca:** Shut up Ralph. *(to Chryssi)* What are you talking about?

**Chryssi:** You know those big comfy chairs that are really easy to fall asleep in?

**Ingrid:** You think we should spend the night in Green?

**Chryssi:** It's worth a shot. *(Gunshot -- poet falls over dead)*

**Ralph:** What was that?

**Walter:** *(pointing)* Dead poet.

### **Big Spooky Green Scene**

*(The scene you've all been waiting for: the BIG spooky Green scene.)*

*It's 11:45 pm. The red curtain rises to reveal Green again, the lights are up on the admissions counter in front of the unlit library set.*

*Psycho Clicker and Exit Clerk are at their usual positions. Most*

*people are exiting... because it is late, remember? Exit Clerk is occupied checking backpacks.)*

**Voice Over:** Green Library will be closing in 15 minutes. The loan desk will be closing in 5 minutes. Please check out all materials at this time. Permanecen sentavos, por favor. Please keep all hands and arms inside the car until the ride has come to a complete stop.

**PC:** The library is closing soon. Coming in a little late?

*(Ralph and Bianca say the following lines at the same time:)*

**Ralph:** We need to get a book.

**Bianca:** We need to get a photocopy.

*(They give each other one of THOSE looks. Simultaneously:)*

Ralph: Photocopy.

**Bianca:** Book.

*(Crowd roars.)*

**PC** *(says it THAT way):* Well, which one is it?

**Ingrid:** *(steps forward, business-like)* I realize it is highly unusual that a group of five would be traipsing into the library at such a late hour, but we are doing a group research project and it is imperative that we PHOTOCOPY a certain BOOK to ascertain our data.

**PC:** Alright, just remember you've got to be out by midnight. *(Turns to audience, maniacal laugh.)*

*(They walk through in THIS order: Chryssi, Ralph, Bianca, Ingrid, and then Walter. He clicks four of them in ominously. For Walter, he just says-)*

**PC:** Click, click.

*(Walter turns and looks at him and signals peace, then continues in with the rest of the group. The curtain rises.)*

*(Inside Green. Light goes up . Green is a big place with books. That having been established...Upstage is set with stack-like bookcases that are arranged so that the aisles open toward the audience. (i.e. - the audience is NOT looking at just a big horizontal bookshelf. For those techie types; don't get worried. We figure that all we need is about seven "things" on wheels that look like the ends of book cases. ) This will be convenient for a funky zombie dance entrance and such shit ...*

**Ralph:** *(Grumbly and kind of whiny like a sleepy kid )* I'm tired!

**Bianca:** *(in sickening baby-talk new mother voice)* Ohhh, does our little Ralphy need a nappy poo?

**Chryssi:** If I remember correctly, there are a whole bunch of those big, comfy stuffed chairs just around the corner!

**Ralph:** Sounds great to me.

*(They start to leave the stage.)*

*(Walter finds a large book. with, and I quote, "A weirdo-swirly cover.". Stops walking and starts to read the book, humming a little, turning it upside-down, whatever.)*

**Ingrid:** Aren't you coming Walter?

**Walter:** Hold on - this book is such a trip!

**Chryssi:** Let me take a look.

**Walter:** The pictures are really wild. Look, this one is a llama in a flowing, satin gown.

**Ralph** *looking at book:*. Looks like a coffee stain to me.

**Chryssi:** Wait a minute. It's a Rorschak psychological test. What you see in the pattern depends on your emotional state. I see ponies, look Bianca, what do you see?

**Bianca:** Hmmm. I see horses too, Chryssi; see, it's the four horsemen of the Apocalypse...

**Walter:** It's a llama. Definitely a llama.

**Ingrid:** That's really fascinating; Walter, I didn't know you were a psychology *afficionado*. I've always been intrigued by the inner workings of the mind.

**Bianca:** You? Who died and made you Carl Jung?

**Ralph:** Let's go guys, I need some sleep.

**Ingrid:** *(Obviously ignoring Bianca , she begins to come on to Walter with her voice - know what I mean??)* I think I'll stay here with Walter. I've been trying to expand my horizons for a long time now, and this seems like the perfect opportunity.

**Chryssi:** You do whatever you want, but I'm going to crash.

**Ralph:** Me too. Let's roll, Bianca.

**Bianca:** If I were to roll with anyone, Ralph - it certainly would not be you. *(The three walk off stage.)*

*Walter and Ingrid are alone on stage. Walter is engrossed in the book. Ingrid takes a deep, important breath and begins to undress, I mean, address him with her eyes.*

**Ingrid:** Walter, I think it's time we talk about us.

**Walter** *(Puts down book and looks up peacefully):* Yeah. Us. All of us. Spaceship Earth. That's cool.

**Ingrid:** *with intensity* No, Walter. Us. You and Me. I've been watching you closely, Walter, and what's more I know you've been watching me closely.

*Whether Walter has been watching Ingrid closely up to this point is debateable, however he is watching her now, although maybe not closely, maybe more sympathetically, or nonchalantly or paradoxically.*

The point is, Walter, that interest rates are rising on both our balance sheets, if you know what I mean. Our portfolios may not seem compatible, but its the high risks that bring the big payoffs! Let's consolidate; the time is perfect. Our resources are plentiful, our assets are liquid, our capital stocks are looking good and depreciation hasn't even begun to set in. I feel a merger on the horizon. Walter, I want to be your CEO of love!

*At this point Ingrid hurls her Shearson and Lehman bod at Walter's. Fantasy Island music begins. Walter responds somewhat in kind. Gradually, as Walter and Ingrid are mashing center stage, hypnotized, zombie, weird students file in from the funky stacks that are upstage and begin to form a pentagon or some other geometric shape around the face-sucking couple. Underscoring to reprise of "Weird Shit Happenin' Here" begins.*

**Ingrid:** *(coming up for air)* That was really cool. *(looks up and realizes they are surrounded by zombie students.)*...This is really weird.

**Walter:** That was really weird. This is really cool.

*(Zombies sing the beginning of the reprise to "Weird Shit Happenin'...")*

**Ingrid:** Who are they? They look like...*(frightened)* Zombies or...

**Walter:** Zombies in Gaities?

**All Zombies:** Gaities...We loved Gaities...Much better than " Chorus Line"...We're going to see it again and again...

**Walter:** This reminds me of when Zimbardo hypnotized my psych class and made us act like chickens,



*At this point, our zombies begin clucking and pecking the stage in their best chicken impersonations. Note to LaPuma - this will make for great audition material, no?*

**Ingrid:** *semi-horrified. At least mildly disturbed. Make them stop, Walter!*

**Walter:** *to the zombies* Stop.

*All chicken impersonations come to a complete halt. The zombies are vewy, vewy qwuiet...Ingrid looks at Walter in amazement and admiration. What a guy.*

**Ingrid:** Think of all the power that the person who controls all these people must have...( *Music comes down*). Look, Walter, it's Stan Drofnats - the missing student from FiveFiftySomething!

**Walter:** Whoa...and there's Oliver Oxenfree. Hey, Ollie, Ollie, Oxenfree! (*All zombies scatter about the stage. This may be a lame joke, but we can figure that out later.*)

**Ingrid:** Now we know where all the missing students are. I wonder what maniacal force could have drawn them here...

*Chet and PC come out on stage, perhaps with a burst of some "These are the Bad Guys" music for the more clueless or inebriated members of our audience.*

**Chet:** You will have the envelope ready for tomorrow night, won't you? With all one hundred students sealed inside?

**PC:** No problem, Chet. All I need is one more student. The situation is under control.

**Chet:** Terrific. I'll meet you here tomorrow night to pick them up and you'll get your soul back just in time for Big Game...

**PC:** Nothing's going to stop me now!

*PC starts to sing his song "Soul Salvation" about how he's only got one more to go...redemption is around the corner, etc.. Because this sounds so spiritual, let's make it a Gospel song!!! We can have the zombies echo PC's lines as only a super-duper-Aretha esque choir can do...This is also the place for our extremely talented choreographer to incorporate some lovely synchronized dance movements by the zombies. It might be nice (yes Jon, nice) to have the zombies start out kind of stiff and end up loose and swingin'. Amen! Note: there is to be no, I repeat, NO appearance by James Brown during this song, thank you very much...Heh!*

**Walter:** Dude, this guy isuncool.

**Ingrid:** You'll never get away with this.

**PC:** Sure I will, and you can't stop me because... *Big Dramatic Pause and then PC REALLLY LOUD* : GREEN LIBRARY IS NOW CLOSED!!! (*weird echo effect*)

*Blackness, utter blackness (and silence)*

*Lights go up. Ingrid is alone on stage. Ingrid wails a shill wail such as female wolves who have lost their lifetime mate to the cruel hunter often wail. Chryssi, Ralph, and Bianca respond by rushing back onstage, rubbing their eyes.*

**Ralph:** *(who else would have this line?)* Wow, what was that?!

**Bianca:** It sounded awful!

**Chryssi:** *noticing that Ingrid has stopped wailing and is standing silently building up immense internal anger* What happened Ingrid? Are you alright?

**Ingrid:** *starting low and intense and getting louder* HE"S GOT WALTER!!! *she begins to run in a mad frenzy upstage into Green. Chryssi quickly puts a quick sleeping hold on her and she falls into a docile lump.*

**Chryssi:** That will keep her quiet for a while, but we better get her out of here. If someone snatched Walter, they could be back for us next. I saw a side exit back where we were sleeping...Let's go!

*They follow Chryssi back offstage and the red goes down and we try to print this and get to the meeting.*

**What Now?**

*Scene: The big fluorescent curtain has just descended and our main characters (minus Walter) emerge in front of it (having just fled from PC and Chet).. Chryssi, Ralph, and Bianca deposit Ingrid on the stage (she's limp).*

**Ralph** *(really flustered)* : They've got Walter! They've got Walter!

**Bianca:** Very good Ralph -- care to elaborate?

**Ralph:** They...they...they've got Walter...in there...they have him!

**Bianca** *(unimpressed)* : Nice elaboration. But who has him -- that's what I want to know -- and the only person who can tell us that is this impeccably dressed but totally unconscious republican lump.

**Ralph:** Yeah. Great Chryssi. Use the vulcan death grip on our only witness *(indicating Ingrid)* -- now what're we gonna do?

**Chryssi:** Relax Ralph. She'll come out of it any second now. We just need something to wake her up. Something like smelling salts...something that will trigger a reaction in her brain...

**Bianca:** Here. How about a five dollar bill? *(she produces one)*

**Chryssi:** Not strong enough -- we need something bigger. Got a twenty?

**Bianca:** What am I, an automatic teller machine?

**Ralph** (searching his wallet): Does she take traveller's checks?

**Chryssi:** Let's see --- *(she waves the checks under Ingrid's nose)*

**Ralph** *(gently encouraging Ingrid to wake up)* : Hey Ingrid! The Dow is going up! You don't want to miss that, do you?

**Chryssi:** Good Ralph! *(she encourages Ingrid, too)* Oh Ingrid -- The Yen is falling -- the Yen is falling!

**Bianca***(bluntly)* : Look Ingrid, it's an SEC officer -- something about insider trading!

**Ralph and Chryssi:** Bianca!!

**Bianca:** Oops! I was wrong! It's the IRS -- and it's audit season!

**Ralph:** We're trying to wake her up, not give her a coronary!

**Bianca:** Speak for yourself.

*Ingrid starts to mumble and writhe a bit. A bit. Not a lot.*

**Chryssi:** Ssh! She's saying something!

**Ralph** *(eagerly)*: What? What?

**Chryssi:** It's something about Walter! And Green Library...

**Bianca** *(deadpan)*: Great. Proper Nouns. I'm really excited now.

**Ingrid***(aloud)*: Walter! Walter!

**Ralph:** What Ingrid? What about Walter?

**Ingrid:** Walter -- Walter -- tie dye me now!! *(she wakes up and stares at the other three who are now staring at her, startled by this outburst)* What are you all staring at? Where am I and how the hell did I get here?

**Chryssi:** It's okay Ingrid, we're just outside Green. You were, um, sleeping.

**Bianca:** In fact, you were talking in your sleep.

**Ralph:** Yeah! You said *(in a high voice)* "Walter! Walter! Tie dye..." *(Chryssi and Bianca smack their hands over Ralph's mouth).*

**Ingrid:** Walter!! They've got Walter!!

**Bianca:** Oh Jesus, not this again. *(Puts her hand on Ingrid's shoulder)* Chryssi, how do I make her go back to sleep?

**Chryssi:** Ingrid -- tell us what happened in there!

**Ingrid:** What Walter and I do together in private is none of your business!

**Ralph:** We're not interested in that -- well, we are interested in that, but first tell us who kidnapped Walter!

**Ingrid:** Oh. Of course. I knew that. *(fixing her hair and clothing)* Well, It was...well of course it was...I don't know.

**Bianca:** You don't know?

**Ingrid:** I don't know.

**Ralph:** Uh Oh.

**Chryssi:** What do you mean you don't know?

**Ingrid:** I mean I can't remember -- Walter and I were in the library together and then...

**Bianca:** And then?

**Ingrid:** And then I can't remember a thing.

**Chryssi:** The shock of Walter's kidnapping must have temporarily blocked her memory -- she has amnesia!

**Bianca:** Amnesia? Amnesia? You must be kidding. That's like the Brady Bunch -- or General Hospital -- or worse yet, Gilligan's Island...

**Ralph:** I like Gilligan's Island.

**Chryssi:** We have to figure out a way to get her memory back, or we'll never figure out who has Walter -- and maybe the other students, too.

**Bianca:** Couldn't we just hit her on the head really hard?

**Ingrid:** I'd love to sit and chat, but I don't have time. Walter's in trouble and I'm going to get him.

**Chryssi:** Don't be ridiculous Ingrid, we have no idea who has him or why. It could be really dangerous.

**Ingrid:** Big deal. I have this really large gun in the trunk of my BMW and I'm going to get it. I've been waiting to use this thing all year; got it cheap 'cause it was only used for one afternoon -- you remember Grenada?

**Ralph:** I lived in Granada freshman year. I don't remember getting a gun, though...

**Ingrid:** Shut up Ralph. *(spotlight on Ingrid. She's tossed a big gun from offstage. Fly in a big NRA banner, like one sees in magazines. Underscore next line with Battle Hymn of the Republic)* ... You see, I like the room clearing firepower one of these babies puts in my strong but feminine hands. There's nothing like the sense of security one has, knowing that one can kill several hundred people in a matter of seconds -- and with just one round of ammo. I'm Ingrid -- and I'm the NRA. *(she turns back to the group. Lights back to normal.)* Now then. You were saying?

**Chryssi:** I was saying we can't do this alone. The gun's nice and all *(gently takes the gun from Ingrid and tosses it back offstage)*, but I think you're responding a bit hastily -- This is no job for a woman and a gun. This is a job for...DonMan and Robyn!

*(After someone says "We need Donman and Robyn!", and the orchestra strikes the "Batman" theme, and the Bat-signal flashes throughout MemAud, Jon and Jen walk up to the front of the stage. The music peters out, and the searchlights come down on our head writers.)*

**Jon:** Hi, I'm Jon.

**Jen:** And I'm Jen.

**Both:** And we're the head writers of Gaieties.

**Jon:** We had planned for Don Kennedy and his wife, Robyn, to do a hilarious "Donman and Robyn" sketch at this point...

**Jen:** ...however, they're in Japan right now.

**Jon:** Fortunately, they sent us slides of their vacations.

**Jen:** Slides, guys.

*(Slides of the Kennedys doing stuff in Japan with funny commentary written by us, performed by actors)*

**Bianca:** Well, they were a lot of help. Now what? Rambette is still missing her memory. Could we hit her now?

**Chryssi:** It's not a physical ailment, Bibi...

**Bianca:** BIBI??? Where's the gun Ingrid? I'm blowing Chryssi's pretty little face off.

**Chryssi:** Bianca! I meant Bianca! Uh, as I was saying. Ingrid's block is obviously psychological. We need to take her somewhere where they have highly trained personnel who can give her professional help.

**Ralph:** The Bridge!

*Chryssi ponders this. It's not at all what she had in mind.*

**Chryssi:** Not exactly.

**Ralph:** *(with dopey enthusiasm)* We could try it, though.

### **The Bridge**

*Yes, the bridge. No Spade Fondue anywhere. Yay! The leads have decided to take Ingrid here for counseling to try to coax her out of her amnesia. We do a curtain up (or something) and end up with the main counseling desk at stage left and an unlit support group (sitting on big, fluffy pillows) taking up much of the rest of the stage. As the lights come up, we hear the compassionate Bridge counselor, Andrew, talking to someone on the phone. The leads, of course, don't have time for this...*

**Andrew:** Yes, yes, I understand. That's perfectly normal. So how did you feel after she burned your photo... I see... yeah, I know what you mean. Ooh, dead roses too, huh? Yeah, dead roses are rough. So what did you do next?

**Chryssi:** Uh, hello, excuse me, this is the Bridge, right? Can we get some help for our friend here?

**Andrew:** Whoa... uh, can you hang on a second *(puts phone down for a second)* Yes, this is the Bridge, but I'm busy with this call, so can you hold on until I'm done with this?

**Ralph:** Well, no. We can't

**Andrew:** Look, I can't help you until this counsel *(points at phone)* is finished.

**Bianca:** Gimme that! *(grabs phone)* OK, pal, what's your problem? *(pause - then with the usual sarcasm)* Ooooh, nooooo.... his girly-whirly left him all alone. And now he's gonna cry, because she's sleeping with another man... *(getting hostile now)* AS WELL SHE SHOULD! You're lucky she didn't wise up earlier! Face it, pal: **LOVE SUCKS!** *(slams down phone).*

**Andrew:** I don't believe you just did that. That was so insensitive.

**Bianca:** What? I took the class.

**Ingrid:** What were you? A case study? Oh, what are we doing here anyway? I'm getting out of here.

**Chryssi:** Wait a minute, Ingrid. *(to Andrew)* Look, do you handle amnesia cases?

**Andrew:** Amnesia is generally a medical problem and we don't deal with that kind of thing at the Bridge.

**Bianca:** That does it; we hit her on the head. Hand me that dictionary.

**Ralph** *(looking at books on desk):* Will the phone book do?

**Bianca:** You're next, Ralph.

**Andrew:** *(slowly and deliberately)* So who can't remember who he or she is?

**Ingrid:** I know perfectly well who I am. My name is Ingrid and I'm the one they dragged to this ridiculous group therapy pit because I was with... *sigh* Walter in the stacks of Green Library and he was kidnapped away from me and for the life of me I can't remember what happened next but if you would just let me call my analyst back home he'd give me a clean bill of health.

**Andrew:** Oh... so it would appear you are blocking out a traumatic experience, is that right?

**Ingrid:** OK, forget this. Gimme back my gun.

**Andrew:** Gun, you have a gun? *(panicked -- starts thinking aloud)* OK, OK, subject has a gun... What did they teach us? Uh, um, check for suicidal tendencies? *(to Ingrid)* Have you been very depressed recently? Have you written a note? Do you think you might want to hurt yourself?

**Ingrid:** What? No, of course not.

**Bianca** *(to Andrew):* Actually, I think you were more the target she had in mind.

**Andrew:** Oh dear. OK, OK, breathe deeply, stay calm. Unstable, angry, well-armed... what do I do? Bullhorn *(gets a bullhorn out of the desk, points it right at Ingrid and starts addressing her like on a police show or something)* Ingrid, we know you have a gun, come out quietly and no one gets hurt.

**Ralph:** A bullhorn? Neat! *(grabs it away and starts playing with it, starts addressing audience)* Welcome to the ASSU Sunday Flicks. Tonight's flick is "Indiana Jones and the Children's Crusade". Oh, wait, no. JOEL, get off the baby sitter!! Yeah, yeah! *(muffles voice on*

*this next one*) Uh, let's see, you had an Ultimate Cheeseburger, jumbo fries and an ice tea with a little bit of lemon?

**Chryssi** (*takes back bullhorn*): C'mon, Ralph, enough playing around.. *Puts it back on desk*. We're here to try to get Ingrid's memory back.

**Bianca**: Has a frontal lobotomy been considered yet?

**Chryssi**: I don't think that'll be necessary. Andrew here has everything under control. Right, Andrew?

**Andrew** (*still half-crazed*): What? Control? Where's my bullhorn?

**Chryssi**: You don't need the bullhorn, just calm down. Let me give you a nice.... shoulder rub.... just sit right down (*she should be at least remotely sensual about this*) OK, Andrew, how can we get Ingrid's memory back?

**Andrew** (*very relaxed. Think massage and hot tub and Windham Hill records here, kids*): Ooooh, yeah. Uh huh... Ingrid's memory. I don't know, you could just hit her on the head with something real hard.

**Bianca**: I knew it! I told you!

**Andrew**: Nah, just kidding. You could try to jar her memory through shared experience. Try one of the Bridge's therapy groups, people who are just like...

*WHAM! Lights up on the therapy group... the leads drift over there as we find that the 550something characters (among others) are there in counseling...*

**Nancy**: Squid! And Elliot tried to pass it off on me by calling it "calamari". He pays no attention to my needs!

**Keith the group counselor**: Now Nancy, is an hors d'oeuvre really worthy of such hostility?

**Cameron**: I sympathize entirely. I wouldn't eat anything out of 20,000 leagues under the sea.

**Elliot**: Oooo. A literary allusion. I'm floored. Really.

**Keith**: Tsk tsk tsk! No room for hostility! Okay -- everyone: deep breaths!

*The whole group breathes exaggeratedly and our main characters approach the group. One of the group puts his hand up. His name's Dave.*

**Bianca**: Look. Darth Vaders anonymous.

**Keith** (*without stopping his big breaths or opening his eyes*): Take a seat. Or a cushion.



**Ralph:** Do you have a bullhorn too?

**Keith:** What's the trouble here, friends?

**Chryssi:** Our friend Ingrid's having trouble with her memory.

**Keith** (*noticing Dave's raised hand*) : Yes Dave?

**Dave:** I'm feeling very threatened Keith. Very threatened by these new group members who haven't been properly introduced according to group rules.

**Keith:** Okay new people, introduce yourselves, first names only.

**Chryssi:** Chryssi.

**Ralph:** Ralph.

**Bianca:** Fuck you.

*Group begins their exaggerated deep breathing again.*

**Ingrid:** Could we speed this up a bit?

**Hope:** (*To Ingrid*) Hey! I recognize you -- you came by just this afternoon with your strange hippie friend!

**Ingrid:** (*sighs*) Walter!

**Elliot:** Walter? Hey, Walter's the guy who fed all our Evian to the ficus tree! Right Michael?

**Nancy:** As if that mattered -- you're always just filling the Evian bottles up with tap water and putting them back in the fridge!

*Elliot collapses his head in shame.*

**Elliot:** That's right Nancy, go ahead -- expose me!

**Keith:** I'm sensing some real emotion here. Let's explore these feelings with some word association. I'll say a word and then each of you respond with the word that first pops into your head, alright? I'll begin now: LOVE

**Michael:** Me

**Hope:** Me

**Nancy:** Me

**Elliot:** My needs

**Dave:** My mother...I hate my mother (*turns to Elliot*) You look like my mother

**Chryssi:** Family

**Bianca:** Feud

**Cameron:** Love. A seething whirlpool of despair that sucks all life into it. Two people meet. Nothing clicks.

**Ingrid:** Clicks! Click Click! (*Bong! Big chord*)

**Cameron:** And you're left in the middle of a dark, evil, pointless life. It goes by too fast and leaves you with nothing but a vapor trail. Like a jet.

**Ingrid:** Jet? Jet -- Chet! That guy's name was Chet! (*Bong! Next big chord*)

**Cameron:** And then suddenly you're swallowed. Absorbed. Enveloped.

**Ingrid:** Enveloped...enveloped...envelope! OH MY GOD! (*Bong! Biggest chord of all!*)

**Chryssi:** What is it Ingrid? What's wrong?

**Ingrid:** I've got it now! I remember! While Walter and I were in the South stacks I remember seeing that bizarre portal monitor...you know, the guy who clicked us into Green? Anyway, he was conspiring with this disgusting Berkeley person named "Chet." (*Big Music!*)

**Bianca:** Chet?

**Ingrid:** Chet! And Chet's got this clicker person collecting Stanford students and holding them in the bowels of Green -- that's where all the missing students are.

**Bianca:** Great. I have the missing student form right here!

**Ingrid:** Not so fast. Apparently, this psychotic clicker is going to extract the students' souls, put them in a giant size rebate envelope...

**Ralph:** Rebate envelope? You mean like the Bookstore's rebate envelope?

**Ingrid:** Exactly.

**Chryssi:** But the bookstore doesn't offer a rebate on souls. So that means...

**Ralph:** That this Chet guy has duped Mr. Clicker into kidnapping innocent Stanford students' souls for him and he's going to use them to...I can't say it. You say it Chryssi.

**Ingrid:** Enough talk!! They've got Walter in an envelope and I for one am going in after him! Where'd you put my gun?

*(Begins heading offstage)*

**Chryssi:** Now, Ingy, I thought we'd decided the gun was not the answer...*(she pulls out a pistol)* ...but it's close enough for partial credit.

*Bianca follows Ingrid offstage . Ralph and Chryssi follow. Goodbye.*

### **Finalé Flambé Scene**

*FINALE: Stylized assault. They come out (f.o.r.) heavily-armed, one at a time to some ominous background music (like the beginning of Star Wars or Superman or something equally immense and written by John Williams) each turns sharply and faces the audience. Each carries a weapon of some significance. Ingrid, of course, has the AK-47 she had earlier. Bianca has a whip. Chryssi now has a crossbow. And why not? Ralph has a funnelator.*

**Ralph:** Okay. This is it. What are we doing? Chryssi?

*During this exchange Ingrid is obviously impatient. She really wants out of here and into the action.*

**Chryssi:** Here's the schematic: *(roll out a chalk board with pre-drawn diagrams. )* This *(she points with her weapon -- maybe one of those red laser light things. Yeah, right.)* is the entrance to the steam tunnels. We enter here, *(points again)* follow the tunnel straight ahead for 74 meters, take the left turn and the first vent overhead leads straight into the South Stacks.

**Ralph:** Is that where the Psychoclicker hands over the students to Chet "The Evil Cal Guy"?

**Ingrid:** That's where they were when...Walter and I were...Yes. That's it. There's no way they could have moved that envelope so quickly.

**Ralph:** So where exactly do we come out?

**Chryssi:** Do you really want to know? *(she braces herself to tell them)*...Well, you know those lockers that grad students use to keep books in?

**Ralph:** You're kidding...

**Chryssi:** Nope. *(She flips the chalkboard over -- it's a big picture of the lockers)* That's it. That's where we come out.

**Ingrid** *(impatient as all get out):* Let's go.

**Ralph:** Go? What do we do when we get there?

**Chryssi:** Right. We can't go in without a plan! We need to be organized!

**Ingrid:** NO! THIS ISN'T FILE CABINETS AND FOLDERS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!  
THIS IS WALTER!!!!

**Bianca:** I don't mean to spoil anyone's fun, but has it occurred to you that Walter would advocate non-violence in this situation?

**Ingrid:** But that's what's so wonderful about Walter. He doesn't know what's good for him.

**Bianca:** WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM? HE'S A PLANT! What's good for him is water, sunlight, and dirt!

*(They're in each other's faces. Big tension. Ralph & Chryssi look back and forth like in a tennis match)*

**Ingrid:** Take that back, you whining bohemian bitch!

**Ralph** *(loud and excited, says Jon):* **GIRL FIGHT!** *(The three women appear ready to beat the heck out of him.)* Hey, just kidding.

**Chryssi** *(Stepping in between Ingi and Bibi, who are still staring each other down.):* I don't mean to intrude, but if we don't do something now, Walter and all those other innocent students will be whisked off to Berkeley faster than you can say...

**JANET** *(in perfect time to finish Chryssi's sentence):* HI! I'm Janet from the 21st century, and I've come here to examine life from the perspective of the Stanford student of the 1980's!

*La Babamba music begins, but is almost immediately superceded by the familiar opening notes to "Jaws". A shark fin appears from the pit.*

**ROY SCHEIDER** *(blowing whistle from juliet) :* Everybody, OUT OF THE ORCHESTRA PIT!! *Sure enough, actors dressed in bathing suits and carrying big inflatable pool boats, lounges, beach balls, surfboards, etc. begin running from the pit. The big giant mylar shark fin passes across the front of the pit and Bianca pushes Janet in. Mannequin limbs, fake blood and water fly out, culminating with a blond wig. Janet bites it (get it?). Our heroes run back on to the stage and look at one another, as if bonded by this shared experience.*

**Bianca:** I was hoping something like that would happen.

**Ingrid** *(perhaps lighting a cigarette. Perhaps not.):* Yeah. That was almost as much fun as when I foreclosed on little Jill Stern's lemonade stand back in first grade...Wait! What are we doing here? LET'S GO SAVE WALTER!!!

*Goin' in thru the steam tunnels, they tie Ingrid to a big thick rope that she was carrying it over her shoulder... she jumps through into blinding light at the crack in bottom of curtain (a la Poltergeist. Ingrid goes in, rope breaks.*

**Ralph:** *(deadpan and as if nobody noticed)* The rope broke.

**Bianca:** Perceptive Ralph, perceptive. So much for the plan.

*They toss the rope aside. Chryssi jumps through the crack in the curtain. Bianca follows. Then Ralph.*

**Ralph:** Do I need housing this badly?

*A hand comes out and pulls him through. Big applause. Red rises.*

*Scene: A bunch of them lockers that grad students use to keep their books in. They're big enough to slide a person through, at least. Chryssi and Bianca kick open the locker doors from the inside and jump out onto the stage.*

**Chryssi:** Where's Ralph?

*Sound: "Bang bang bang!" Ralph is kicking at the inside of his locker. It's locked. Kinda like Derek Smalls' cocoon in "Spinal Tap".*

**Ralph:** *(whining)* Guys? Guys? Mine's locked.

**Bianca:** So what are you trying to say Ralph?

**Ralph:** LEMME OUT!!

**Chryssi:** Just a second Ralph -- I saw this neat trick on MacGyver: this dustball and a little spit are kind of like plastique! *(licks her finger to test the air)* Okay! Here we go! *(She puts the dustball on the lock)* Stand back! *(she kicks it, it opens)* There.

**Ralph** *(getting out of locker):* Chryssi, you're weird.

*Ingrid pops out of trap door. Looks around, places AK-47 on the stage. Climbs out.*

*Harmonica music is increasingly audible... which means that we're close to finishing this off.*

**Ingrid:** I hear Walter! It's about time!

**Bianca** *(sarcastic):* It's not about time. It's about love. It's about Walter. It's about saving Stanford and foiling Cal and making everything come up roses. *(She turns from the rest of them and sticks her finger down her throat.)*

**Chryssi:** That's the spirit, Bibi!

**Bianca:** That's it Chryssi, you're wasted...*(points her gun at Chryssi)*

*Ralph puts his finger in the end of Bianca's gun barrel. Harmonica music gets progressively louder.*

**Ralph:** Hold on Bianca -- the music's getting louder! They're coming this way!

**Bianca:** Ralph, take your finger out of my barrel. *(he does).*

**Chryssi:** OK everyone, hide.

*Our Unlikables hide behind any part of the stage as is convenient, considering the stage built by the techies. Ingrid has to be dragged off, as she's in a tad more confrontational mode than the rest.*

*Chet and Psychoclicker lug unbelievably large Bookstore Rebate Envelope on to stage. There would appear to be people inside (behind, more likely) the envelope. They stop and come downstage for big-time important dialogue.*

**CHET:** You've done well, my friend. It's the night before Big Game, and you've got 100 Stanford Students in this giant rebate envelope *(captured students let out a colossal moan)* . In accordance with our agreement, and by the power invested in me by the state of California and the city of Berkeley, I hereby return your soul.

*Silly light trickery! Yay! Perhaps sounds too.*

**PSYCHOCLICKER:** BERKELEY?!

*Our heroes jump out from hiding.*

**Bianca** *(sarcastic):* No, Davis. Of course he's from Berkeley!

*Our heroes are facing Chet , all are pointing their weapons at him.*

**Ingrid:** Give us the envelope.

**CHET:** Give you the envelope? Why, in this envelope, I have 100 students, and with it I'll be able to...

**PSYCHOCLICKER:** DON'T SAY IT!

**Bianca:** It's the end of the goddamn show. Tell us what you're going to with 100 students' souls.

**Ingrid:** I don't care about 100 souls. I just care about one. I just want my Walter! *Harmony in background from Walter's harmonica (it's Jefferson Airplane's "Don't You Want Somebody To Love"... if we can get the rights)*

*With this, they all point their massive firepower right at Chet. And cock hammers, remove safeties, load funnelators, etc. Big finale song begins as students file out of envelope and everyone sings about how much they hate USC and how USC sucks...meanwhile, Chet is running around telling them that **they** suck. Something like...*

**CHET:** Oh, come on. I thought you were clever Stanford students. Aren't you the ones who got 1500 on your SATs? Aren't you the ones not going to public school? Aren't you the ones who got in? Surely, you can think of something better than this petty violence. Don't you have something "clever" up your sleeves? *(Ralph looks up his sleeve, not Chet's.)*

*(Then music comes down for dialogue)*

**Bianca:** Well, Chet, let's put it this way. Paper beats rock...

**Chryssi:** Rock beats scissors...

**Ralph:** Um... four of a kind beats a pair?

**INGIRD:** And an AK-47 beats everything.

**Ingrid, Ralph, Chryssi, Bianca:** Face it Chet: no one's going to miss one lousy weenie.

*Lights down. Sound of gunfire, whip crack, funnelator boing, crossbow phhhht, and random cow moos, an awful lot of it. Also big final chords, terrifying sopranos, etc. Chet screams. Lights go back up. Chet is dying on the stage with a crossbow arrow through his chest, a funnelated watermelon on top of his head, a whip wrapped round his neck, and one of his legs lying on the other side of the stage, twitching.*

*As he dies, Chet explains his unknown plan and finishes with...*

**CHET:** All I needed was 100 Stanford students to **(device here)** and it would've worked, if it hadn't been for you meddling kids, and that darn Deadhead and his harmonica! *(Chet dies.)*

*Walter is sitting in front of the envelope, playing a victorious melody*

**PC (wimpy and apologetic):** Uh, jeez guys, I'm really sorry.

**Bianca (estatic. No, just kidding, she's really sarcastic again.) :** You should be.

**Ralph:** Yeah! *(witty to the end.)*

**Chryssi:** Waitasecond guys, we can't blame this poor, pathetic wretch for his actions! He was but a pawn who fell into the demonic clutches of the Weenies!

**PC** (*getting down on his knees, and hugging Chryssi's*) : Oh, thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you (*this goes on and on as we do one more tricky shift over to Walter and Ingrid, who have been celebrating their reuniting during the last few lines.*)

**Ingrid** (*Coming up for air*) : Walter! I'm so glad you're OK!

**Walter:** I'm OK, you're OK. We're all OK. Well, except for him (*points to Chet*) I got Dead tickets (*holds them up*). I got you guys housing. I met some friends in the envelope; they said you could stay with them. C'mon out, guys...

*LSJUMB bursts through rebate envelope. Yay! What big fun, assuming the techies are sufficiently non-lame as to bother with making envelopes for each show. But , of course, they won't. Even though it's only 3 lousy pieces of paper, they wouldn't do that for us.*