



GAIETIES 1991
FULL FRONTAL GAIETIES
An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 14, 1991

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1991

Copyright © 1991 by Ram's Head Theatrical Society
All rights reserved

For more information, visit ramshead.stanford.edu



STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Gaieties 1991: Full Frontal Gaieties

ACT I

Scene 1: The Cheezy UP WITH STANFORD! Opening Extravaganza

Multiple spotlights swirl around and on stage as curtain opens and we hear the jaunty UP WITH STANFORD! theme. Fly in some of those red centennial flags. Stage left there is a podium typically arrayed. Set is a replica of the Stadium Spectacular set with metal pyramid jungle gym things. One has a projection screen in it.

Typical announcer's voice: Stanford students, faculty, alumni, and our visiting friends from the Naval Accounting Office, welcome to the ONE HUNDREDTH event celebrating the Stanford Centennial! Yes, this is the one hundredth time we have gathered together to flog that proverbial dead centennial horse and remind ourselves that Stanford is indeed 100 years old!

As the announcer speaks, enter the UP WITH STANFORD! dancers wearing bright red shirts, those great centennial visors and the obligatory white pants. Some enter from back of auditorium jogging with high knees, some proudly waving Stanford Centennial flags, and some cartwheeling from either side of the stage - in other words, they're way too happy to be alive.

TAV (stands for typical announcer's voice): AND NOW. . . It's time to boogie down with that fun-loving, zany yet clean-cut group of rambunctious youngsters, that's right folks, the UP WITH STANFORD! dancers, in their rousing rendition of STANFORD YOU'RE THE BEST AND YOU'RE ONE HUNDRED YEARS YOUNG!

They sing in joyous chorus:

(During the song, we see slides on the screen depicting many happy scenes around Stanford: hugging and smiling students at the Post Office, giving a Prof. flowers as he hands over a paper that says "A+", people saying "after you" at a keg, happy hashers serving a lobster. Slides change to pictures from a family vacation--Grand Canyon etc.)

Song: "Stanford, You're the Best!"

Stanford, you're the best!
Stanford, you're the best!
Stanford, you're the best!
And you're one hundred years young!

You're better than all the other schools
Because they're not the best (and you are!)
And they're not one hundred years young (but you are!)
Stanford you're the best

(starting soft and low at first, gradually building in a stunning crescendo. . .)

Hey Stanford you're the best!
Hey Stanford you're the best!
Hey Stanford you're the best!

(They part and freeze in one of those incredibly theatrical yet idiotic tableaux)

TAV: Now give a big Stanford Centennial welcome to our esteemed master of ceremonies, Ted Koppel!!*(Ted is lowered in on a swing)*

UP WITH STANFORD! dancers break into spontaneous song:

DANCERS: Hey, Ted, you're the best!

TED: Thank you.

DANCERS: Hey Ted, you're the best!

TED: You're too kind

DANCERS: Hey, Ted, you're the best!

TED: **SHUT UP!**

UP WITH STANFORD! dancers look stunned and shuffle away

TED: *(Ted looks pretty haggard - he has M.C.ed a few too many Stanford events, hasn't he?)* Welcome again to the 100th Centennial celebration event. You might remember our first centennial event which took place back, well, let's see that must have been*(reflects)* a long, long time ago. And now a look into Stanford history *(cheezy clock sound fx)*. The Marguerite Purple Line was established in 1891 as a means of carting the . . .uh. . .big-boned Jane Stanford *(slide of her)* to Taco Bell for her daily Mexi Melt. *(b/w slide of Taco Bell)*. The influence of Jane's runs for the border can be seen in Stanford architecture even today. *(Slide of mem-chu with a banner reading "'59-cent Fajitas")* The purple line grew over the years--adapting to ever-advancing technology *(slides horse and buggy, zeppelin, a model T, a Pinto, B2 bomber, the real bus with Rudy at the helm)*. We're proud to have with us tonite a member of this well-oiled transportation machine. She's also the only remaining member of the Stanford Community who has yet to speak at a Centennial event. And her name is *(checks notecard)*...Rudy. Rudy. . .tell us what you do!

RUDY: *(an old woman, a bit disoriented)* Well, I've been driving the Marguerite Purple Line for 50 years now. We go down there near the Shopping Center and loop around and then we go up there and then we go back around, you know. But you gotta watch out for them bicycle riders cause they don't stop for nothing. So you kids out there better slow on down because one day when I'm not lookin' I'm going to hit one of you and then I'll feel real bad, cause you'll be dead.

TED.: Alright! So Rudy, how do you feel about Stanford being 100 years old?

RUDY: Well I think that's just fine. I'm 84.

TED.: Thank you very much Rudy. That was quite illuminating. And our last special guest--you know her from her video store classics Jumpin' Jack Flash and Thief--Whoopi Goldberg.

WHOOPI: Damn! I didn't go here or nothin'. Shit! G'Night everybody.

(fake applause soundtrack---stops abruptly)

TED: And now for our Grande Finale.. *(drum roll)*...The Centennial Lite-Brite Spectacular! *(dramatic music, swirling spotlights, three hunched-over roadies in black outfits form the number 100 with their centennial-insignia lite-brites, to be demonstrated later)*

TAV: And remember, just because the Centennial is over, that doesn't mean the fun is over. XTV will show continuous reruns of the celebration for the next 100 years. So until the Bicentennial, for Ted, Whoopi, and Rudy, goodnight.

Scene 2: cAL ANON

(group of cAL ANON members (DIRK, MIKE, and HELGA plus a couple others) on folding chairs wearing blue and gold hospital smocks)

DOCTOR: Welcome to this week's meeting of CAL Students Anonymous. Good morning everyone.

GROUP: Good morning, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I first want to tell you that I think we're making excellent progress, aren't we? Today we're going to have another sharing time so I want you all to be honest with yourselves and remember that we're all in this together, O.K.? Before we start I want you all to say a big Cal Anon hello to our new member. Why don't you introduce yourself to the group, Dirk.

DIRK: *(wears a smock and holds a football)* It's not Jerk, it's Dirk!

DOCTOR: *(calmly)* I said Dirk, Dirk.

DIRK: Oh. Hi, my name is Dirk and I'm a recovering Cal student.

GROUP: *(unenthusiastic)* Hi, Dirk.

DIRK: I played football for Cal for four years. I graduated last year and we *(pause)* never won a Big Game.

DOCTOR: *(soothing)* Ohhhh. Don't be so hard on yourself, Dirk. You almost won once. *(Dirk whimpers)* In fact, if you pretend that the game ended twelve seconds earlier, Berkeley did win!

DIRK: *(shudders pathetically)* It was a bad call, he shouldn't have made that call. We need to play it over, we have to play them again.

DOCTOR: Play who again, Dirk?

DIRK: STANFORD, OK?

DOCTOR: That's just fine. You're beginning to discover your anger. I'm very proud of you, Dirk. *(She puts her hand on his shoulder as he shakes violently. Startled, the ball bobbles out of Dirk's hands. As the ball bounces away he panics and chases after it.)*

DIRK: Omigod! Fumble! I can't let Stanford win again! *(He falls on the ball, recovers it, and then leaps to his feet. At this point, Dirk should appear totally nuts. He yells as he runs off stage in a Heisman pose, stiff-arming a few group members on his way out. His yell dies away as if he has fallen out of a window.)*

DOCTOR: *(looks offstage to see what has become of Dirk,)* I told them to keep that window shut. *(shet urns to the group and raises her voice in order to speak to Mike, who has moved his chair a good distance away from the group and is also facing away from them)* Mike, you seem distant. Would you like to tell us what you're repressing?

MIKE: I told you before, I'm FINE!

DOCTOR: Please, Mike, I'm a professional. You're hiding behind that "fine" aren't you?

MIKE: *(unsure)* I suppose you're right, but I mean, just because I rhjkeumhlakmdh....

DOCTOR: What are you trying to say Mike?

MIKE: Just because I rushedjkaljkl.....

DOCTOR: Rushed what? Come on Mike, go with it. Go with it. Let everything out.

MIKE: *(Letting it all out)* Just because I rushed the field and they won...

DOCTOR: Who won, Mike?

MIKE: STANFORD, OK? I'm such an asshole!!!

DOCTOR: That's just fine. We feel much better about ourselves after admitting that, don't we Mike?

MIKE: *(vehemently)* No!

DOCTOR: That's just fine. You're beginning to come to terms with your inadequacy. Helga, would you like to share anything with the group?

HELGA: Well, it all started four years ago when I opened my mailbox. There was a letter in there. But...it wasn't big. (*motions big*) It was small. (*motions small*).

DOCTOR: Who was the letter from, Helga?

HELGA: From stanford

DOCTOR: Pardon me?

HELGA: STANFORD, OK?!

DOCTOR: That's just fine.

HELGA: (*getting caught up in her story*) So I had to go to Berkeley. But I found out there was an Axe Committee there. And then I thought to myself, "I'll take the axe away from Stanford and I'll keep it and they can't have it back, yeah, revenge!"

DOCTOR: What happened then, Helga?

HELGA: (*sad*) We never got the axe. Never. (*happy*) So I found my own. (*pulls out an axe*)

DOCTOR: Helga, let's put down the axe, OK? (*Helga starts waving axe around. The other cAL ANON members scoot their chairs away from her and eventually get up and exit with their respective chairs.*)

HELGA: (*psychotically*) Give em the axe, heh, heh, the axe, heh, heh, the axe...etc.

DOCTOR: My God, how could this session get any worse? (*Yell leaders enter from stage right*)

YELL LEADERS: Give `em the axe, the axe, the axe! Give `em the axe, the axe, the axe! Give `em the axe! Give 'em the axe! Give `em the axe! Now!

YL#1: (*clapping*) axe axe axe axe axe

YL#2: (*slapping her*) Shut up, Lisa

YL#1: axe.

YLS: (*raise up large lettered cards to spell AKS*) Give us an A! A! Give us an K! K! Give us an S! S! What's that spell???!!!!

YL#3: Wait, what?

YL#4: Oh, um, wait, I knew this . . .

YL#2: Oh, oh, oh, its . . . shit.

HELGA: *(running between them)* AXE! *(all YLs run off screaming, except YL#1)*

YL#1: Oh, right. Thanks! What's that spell? Axe! *(realizes HELGA is holding a lethal weapon, runs off, chased by Helga, who does not completely leave).*

Scene 3: Word, it's the P.C. Hammer Scene.

HELGA: *(returns to centerstage. She is alone, wielding her axe. Smiles sweetly, progressively becomes more psycho. But careful guys, don't overdo it. It's important the audience follows what she says.)* Ah, sweet revenge is finally mine. Stanford will suffer under the wrath of MY axe now. Next, to find and chop down the Stanford Tree! Timber! *(Laughs maniacally. Speaks as if to a pet)* Here tree! Here little tree! Death to all trees! Long live styrofoam and other non-biodegradable products!

Loud siren sounds and red and blue lights sweep across the stage as if there is a police car nearby. We love you, fabulous lighting designer. P.C. Hammer and two members of the P.C. Police enter. No one is dressed in spandex or lycra half-shirts. You cannot see anyone's flesh. It is not P.C. to have scantily dressed women and therefore it does not belong in this scene. They should look like POLICE.

P.C. Hammer: Yo! *(Silence)*

HELGA: Who are you?

P.C. Police #1 *(who happens to be an amazing dancer)*: This is P.C. Hammer.

P.C. Police #2 *(who also happens to be an amazing dancer)*: And we are the P.C. Police.

P.C. Police #1: We heard you say you gonna kill some trees?

P.C. Police #2: Check it out, that's not P.C.

P.C. Hammer: You can't say this. *(cue music)*

Song: "U Can't Say This"

P.C. Hammer: You Can't Say This
You Can't Say This
You Can't Say This

Chorus: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

P.C. Hammer: You Can't Say This

Chorus: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

P.C. Hammer: I, I, I,
I can't believe
my ears
to grow one tree
takes ten years
and you're talkin
bout cutting one down
Better thing to do is plant 'em in the ground
Rainforest depletion
temperature's increasin'
now
So save a tree
use one napkin,
and not three

(spoken by P.C. Hammer) Man, killin' trees means global warming.
Damn, it's gettin' hotter every day
(near tears) Think of them poor little kids
Yo let me bust the P.C. lyrics,

Marginalization, frustration,
that's what we're giving the poor of this nation
now
they need support
but if you want justice you go to a court that's white
and to the right
Who's that talkin' bout a thousand points of light? - that's Bush
that's Bush
Find the homeboy, he can kiss my tush
The country's run by D.C. comics
People are broke -
Reganomics
Reganomics

(spoken by P.C. Hammer) Don't call them girls, they're women
Turn off the lights when not in use.
The Review sucks
Break through the hegemonic social constructs!
Break'em down!

(Dance Break)

P.C. Police: Go Hammer, Go Hammer, Go Hammer, Go Hammer!

(More Dance Break)

My rhymes are super funky, I'm magic on the mike
I live inside a co-op and I ride a mountain bike.
I think eatin' meat is ethically unsound.
If its yellow let it mellow, if its brown flush it down.
From Roble to the trailers, from Toyon to KA's,
Its Hammer go Hammer P.C. Hammer Go Hammer
And tell them what to say.

(dancers dance off as a white drop drops. Be sure to make it clear that Helga has been handcuffed and taken off stage for un-PC behavior.)

lights up on whatever side of the stage was least used in the last scene. A woman rides her bike onto stage, sets it on its kickstand, and locks the wheel to the body of the bike with a Krypton lock. She exits. Superman runs heroically onto stage. He gets close to the bike and then doubles over, groaning - repelled by the lock. He limps off.

Scene 4: A Cappella Scene

Scene: Front of red. We see a hausfrau type woman. Her Archie Bunker husband sits in a La-Z-Boy watching T.V. There is no singing at this point.

MILDRED: Bud, are you gonna mow the lawn today?

BUD: Not now. I'm watchin' my show. This is the one where Lace and Nitro stomp some people royal. . .oooh, that was a good one. I'll mow it tomorrow afternoon, Mildred.

Suddenly, in the background we hear faint strains of a cappella music (doo-wop, scat stuff, etc.)

MILDRED: Bud, Bud, they're back! Did you hear that? I don't understand--we sprayed for a cappella groups just last month.

BUD gets out of his chair and peeks behind the curtain. He is nearly run over by two speeding a cappella groups, shoo-be-dooing across the stage in different directions, and off the stage. (picture scurrying mice). One group (Fleet Street) in tuxedo vests sing a few bars from "Conjunction Junction." Mixed Company sings "My Momma Told Me, You Better Shop Around." BUD grabs the phone (did we mention, there's a phone?) and says--

BUD: Operator, give me the exterminator. . . Hello, listen, we've got a cappella groups. Can you get a guy?. . .yeah. . .thanks.

Enter exterminator, looking like a your normal everyday Orkin guy.

MILDRED: That was fast.

EXTERMINATOR: Hear you got a problem with a cappella groups. *(One of them runs across the stage. Women in bad dresses, sing a few bars of "Working in a Coal Mine" off key.)*

MILDRED: EEEK!

EXTERMINATOR goes to the curtain, lifts it up and many, many groups scurry out singing. Mendicants singing "Brown eyed girl" and Everyday People singing "Everyday People." Mildred jumps up on the chair and screams EEEK! A.C.'s run amok. They mess up the house and blow pitch pipes frequently.

EXTERMINATOR: Well, here's your problem, you got a nest of `em behind this wall here. Nasty things breed like rabbits. Seems like there's a new group every week. Nooo problem. I'll take care of this in just two shakes of a lamb's tail. *(He blows a pitch pipe and sings) Wim-o-Way, Wim-O-Way. . . (a cappella groups, led by Talisman, pick up the song and follow him out offstage whilst skipping. . . except one group (you can decide which one, we prefer fleet street) , which remains led by a scat singer)*

A Cappella dude: Scat scat scat do boppy bo bat scooby dooby do sh boom sh boom etc.

(re-enter the exterminator with enormous can of Raid)

EXTERMINATOR: I hate it when I have to do this. *(Sprays the singer. Singers cries out then falls. Other group members look at the EXTERMINATOR, obviously pissed off)*

EXTERMINATOR: *(intimidated by angered boppers, into a walkie talkie)* This is station one requesting backup we have a serious pest control problem here, I repeat requesting back up.

enter the TERMINATOR

MILDRED: Who are you?

TERMINATOR: I'm the ex-terminator.

(a cappella groups looks frightened and scurries off the stage. The TERMINATOR follows them off)

BUD: *(picks up the body of the dead scat singer and as they carry it off Bud says. . .)* Don't think one's gonna fit down the toilet, Mildred. What do you say we have it stuffed? I bet this baby'd look mighty nice hangin' over the mantel.

lights down

Scene 5: Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom: Pi Phis in the Mist

VOICEOVER: The following program is funded by a grant from the National Wildlife Foundation. *(slide of the words "National Wildlife Foundation")* It is also sponsored by XTV *(slide of XTV)*, providers of quality programming such as "I.V. Christians or How I Found Jesus at a Pizza Party" *(Slide of people standing with I.V.s in their arms eating pizza and holding Bibles)*

(The Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom theme is played, enter Marlin Perkins wearing a khaki safari outfit)

MARLIN: Welcome once again to Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom. I'm Marlin Perkins. *(Slide: a map of Wilbur Field)* Today we'll be exploring the farthest reaches of Wilbur Field, penetrating into the very depths of Bimbus Omigodus territory. These creatures may be better known to you by the more common terms: Debbi, Kelli, Cyndi, Traci, Kiki, *(slides of various lycra-clad, party pic chicks, some in sorority sweatshirts)* well you get the general idea. Joining us for this adventure, is expert in Greek tribal life and monosyllabic communications, Jane Goodall.

JANE: Omigod! Hi Marlin! How's tricks?

MARLIN: Jane, I see you've mastered the native tongue of the Bimbus Omigodus.

JANE: *(speaking normally)* That's right, Marlin, and as you'll see when we run the film, I have also learned much of their primitive ways and relations with the neanderthal-like group Dudus *(say Dude-us)* Phallocentrus*(slide of frat boy)*

MARLIN: Shall we roll the film?

JANE: Fer Sure!!!!!!!!!!

(At this point the lights start to flicker in movie- like fashion, and the drop lifts or Marlin and Jane move to the side or off stage with their maps, etc. The scene is the interior of a sorority rush tent.--it is a sorority rush party. There are many giggles. The sisters are mingling. When Jane enters the sisters stop and stare at her. Total silence)

JANE: *(to audience)* As you can see by their behavior, these creatures are hostile to anyone not belonging to their group. I will now try to get myself accepted as part of the group by imitating their clothing and behavior patterns. *(Jane wips off her safari outfit and is clad in lycra; she takes her hat off to reveal a pony-tail on the top of her head. She approaches the group)* *(tilting her head)* HI!!!!

(All the sorority sisters immediately turn to her and simultaneously say)

SISTERS: HI!!!!!!

JANE: Omigod, how *are* you. I haven't seen you in *so* long!!!

SISTERS: We're stellar. Thanks!!!!!!

JANE: Get psyched!!!! *(to the audience, in regular voice)* You see, once I look okay, and sound okay *(sorority voice)* I *am* okay!!!!!!

KIKI: *(approaching Jane)* Cute outfit! Did you get it at the Limited? Hi! I'm Kiki!! *(stretches out her hand, Jane tries to shake her hand but Kiki moves off)*

CYNDI: Are those your real nails? I'm sooo jealous!! Hi! I'm Cyndi!! *(same move)*

TRACI: Great tan!!! I love your earrings!!! Rilly! Hi! I'm Traci!!! *(same move)*

JANE: *(to the audience)* What you're seeing is a behavior pattern known to those of us who study it as the two second hand-off. The two second hand-off is the result of a superstition among the Omigodus that the handling of a non-initiate for an extended period of time might lead to the introduction of the forbidden meaningful dialogue. Surprisingly, one can learn almost everything possible about these creatures during these brief interactions. For instance, I've ascertained that Traci is actively involved in beach culture and is amused by small shiny objects. And, that's about it.

KELLI: Debbi, can you put my hair in a french braid???

DEBBI: Yea! Do you have a scrunchy I can use?

KELLI: Yea! It's in my purse next to my hairspray!!!

DEBBI: *(Looking in Kelli's purse)* Where did you get this sugared-grapefruit lip-liner????

KELLI: Macy's - Clinique was having a free gift!!!!

DEBBI: Sweet!!!

JANE: *(to the audience)* What you're seeing now, is a complex pattern of interaction that will eventually culminate in an extended period of grooming. This behavior pattern can sometimes last for hours. Now, to further study the mating habits of this group with the Dudus Phallocentrus group Marlin and Jim will attempt to track one of the Bimbus Omigodus from the air and then tag her as she enters Dudus territory.

(From overhead we hear the sound of approaching helicopters. Jane exits. The group of sorority sisters run as a group (herd-like) to various corners of the stage.)

MARLIN V.O.: *(with the choppy voice helicopter effect that Tony likes so much)* The sound of the approaching helicopter appears to frighten the herd and induce them to run around in a frenzy, not unlike the one you saw last week in the distantly related wildebeests. Jim will attempt to isolate one of the Omigodus.

SISTERS: *(screaming and running around)* Omigoooooooooooooooooooood!!!!!!!

[a net drops from the ceiling and captures a lone Omigodus. Helicopter sounds cease, and Marlin and Jim come on stage]

MARLIN: Jim will now undertake the dangerous task of tagging the Omigodus.

JIM: Me?

MARLIN: *[enthusiastically]* YES JIM! Go get her!

[Jim approaches the lone bimbus(Didi) and removes the net. She is dazed.]

DIDI: What happened?

JIM: Hey, isn't that an SAE?

DIDI: WHERE?! *[turns around. Jim takes the opportunity to attach a helium baloon to her ear. He takes a ridiculously large tracking radar and begins to track two feet behind her.]*

JANE: We will now be able to track Didi as she enters Dudus Phallocentrus territory and prepares to take part in their ancient mating rituals. If you listen closely, you'll be able to hear their simple, yet charming mating calls.

(enter various frat boys in neanderthal loin cloths and frat sweatshirts)

BIFF: *(approaching (not deproaching, yet) Didi)* Hey babe, wanna come up to my room and have sex?

BROTHERS: To the point, dude!

DIDI: *(laughs then glares at him, slaps him, and walks away)*

VARIOUS BROTHERS: Ooooh.

BRAD: Hey dude, what's the deal with Thor?

THOR: *(floundering on the ground-obviously drunk)* Help....I've fallen and I can't hook up. *(Tad and Brad help him off)*

JANE: Apparently, not all Dudus have mastered the age-old mating ritual as well as the tribal leader, Biff. But with practice and conscientious brushing, Thor will someday be able to objectify women with the poise and dexterity of the elders. *(sorority voice)* Buh-Bye!!!!!! *(she exits)*

MARLIN: *(Tad and Brad are still helping Thor off stage)*...And like the Kappa Sigs take care of their young, Mutual of Omaha cares for you. Please join us next week as Wild Kingdom ventures into ASSU territory in search of intelligent life forms. Goodnight, folks.

A bed is rolled on to stage with Rudy lying on it, dozing. We hear the music to the clap on, clap off commercial over speakers is the familiar music "Clap on, clap off, clap on, clap off -- the clapper". Rudy is roused, realizes all the lights are on. She claps her hands. Lights out.

Scene 6: The CIV Scene

(Lights out. Then, piercing the darkness, a lone spotlight; and in it, a lone freshman. He is wearing conspicuously flashy tennis shoes, maybe a jogging outfit, a baseball cap. He is Bo. He stands in the spotlight looking bewildered. Scratches his head, etc.)

VOICEOVER: This is Bo. *(Bo waves)* Bo is a freshman. *(Bo looks proud)* Bo will do well, unlike hundreds of other freshman. Because BO KNOWS CIV! *(appropriate musical flourish goes here. Bo takes off sweats to reveal track shorts and a numbered T-shirt.)*

(Enter two cast members with microphones, looking like sportscasters. Let's call them Howard and Laurie. There is also a woman in a lab coat and a referee with a striped shirt who blows his/her whistle)

HOWARD: And it's a fine day here on the campus as Bo warms up for his first CIV championship. Let's watch him as he gets ready for the first round.

(Bo has his back to the audience. He appears to zip his pants and hands a cup to the woman in a white lab coat)

LAURIE: And he looks ready, folks, as long as Diane doesn't find anything in his drug test. You know folks, in preparation for the CIV finals, Bo hasn't slept in three days. How do you feel, champ?

BO: Well, Howard in spite of medical evidence, I don't find that lack of sleep has had any negative effects on me as a CIV student *(BO wigs out)* Get them off me, Howard! Get them off! Sorry. *(Bo jogs away)*

LAURIE: Bo's first event, of course, is Suck Up to the T.A. And it looks like he's ready.

(enter a guy in a bike helmet with Birkenstocks and straps around the bottom of his pants to keep them from getting grease on them)

T.A.: I'm Richard Pedantic, your TA. I'm a PhD candidate in postmodern Peruvian feminist literary philosophy. I also like Chinese food, macrame, and men who aren't afraid to cry.

BO: Hey, Richard - can I call you Richard? - I was wondering if you'd mind helping me on my paper. I mean, you know so much. *(sound effect of crowd going "Ooooh")*. I really think you're better than the professor. In fact, I think you should be the professor. *(sound effect of crowd going "Ahhhhh")*. Love the bike helmet. It really makes you look intellectual. Golly, you must get all the women. *(clapping sound effect)*.

(Judgs hold up signs reading 9.0, 8.9, 9.6, . . . and 3.0 (did we mention there were judges?) Howard gives Bo a Gatoraid)

HOWARD: How are you doin' champ?

(Bo continues to jog in place as he drinks his Gatoraid.)

LAURIE: Great scores on the brown-nosing -- with a low score from the ASSU senator - you just can't please the experts. And there he goes to the all-important, Say Something Intelligent in CIV Section Competition.

(Bo is now at a table with other students)

TA: OK. Who has something to say about Homer?

STUDENT AT TABLE: *(Makes the Homer sound (that sounds like "dohhhh" from the Simpsons))* Bart!

MARSHA: Well, my high school teacher said . . . *(ref blows whistle)*

HOWARD: And that's a clear disqualification. *(Marsha exits)*

MILLI: The Illiad is a timeless epic . . .

VANILLI: . . .handed down through the ages. . .

MILLI: . . .which speaks to us today as much as it did to the ancient Greeks.

TA: Very good. And also from the back cover of Cliff's Notes. *(ref blows whistle)* Milli, Vanilli, you are both disqualified for plagiarism. *(they leave)*

BO: I really shouldn't say anything. I've only read it twice. *(everyone on stage is impressed, "oooooooooh")*

HOWARD: Very sneaky! That should win it for him hands down. Now he's got to say awake through that lecture. Good luck, Bo.

(Bo is in a single chair in front of a lecturn)

PROF: The Illiad is a timeless epic, handed down through the ages, which speaks to us today as much as it did to the ancient Greeks. But before I begin my discussion of Homer's masterpiece, I have asked distinguished Human Sexuality Professor Katchidorian to share with you his own alternative reading of the text. *(enter Kat)*

KAT: Thank you. For centuries, the accepted translations of the Illiad have all asserted that Achilles' fatal weakness was his unprotected heel. An analysis of the original manuscript,

however, shows that the greek term "schlongai" has been misconstrued to mean heel. In fact, the word "schlongai" refers to another, more sensitive area of the anatomy. This brings up a veritable slew of questions regarding how the work should be interpreted. For example, one must consider how the hero was suspended when he was dipped as a boy into the river Styx. *(exit. Bo, wide-eyed, gets up and jogs in place a little.)*

LAURIE: And he's still with us! How do you feel, Bo? *(He gives a thumbs up)* This could really set the pace for the rest of the competition. Now it's a race against the clock as Bo must attempt to turn in his paper on time. *(ref fires a pistol. A duck falls)* And he's off!

(Bo is running across the stage clutching a stack of papers. At the far end of the stage is the Professor)

LAURIE: Making good time so far . . . but wait! His path is blocked!

(Bo is blocked by the class of 1912 with walkers and canes and lawn darts).

HOWARD: Look out, Bo! It's the graduating class of 1912! And they're playing lawn darts!

BO: Hey, isn't that Art Linkletter? *(Taking advantage of the distraction, Bo runs for it)*

LAURIE: And he's free -- but . . . Look out! It's a bunch of tourists looking for the Quad!

(Bo escapes and hands his paper to the Prof. He is surrounded by the Cheering Multitude and handed a big trophy by Howard)

HOWARD: Great run, Bo! Any comment?

BO: Well, Howard, I guess it just comes naturally, since CIV is my favorite class. I really love it. *(The Cheering Multitude is suddenly silent. Jaws drop. Looks of disgust. Laurie snatches back the trophy)*

LAURIE: Bo . . . you don't know diddly.

CHEERING MULTITUDE: Yeah!

LAURIE: You're not supposed to love it, Bo. You just do it. Let me show you how it is.

Song: "CIV Nights"

Western Culture wasn't PC
Just add two books -- hey CIV!
So many tracks, which one do you choose?
If you're a geek, then SLE's just for you.
In the sun, you can't get much done,
But oh, those CIV Nights

wella wella wella huh
Read some more, read some more
Did you get very far?
Read some more, read some more
I got stuck on page four.
uh huh da doo uh huh etc. etc.

Can't start a paper til its due the next day
I need extensions from my T.A.
I got a five on my Hist'ry AP
Why do I have to take CIV
How much more, my butt's getting sore
God, I hate those CIV nights
wella wella wella huh
Read some more, read some more
I'm still four books behind
Read some more, read some more
I'll go out of my mind
shoo doo wop bop etc.

Friday night found me at home
Highlightin' Virgil and the founding of Rome
No social life for three months straight
Reading Homer is a pretty hot date
Aquinas sucked, I didn't get . . . enough sleep
God I hate those CIV Nights!
Read some more, read some more
I've been working since six
Read some more, read some more
Wish I could go to flicks

I see some light, the night's almost gone - -
There they are, the rosy fingers of dawn.
Next year I'll finally have my life to live,
I'll be a soph'more and to hell with CIV!
CIV -- I just got a C
Oh (spoken) shit.
Those CIV Niiiiiiiiiiiiiiii-iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiights!

Scene 7: Ye Olde Medieval Scene

(scene - onstage. Whyte Plaza, with that white gazebo thingie in the background, very medieval, dirt, chickens, straw, etc. etc. Some folks are playing hacky sack. Many people wandering around at this Medieval Fayre, vendors are selling chickens, pig parts, bread, and tie-dyes. People are all in dirty rag-like attire. Lots o' dirt. Near the white Gazebo Thingie have a sign that says ""Big Joust Today at Whyte Plaza."')

MINSTREL (*female*): (*wandering through Whyte Plaza window shopping, carrying lute ostensibly over shoulder. Notices the audience and steps forward to begin his tale*) Ah! Gentle assembly, 'tis good fortune which has brought us together, for I, the town minstrel, have a tale to tell. Hark! Listen ye well as the tale of the DEAN'S FIRST DEED unfolds before you. (*Trumpet do-do-do-do*) Why, here comes the herald now. . .

HERALD (*reads big scrolly thing*) Hear ye! Hear ye! Gather 'round for news of the rrrrealm! Lady Jean of Fetter, Dean of the Castle Gate has left the kingdom. In other news, tonight is the first of four solid days of rrrrecited poetry by Master Geoffrey Chaucer in the Coffee Hovel. (*rolls up the scroll*) And now, for today's festivities, 'tis a joust! (*general glee and chants of "Joust! Joust!" as the contestants drive out in their golf carts -- a SURE driver and a conspicuously Cal-looking fellow*) In the red cart, we have the top student in the Castle University, Prince Escort of SURE (*yeahs*). In the blue and gold cart, we have Sir Weenie of Cal (*boos*). To the winner, the Axe! (*cheers*) To the loser, the home game version of the Whyte Plaza Joust and a season's supply of Mutton flavored Rice-a-roni, the San Francisco Treat. (*shaking of medieval keys by the crowd*)

MINSTREL: Unfortunately, attendance at Big Joust was at an all-time low due to the high ticket cost and the bubonic plague.

WOMAN: (*they speak in Monty Pythonesque British accents*) Haven't seen your wife in some time, is she well?

MAN: Could be better

WOMAN: She ill, poor thing?

MAN: No, she's dead.

WOMAN: Dead?

MAN: Indeed.

WOMAN: How'd she die?

MAN: She died of The Plaque.

WOMAN: The Plaque?

MAN: Why yes. Cowell got back the test results. They told her she had plaque and the next day she was dead.

WOMAN: Bad teeth, eh?

MAN: No. But she had big nodules on her neck and her hands were all black.

HERALD: (*pompously*) Let the Games begin!

General noise from the crowd. The carts approach each other

WEENIE: Victory will be mine! (*pointing*) What be that thither?

SIR ESCORT: (*looking, as does the whole crowd*) Whither?

(WEENIE bops him over the head with lance, with gruesome sound effects. Rest of the actors stop action. All watch Sir Escort. He teeters, perhaps with accompaning tree-felling or creaking sound effects, and just as he is about to fall....)

SIR ESCORT: Oof. (*He finishes his fall. We hear a thud*)

WEENIE: I hath won! Giveth me the Axe!

A HAGGY TYPE:: (*In black and white striped ragged peasant garb. She blows a whistle, throws a flag on the ground and makes "no field goal" hand signal*) Foul Sir Weenie of Cal!
Booo! Booo I say! Foul!

CROWD: (*in unison*) Carpe Weenie! Seize the Weenie!

(crowd approaches menacingly, screaming "Seize the Weenie" "Get the Axe! Kill Sir Weenie of Cal!" etc. etc.)

WEENIE: Leave me be! (*thunder begins rumbling*) If I cannot have the Axe, NO ONE CAN!
(crash of lightning as he in slo-mo plunges the Axe into a stone. WEENIE escapes)

MINSTREL: And so Sir Weenie plunged the famed axe into a stone and many tried to pluck it out, but to no avail--it was stuck good.

(as he speaks, people try one by one to remove the Axe. No dice.)

KNIGHT MARE: We faileth to remove it. Whatever shall we doeth?

KNIGHT RIDER: Lady Dean of Jean would have known.

IRON MAIDEN: But alack the day, she hath left us.

MAIDENFORM: Hark! I hear the singing of the Lady of Lake Lag.

LADY OF LAKE LAG: (*shrieks then speaks in a New York accent*) People? Are you listening? So what's your problem. Okay, so you got a stone with an axe in it. You got no Dean. So you figure the new Dean is the one who can remove the axe and save the kingdom. No big whoop. I gotta go hear Chaucer talk at the Coffee Hovel. Later. (*exits*)

ALL: We thanketh thee, oh, Lake Lag Lady!

KNIGHT RIDER: But alas! We knoweth not the new Dean.

MINSTREL: The news spread. People came from far and wide to vie for the position of Dean of the Castle Gate.

(Royal-looking YOUNGSTER approaches Axe)

YOUNGSTER: Might I have a go at it, Sir?

KNIGHT RIDER: *(arrogantly)* You? Who are you?

YOUNGSTER: I am Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon.

(crowd gasps, whispers are heard, "it's Arthur," the crowd parts for him, drum roll, he attempts grandiosely and fails. He is tossed into the orchestra pit. Groans of disappointment)

(Jim Montoya, dressed in rags, approaches the tree)

JAMES MONTOYA: Mighteth I have a try?

(general grumbling)

HAGGY TYPE: Let the peasant try! You never know. . .

(after a few unfruitful tugs, Jim Montoya pulls out the Axe, throwing off his rags to reveal some elegant outfit. Revelatory music and lighting.)

ALL: It's the new Dean!

(trumpet do-do-do-do)

HERALD: Hear ye, hear ye, the axe has been saved and the new Dean has been found!

(Cheers from the crowd)

(enter Sir Weenie)

WEENIE: Not so fast, I said if I can not have the axe, no one can. And no one shall! *(the Weenie brandishes a sword. Gasps from the crowd, "it's Sir Weenie," etc.)*

(The Weenie makes a showy sword play intended to intimidate the Dean. He ends in a thrust. Following this, the Dean walks over and knocks away Sir Weenie's sword with one blow)

SIR WEENIE: Shit.

JIM MONTOYA: *(a la The Princess Bride)* My name is James Montoya. You killed my student. *(indicates the dead ex-Jouster)* Prepare to die.

HERALD: *(approaching the DEAN)* Excuse me sir, but an act of capital punishment might not be the best thing for your image.

JIM MONTOYA: Shucks. You're right.

HERALD: Any other ideas?

JIM MONTOYA: All right Sir Weenie, I shall not smite off your head, but you are banished to Berkeley instead. *(trumpet fanfare)*

MINSTREL: And thus Sir Weenie of Cal was banished forever across the bay. Not one to wallow in his successes, Dean Montoya quickly called the first meeting of his committee, the Monastic Order of Admissions.

A group of monks files in, possibly chanting. They huddle around Montoya, football-style, as he prepares to speak.

JIM MONTOYA: My faithful admissions committee, I have but one question. *(dramatic pause)* What... is your quest?

MONKS: *(strongly)* To find the finest possible students anywhere!

JIM MONTOYA: *(smiles proudly)* Just what I wanted to hear. I'm off to Wyoming in search of high school valedictorians. Godspeed! *exits*

Song: "Renaissance Woman"

APPLICANT: I don't have to plead.
I've got what you need.
Consider me for student number one.

(Gregorian Monks enter as Admissions committee)

COMMITTEE: Test score reports

APPLICANT: I aced SATs

COMMITTEE: Sixteen hundred's a start

APPLICANT: Every single A.P.

COMMITTEE: Even Studio Art

APPLICANT: Got Einstein and Plato on the run.
With extra extracurriculars second to none

I am aware your committee's need blind
But can't you see I'm one of a kind?
A Renaissance Woman is what you need to find.
I'm strong and I'm wise.
Got a Nobel Peace Prize.
Aristotle would kill for my mind and here's why:

I'm the one.
My resumé weighs a ton.
I think Calculus problems are fun,
And I might even get my CIV reading done

Give me an essay I'll write one you'll adore.
Recommendations you'll like even more.
A Renaissance woman is what you're looking for.
I'm strong and I'm wise.
Got a Nobel Peace Prize.
Aristotle would kill for my mind and here's why:

APPLICANT/CHORUS: I'm/She's the one.
My/Her resumé weighs a ton.
I/She think/thinks Calculus problems are fun,
And I/she might even get all her CIV reading done.
Oh yeah!

(Repeat chorus, then jazzy upbeat riff:)

ALL: A Renaissance Woman is what we need.
A Renaissance Woman is a thing indeed.
A Renaissance Woman's gonna make our day.
A Renaissance Woman: gotta make her stay.

(Music stops suddenly, then a pause...)

APPLICANT: Wait a minute. What's this I hear about cutting performing arts?

(One more time, fade, drop curtain and lights)

(Lights fade to a woman seated on a chair)

WOMAN: I don't submit to men, but I submitted this poem to Aurora. I call it, "Big 'Ol Booty of Which I am Proud".

My bootie is nothing like the sun. But it's still pretty big,
Half a league, half a league
My bootie is like a loaf of bread. But you wouldn't want it buttered.
My bootie is not time's fool,
Though rosy lips and cheeks
Within its bending sickle's compass come,
Sitting on things,
Panties full of butt.
Men are the cause of all evil and pestilence.
Thank you very much.

Bows, exits. Lights change. Several Members of Everyday People run across the stage. They stop, and begin to sing "Iko, Iko." Suddenly, they are all gunned down. Enter the Terminator)

TERMINATOR: Hasta la vista, baby.

Scene 7: The Quadfather, Part I

The Scene: A Foggy Dock. Stacked Crates and Barrels. A drop painted like a warehouse comes down. We hear a foghorn. A sign is flown in which reads, "The Quadfather", as Godfather music plays. Enter Don Weenie, a Godfather look-alike; Ramona, his right hand woman; Frankie, Johnny, and Luigi--persons of hench on one side of the stage, wearing trench coats and fedoras. Enter Domino, a hired Weenie thug, from the other side. Ramona leaves Don Weenie's side to greet Domino.

RAMONA: *(whispering)*: Why can't the fat man swim with the fishes?

DOMINO: Because there's no water in the lake and he has a job at Green. *(They nod or go "aahhh" in recognition and kiss each other on both cheeks)*

RAMONA: Greetings, Domino. Don Weenie is pleased that you are here at this clandestine meeting.

DOMINO: It is always a pleasure to serve the Weenie family, Ramona. *(foghorn)* Excuse me.

RAMONA: Are you sure no one has followed you here, my friend?

DOMINO: Of course no one has trailed me to this dark, foggy waterfront.

(Suddenlly we hear the Scooby Doo theme. The trap door flies open, and Shaggy, followed by Velma and Fred, climb out.)

VELMA: Where are we?

SHAGGY: *(voice cracking)* Like, I don't know, Velma.

FRED: It looks pretty dangerous. Maybe we should split up. Daphne and I will go this way. Wait, where's Daphne?

DAPHNE: *(voice from under the stage)* Down here, Fred.

VELMA: Jinkees, guys. Daphne's got her foot stuck in Scooby's mouth.

SHAGGY: Zoinks, that's not her foot.

SCOOBY: *(under the stage)* Rooby rooby roo!

FRED: Danger-prone Daphne does it again.

RAMONA: Frankie, Johnny, and Luigi too, take care of those meddling kids!

(persons of hench open fire with absurdly large Uzis. The meddling kids run in place for a few seconds with their arms straight ahead of them(like they always do on TV) and then run offstage)

RAMONA: As you know, we've tried for years to ruin Don Don and the Stanford family. We put that smell in White Plaza. We're the ones who wedged the stick up Paul Biddle's ass. We built Manzanita Park. Domino, Don Weenie has made you a crucial part of his final plan to destroy the Stanford family.

DON WEENIE: Domino, I don't have to tell you how important you are to us--*capiche?*

RAMONA: He says, "I don't have to tell you how important you are to us, understand?"

DOMINO: *(finding Ramona slightly absurd)* Thank you.

DW: We know you'll make the right choice, *andiamo*.

RAMONA: He says, "We know you'll make the right choice, hovercraft".

DOMINO: Hovercraft?

DW: Would you like some espresso, *teste de gatso?*

RAMONA: He wants to know if you want something to drink, you percussive llama.

DOMINO:*(to the DON)* No, thank you, Don Weenie. Just tell me what to do, baby.

DW: As you know, the Stanford quadfather Don Don is stepping down. His cousin Vito is coming from Sicily to take his place at the head of the Stanford family.

DOMINO: So where do I fit in?

RAMONA: Patience. Now, the Quadfather has never seen his cousin Vito. We want you to take Vito's place, and do everything you can to bring Stanford to its knees.

DOMINO: But what about the real Vito?

DW: *(laughs wickedly, yells offstage)* Show Domino what about the real Vito.

(Frankie, Johnny, and Luigi go offstage to get the real Vito. They return with Vito, who is tied up inside a green recycling barrel--only his head sticks out through the lid of the bin. The recycling bin is wheeled in on a dolly. Vito struggles to free himself from the cement.)

DW: I'm afraid that by this time tomorrow, cousin Vito will be just another Dr. Pepper can.

REAL VITO: You'll never get away with this, you *(flash slide of this word while Real Vito mouths blasphemous obscenities:)* !!@#&\$\$. The Quadfather will put a stop to you and your fiendish plot. Stanford will never fall to the Weenie family!

DW: Enough! Take Vito away! *(Frankie, Johnny, and Luigi, take Vito away. We hear the music for "I'm a Pepper" in a sad, minor key)* Goodbye, Vito. No deposit, No return. Hahahahaha

RAMONA: Vito is expected to arrive at Stanford tomorrow. You will pose as Vito and become the new Quadfather, then we can destroy Stanford from within. A word of warning--your job will not be easy. You must fool the entire family, including Don Don. Don't blow your cover. He's very clever, that Don Don.

DOMINO: I will be more clever.

RAMONA: That's the attitude. Just think of it, Domino! We'll squash that...country club! We'll be better than them. They'll be our slaves! *(growing realization with mounting music)* We won't have to take as many drugs! We won't have to spraypaint anymore Rodin sculptures to make us feel better after we lose! Our football players can start learning to read!

Song: "Italian Weenies"

We'll be the school that stands alone
We'll crush the farm and soon we'll grow
From Carmel to the Golden Gate
They all will bow to Cal State!

We'll have the axe and screw them all
(Domino, a la Placido)
But first I have to fool Don Don
(back to Ramona)
That's right! You'll need to play it cool
Just act relaxed, it's up to you

(slow, swelling music now turns to jazzy bass and drum beat as Ramona leads off with a few tap moves, the gangsters follow, using their guns as canes, etc. She gives a wicked look and says "Yeah." She does another softshoe move, they follow, and she says "Cool." They dance together)

Frankie: We'll give'em a tree that's ugly as shit

Johnny: We'll make Stern Hall serve Quibbles and Bits

Luigi: We'll take all their money, that'll be fun

Ramona: Too late guys, they've all been done

(Gangstas)

We'll break all the windows
And smash every pillar

(Ramona)

We'll chop down that Kimball
And build lots more Wilburs

(Gangstas)

We'll burn all their books
And trash every Mac

(Ramona)

We'll steal their yell leaders
Then give them all back

(All, in Crescendo)

We'll show Stanford who beats who
We'll paint all their bikes gold and blue
We'll rule them all through day and night

Domino

If I don't fuck up, which I might.

(end of song)

RAMONA: Good luck, Domino. May the wind be at your back.

(foghorn)

DW: Gesundheit.

RAMONA: He says, "Excuse me".

DOMINO: You can count on me, Don Weenie. (*Exit Domino*)

RAMONA: Don Weenie, you're a genius. Finally, the end of the Stanford family. (*jarring chord and evil laughter echoing into the fade out. Flash slide or carry in sign that reads, "To be continued...."*)

Act II

Scene 1: Release's Centennial Party Faces

These are brainstorm. We must still come up with old pictures before actually making slides.

Slides:

1) 1900: very posed picture--two rows of guys in dark high-collared suits. One is wearing one of those conic party hats. Caption reads *The men of Encina Hall ring in the new century with their traditional Exotic Erotic Ball.*

2) 1920: Football field shot. Happy people celebrating some sort of victory. Raccoon coats, pennants with the Stanford S, straw hats from Farrell's ice cream, girls in flapper outfits. Very collegiate. Caption reads: *"...rah, rah, rass, kick `em in the other knee!" Stanford beats Notre Dame!*

3) 192? Prohibition party. Slide of two eyes peeping out of a sliding panel in a door. Caption reads *"Is this where I can find alcohol' still the password?"*

4) 1940s WWII era. Room full of women dressed as Rosie the Riveter. Caption reads *"Screw your roommate just isn't the same since the war. . ."*

5)1950s Tons of wholesome-looking people piled into a phone booth. Caption reads *"OK, who farted?"*

6) early1960s A-Beatles-first-come-to-America-in-1964-with-all- the-same-suits-and-haircuts-type-band, Caption reads *"The Grateful Dead make their first public appearance to a sold-out crowd in the newly-built Meyer Media Center."*

7) late 1960s Room full of Hippie-esque women. Caption reads *"How do we break the 150 way tie in the Joan Baez look-alike contest?"*

8) the disco 1970s Picture of woman with hella-big feathered hair and bell-bottoms floating in mid-air. Caption reads: *"Bellbottoms and feathered hair save campus visitor when platform-shoe-accident hurls her from Hoover Tower."*

9) early 1980s two men in designer jeans and v-necked velour tops in a fight. Caption reads: *"Scuffle ensues at TAXI party when intoxicated party-goer claims that Jordache is superior to Sergio Valente."*

10) Madonna in "Express yourself"-style suit. Caption reads *"Dean Jean tries a new look."*

11) The picture of a shack in the desert. Caption: *"Due to financial difficulties, Stanford is forced to relocate"*

Scene 2: The Quadfather, Part II

Quadfather theme music. Show Quadfather II logo thing, same as in Part One. Front of Red. Tony and Maria. They are obviously students--both dressed in Stanford sweatshirts. They are somewhat nervous. They are walking together and conversing.

MARIA: I'm so happy, Tony.

TONY: You're happy?! Just imagine how happy I am. My first date at Stanford and it's with the Quadfather's niece!

MARIA: Oh stop! Honestly, I'm a little nervous, but going on a date's not that big a deal, really--is it, Tony?

TONY: Of course not. It's not like getting married or anything.

The curtain rises to reveal a Memorial Church drop.

Enormous Wedding Scene taking place in front of memorial church. A huge banner reads "CONGRATULATIONS MARIA AND TONY".

An organ is playing the wedding march. There are many formally dressed people on either side of an aisle, at the head of which stands the Pope. Vito/Domino is conspicuously present. Domino speaks with a Father Guido Sarducci-esque accent, in an attempt to sound like he's really from Italy. He wears the same clothes from Quadfather One, so's people will recognize him. Maria and Tony are ushered to the pope.

POPE: Maria, do you take this man to be your date for the evening? To engage in witless banter, to attend obscure cultural events which interest neither of you, to feign fascination and nod attentively, and to reveal his innermost secrets to your friends at the Coffee House tomorrow?

MARIA: *(scared and confused)* Yes?

POPE: And do you, Tony, take this woman to be your date for the evening? To refrain from using the word "chick", to abandon all your real friends for the faintest prospect of frantic sex, to carry with you that "lucky" condom you got in White Plaza freshman year?

TONY: I . . . I do.

(the audience cheers and reaches out to shake their hands. The happy couple is still baffled)

Cries of "Congratulations!" and "What a lovely couple!", etc., abound. People throw confetti.

CHARO: Throw the bouquet, Maria! *(excited)* Whoever catches it is the next one to go on a date!

(Maria cluelessly throws bouquet behind back. Much cheering and screaming).

DOMINO/VITO: Congratulations, . . . *(checks index card)*. . . Maria. *(reading off the card)* I have been so long in Sicily that I have not yet had the chance to see you grow up to be the radiant woman that stands before me.

MARIA: Who the hell are you?

DOMINO: *(stiffly)* I am your uncle Vito. I have come to see my beloved cousin Don Don, and to be his successor, as the new Quadfather.

MARIA: Oh Uncle Vito, you've finally arrived!

TONY: *(kissing up to get in good with the family)* So, Mr. Uncle Vito, sir, have you seen much of the Bay Area?

DOMINO: Sure. I lived in Berkeley for 25 years. . . 10 years. . . 5 years. . . scusi, I was never in Berkeley at all. I make a joke.

TONY: Oh... *(nervously)* ha ha ha.

MARIA: So, Uncle Vito, what have you been doing in Sicily all these years?

DOMINO: I have been a humble ravioli farmer with absolutely no connections to anyone of the Weenie family.

(enter real Vito--disheveled and frantic)

VITO: Not so fast! I'm the real Uncle Vito, and this man is but a poor imposter planted by Don Weenie to bring down the Stanford family!

(the crowd gasps)

DOMINO: *(visibly flustered)* Don't listen to this man. I'm Vito.

MARIA: But how do we know who is the true Vito?!

POPE: *(full of popitude)* They are both so convincing!

MARIA: What we need is an expert in criminal detection.

(fanfare! Enter Raoul Niemeyer and Inspector Scratchit.)

RAOUL: Nobody move! I'm Captain Raoul Niemeyer--Crimefighting Genius! And this is Inspector Scratchit. *(Raoul has an absurdly huge magnifying glass.)*

MARIA and TONY: *(deadpan)* Thank God. We're Saved.

(Scratchit is taking measurements with a tapemeasure for no good reason)

RAOUL: There is a crime in progress! I shall solve it! *(Walks toward Vito and Domino with the magnifying glass--the crowd is expectant. . .and he walks right past the two of them and accosts a young man sipping from a champagne glass).*

RAOUL: Right! Young man--how old are you?

BOCEEPHUS: I'm twenty.

RAOUL: Just as I thought. Underaged drinking! You are under arrest! Scratchit, cuff him! *(Scratchit smacks him)* HANDcuff him, you idiot. *(Scratchit complies. They escort him offstage, pausing so Raoul can say . . .)* You can all rest easy now. It's all in a day's work for RAOUL NIEMEYER--Crimefighting Genius!*(fanfare---Exit Raoul, Scratchit, and Boceephus)..*

TONY: Well, *now* what are we going to do?

(Enter Don and Robin Kennedy. Don is in Mafioso garb. The crowd goes wild).

DON: Dear Maria! Why do you look so glum on such a happy occasion?

MARIA: Oh, Uncle Don. These two men both claim to be Uncle Vito. But one of them is a Weenie infiltrator!

DON *(a la Al Pacino)* : Damn! Every time I try to get out, they pull me back *in* !

DOMINO: *(reading off the card)* Beloved cousin! I have been so long in Sicily that I have not had the chance to see you grow up to be the charismatic and self-assured man that stands before me.

VITO: Don't listen to him! He's a hired gun for the Weenie Family. I myself only narrowly escaped recycling at their evil hands. Don Don, I am your true cousin.

DON: *(pauses in thought.)* I will decide this matter and my decision will be final.

ROBIN: But Donald, you've never met Vito. You know almost nothing about him. How can you ever tell him from an impostor?

DON: The answer is obvious, my dear Robin. Clearly, the impostor is . . .

(Don is suddenly seized by a massive coronary thrombosis. He clutches his chest, sucks in his cheeks, rolls back his eyes, and makes fish noises. But he manages to continue...)

**** gasp **** . . . my heart . . .

The crowd is shocked.

POPE: Oh my God, the Quadfather has been seized by a massive coronary thrombosis!

DOMINO: My beloved cousin! We must take him immediately to *(checks note card)* the Cowell Student Health Center!

DON: *(Recovering. He was only pretending to die.)* Aha! Only a Weenie would be stupid enough to suggest taking a dying person to Cowell! Here is your impostor! *(points at Domino)*

Robin grabs Domino painfully by the ear and hands him over to two big guys who hold him.

DOMINO: Curses! You got the right one, baby.

DON: The name's not "Baby," it's "Donald." . . "Mr. Kennedy" if you're nasty.

Song: "The Stanford Lambada"

TONY and MARIA:
This scene is over, we caught the Weenie
So now we're going on our date,
And it's going to be just great

TONY:
We'll eat some fro yo

MARIA:
Down at the CoPo

BOTH:
Cause everything tastes great when you're out on your first date

TONY:
We'll kiss from eight til four

MARIA:
Until our tongues are sore

BOTH:
But we're young and we go to Stanford--who could ask for more?

CHORUS:

We do the Stanford, Stanford Lambada
It's hot, but it sure costs a lotta
Woo--the Stanford, Stanford Lambada
Music and passion were always the fashion
Here at Stanford. . .they fell in love

POPE:

His name was Don Don, he was the big cheez
Now that he's steppin' out of sight
He'll go to dance school every night
He will merengué and do the cha-cha
And he won't look spastic tripping the light fantastic
With no more eight to four
He'll sunbathe on the shore
The only time you'll see him sweat
Is out on dat dance floor
Hey!

(Dance Break--The Pope should be dancing as well)

ALL:

Her name's Maria--she dated Tony
But that was fifty years ago
When they were starring in our show
Now she is wrinkled and he is balding
But they'll always come back here
To relive those golden years
They are rich alums
Chewing with their gums
But we'll always throw reunions 'cuz we need their sums.

Scene 3: Poetry for Physicists

SETTING: three separate stations of a physics lab in front of drop or red. Three groups of physics majors, all wearing safety goggles, and white lab coats. They are all busily at work at their stations. One group is watching a ball as a student drops it over and over again. Another group is measuring a rod with various techniques. The third group is rolling a ball back and forth on the table. A white-lab coat -wearing-and-clipboard-carrying prof resembling "Doc" from Back to the Future enters.

Prof: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old time is still a-flying." *(everybody opens notebooks and scribbles frantically)* And it's time to begin another lab session of "Poetry for Physicists."
But before we begin, are there any questions?

Clive: Well, actually -

Prof: Good. Let's begin with a quirky problem proposed by some cretin in lecture today. . . Open your texts to page 584. *(barks)* Quickly!

(class struggles frantically with their unwieldy textbooks.)

Prof: Would anyone care to read the poem at the top of the page Clarence. *(no pause between "page" and "Clarence")*

Clarence: Hah? Uh. "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be one traveler - "

Prof: That's enough Clarence! Now, class, tell me. Taking Kepler's laws of planetary motion, if we have two roads diverging at some unknown angle Y from a frictionless inclined plane, how would we calculate torque the sine of the complement of angle Y , the angular momentum, i.e. angle X ? *(they scribble furiously)*

Becky: 3.14 !

Prof: Well, Becky, no. That's a crude approximation of pi.

Mildred: *(interrupting)* Excuse me, but shouldn't the third term in the quadratic function be negative?

Prof: Yes, Mildred. Exactly!

Mildred: *(She scribbles excitedly as she speaks. Class looks confused).* And with a few adjustment here and here.... *(dramatically raising paper she has just scribbled on)* By jove, I've got it!

Class: Ahhhhh!

Mildred: *(rising ecstasy)* The modulation of the forces takes on a wave-like pattern!

Prof: Yes! We must measure the amplitude of the poem! And SLINKY!

(Student#1 and student#2 reach under a table and pull out one of those 20-foot-long springs that are used (at least in MY high school) in physics classes. They run to either side of the stage with it, holding each end.)

Professor: WAVE THE SLINKY!

Student #1: *(yells in affirmative)* SLINKY! *(The two students continuously flick the slinky so as to produce a wave.)*

Professor: (*crecendo to frenzy*) Look at that amplitude! As you can see, the resonance of the stanza when measured against the linguistic pressure produces what is known as a phrase shift! IT'S ALIVE!!

Dub in Madeline Kahn's orgasmic release from Young Frankenstein--"Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I've found you"

Clive: Exactly, don't you see! There's more to poetry than just cosines and Newtonian constants and other such (falters for a word) stuff! It lives! Poetry makes mountains, breaks hearts, moves bowels! Why, with poetry, we can wear black, drink lates, and recite. Come my new bohemian friends, let us to the Co Ho!

they exit, lights out

VOICE OVER: Stuart Reges, your backpack has been found. Please claim it in the lobby at your convenience. (*5 people in the audience get up and run out of Mem. Aud.*)

Scene 4: The Boat Dance Scene

Scene: On a boat. It is a boat dance.

Across the front of the stage extends a two-foot-high curved flat establishing that this is a boat. There is a matching flat halfway back to create a closed space. Flown-in mast and awning. There are white party lights hung on the ropes which are attached to the top of the mast. A rope ladder goes up to the balcony stage left. Scenery in background with water, horizon, etc. Sounds of water abound. Students are on the deck in party attire--women in formal dresses, men in tuxedos or just wearing ties if this is more financially feasible. Opening introductory nautical-type music. Students are milling around. A foghorn sounds across the starry night.

R.A #1 MICHAEL: (*wearing huge bright orange life vest, very perky*) Is everybody aboard? O.K.! Ahoy! Alrighty! Welcome to the [*Name of Dorm with Block Tickets*] Boat Dance! I hope you all are having a super time!

(student staggers to the back flat, hangs over it and proceeds to heave ferociously, but the RA continues speaking)

MICHAEL: (*continuing*) Tonight we're lucky to have as our musical guest Gregor, playing Czechoslovakian polka music on his accordion!

(enter Gregor with accordion. He is the biggest cast member and wears a fake moustache and a funny hat. (Make sure the hat is really funny) He laughs heartily and then gives it a good squeeze.)

JIM: When does the real music start?

R.A #3 YOLANDA: Jim - we don't need eurocentric popular music to have fun. We are a dorm that appreciates music from ALL cultures. Right Gregor? C'mon Gregor, give it a good squeeze! *(Gregor laughs heartily again and gives it another good squeeze. For the next couple lines, Gregor mimes playing his accordian and a few of the boat dancers lock arms and do a folk dance using the grapevine step. This is not very central, so keep it mellow.)*

BILL: Hey, *[name of a real female RA from the previously mentioned dorm with block tickets]*, where's the keg?

RA 2: *(Real R.A. from the dorm with block tickets. Also wearing large orange life vest)* Now, Bill! *(approaches Chuck speaks to the whole group)* We don't need alcohol to have fun. Tell them, Isaac. *(Enter Isaac, the bartender from the Love Boat, to a few bars from the Love Boat theme)*

ISAAC: *(Isaac points his fingers at RA #2 in the appropriate Love Boat opening style)* You said it, man. We can all get down, without Res Ed "gettin down" on us! How about a cranberry juice and seven-up with a twist? Now that's a party, dig?

MICHAEL: *(joining in with Isaac and pointing, too)* And on the lower deck are Calistogas and finger sandwiches for the whole crew! There are also some dark corners down there where you can all smooch!

R.A. #2: Michael, don't you remember R.A. training? We don't need sex to have fun! We have shuffleboard! Bill, did you bring the pucks?

BILL: No dammit, I didn't. Polka, fruit juice, deck games... Hell, I wanted adventure at sea!

MICHAEL: Bill, we can have fun without using profanity.

BILL: *(continuing)* I want danger, adventure, those big callouses you get from climbing ropes all day, the salt air filling my lungs. I want to live life on the edge! *(RAs look confused)*

YOLANDA: But Bill, that wouldn't be prudent. You could hurt yourself.

From offstage back left is moved on a rolling flat of a pirate ship so it appears to be approaching the boat dancers. It has a flag with a skull and cross bones and other related pirate accessories.

BILL: *(still continuing)* I want wooden limbs, a gold tooth, and a parrot on my shoulder!

GLENDIA *(seeing the ship approach)*: Pirates!

BILL: Exactly!

CAPTAIN HOOK: *(Cannon goes off)* Arrr! Prepare to be boarded ye scurvy weasels!

BOAT DANCERS: Zoinks! Jinkees! Yikes! Pirates!

R.A.. #2: Didn't we lock all the outside doors?

PIRATE: Batten down the hatches, drop the anchor, prepare to come about, swab the deck!

CAPTAIN HOOK: Mateys, take the wheel and secure the fiesta deck. (*general pandemonium on stage as pirates try to tie up various students*)

YOLANDA: Excuse me, this is a closed party. Do you have a valid Stanford ID? No keys, please.

HOOK (*looks confused*) No, Ma'm, we're pirates, see, we're boarding your ship illegally, that's what we do. Arrr! (*pirates drag around various prisoners*)

TWELVE-ANKLED ROBERTA: What should I do with this one Cap'n?

HOOK: Hang him from the highest yardarm!

PIRATE: Keel haul him!

ONE EYED JACK: Shave his belly with a rusty razor! (*eww. Pirates carry out these orders, general confusion*)

MICHAEL: R.A. #2, What does the RA handbook say about Pirates?

RA#2: (*reading*) Pirates: Often called crazed marauders of the high seas. Res Ed prefers "emotionally challenged and socially maladjusted people of the ocean". If you encounter Pirates, attempt counseling techniques; but beware of hooks.

HOOK: (*brandishing hook in a helpful demonstration*) Arrr! Somebody take care of these rascals! Where be One-Eyed Jack and Three-Armed Pete? (*a few nameless pirates enter and tie all three RAs to the mast. RAs protest vehemently, but to no avail. One-Eyed Jack and Three-Armed Pete enter rolling kegs of rum*)

PIRATE: Arr! There they are Cap'n. Whatrya doin' mateys?

ONE-EYED JACK: Grog for the crew! Two barrels of rum from our ship! (*boat dancers cheer, despite being tied up. RA's glare at them from the mast*)

MICHAEL: You can't do that! We won't tolerate your grog here. This is an alcohol-free boat dance! We can have fun without alcohol!

PETE: Well, go right ahead. We'll have fun with alcohol! Arrr!! (*chugs, then passes a bottle to the tied up boat-dancers, they all start singing yo ho ho, etc.*)

BILL: (*approaches pirates*) Excuse me, (*pause so he becomes the center of attention*) my name is Bill. I'm a Modern Thought and Literature major and I'm not very excited about my present

career opportunities at the Jiffy Lube. I was wondering if you have any openings on your ship? I have my resume with me here. (*hands resume to pirate*) I have a good G.P.A. and I love working with people.

HOOK: Can you plunder?

BILL: Well, I was on the ASSU Council of Presidents . . .

HOOK: You're hired.

BILL: Gosh thanks!

PIRATE: You realize that now you'll have to lose a body part to be a real pirate. We have peg legs, hooks, eye patches - what body part do you use the least?

BILL: (*looks at his groin*) Well, I go to Stanford so that would be . . . my left hand.

PIRATE: Don't look so glum, Bill. Just remember pirates get groovy outfits and a great dental plan!

HOOK: And you know, Bill, one of the best things about being a pirate is that you can make anyone you want walk the plank. Why don't you give it a try?

BILL: (*Recovering from his morosity*) Gosh, OK. (*Bill gets Gregor*)

GREGOR: (*still miming playing his accordian, happy*) Ho ho ho (*he goes over the edge*) hooo sheeet!!! (*We hear the last moan of his accordian*)

HOOK: Arrr! You're getting the idea, laddie.

BILL: (*getting into it*) Hey, I kinda like this! Let's do it again! (*He scans the stage and spots the RAs still tied to the mast*) Arr! You're next my little rascally residential rogues!

MICHAEL: (*as BILL leads them to the plank*) Let's talk about this, Bill. You're only doing this because you don't like yourself, you know!

YOLANDA: (*trying a different approach*) Bill, we can have fun without killing others at sea! (*The R.A.'s fall into the water, the Pirates cheer*)

HOOK: Arr! He's a mean one!

BILL: This calls for a celebration!

ISAAC: (*pointing, as usual*) All right! Break out the sparkling cider!

HOOK: Apple juice is for Weenies! Real pirates drink barrels o' rum.

PIRATES: Yo ho ho. *(much cheering from everyone else)*

BILL: Alright! Someone turn on some music! *(Yaz, or some other Europop comes on. The boat dancers bob. Pirates attempt to dance briefly, then give up.)*

HOOK: Arrr. What is this Europop shit? We want some real music. Boys?

Song: "Grog Me, Baby"

You need a job, Bill, the economy's rough
You need food to eat and a place for your stuff
Even Taco Bell's got a hiring freeze
So join us to pilage on the high seas.
Hurrah! For a life that's free
Yo Ho! It's pirating for me

We don't pay taxes, it saves us a lot
No indirect cost on flower pots
So why get bad press when you write off your yacht
Just steal one instead and you'll never get caught.
Yo Ho! Gimme a life at sea
Yo Ho! It's pirating for me.

My classmates want to consult and strategize
But who needs pinstriped suits and power ties
They say the corporate ladder is for the best
But I'll only climb the ladder to the crow's nest
Arrr! From us you'll flee,
Yo Ho, it's pirating for me.

[Reggae dance break (yes, reggae)]

RANDOM PIRATE: YaMon!

RANDOM PIRATE 2: It's not just a job, it's an adventure, mon!

(back into Pirate song, slower with an emotional crescendo)

HOOK:
So drink a toast to me,
The devil of the deep blue sea

BILL *(with a flourish)* :
To Hell with the CPPC!

ALL:
A Pirate's life for me

HOOK and BILL:

So drink til you puke then drink some more
Grab yourself a gal, we're far from shore
If one says no, with another you'll score

(Big sirens and lights flashing. P.C. police enter the scene led by P.C. Hammer. We hear the opening bars of "U Can't Say This")

P.C. HAMMER: Stop. *(music ceases)* Hammer time. *(to Hook and Bill)* Yo dudes, you're out of here, that was way un-P.C.

(THE PARKING TICKET DUDE rows his Cushman on to stage and then reads the charges)

PARKING TICKET DUDE: Advocation of excessive drinking, six counts. Degredation of women, two counts. First degree murder of Res Ed Personnel, three counts. You're in deep shit, my friends.

(P.C. Police handcuff and drag off Hook and Bill)

P.C. HAMMER: O.K., you all can keep singing, but you better behave.

(pirate music begins again for closing lines)

So let's have a discussion about multicultural issues
Hurrah for a diverse community
No pirate's life is a life for me!

A woman walks out dressed in the same costume from Centennial Gaieties and starts to sing "Stanford in Spring." Flash a slide that says "1914 (or whatever that date is) 'Stanford in Spring.'" She is machine-gunned down. Have one of the runners drag her off.

Scene 5: The Pro Fro Scene

Scene is a computer cluster. Students are working at computers. After a few seconds, TROY'S computer explodes. (Yes, explodes)

TROY: *(pause. Looks at computer remains. Makes a hopeless high pitched "uhh" (ask me about this) turns to person next to him)*

HILARY: I think that means you lost your paper.

TROY: *(pause. Then he makes that same little noise again.)*

HILARY: Well, you did make a backup, didn't you?

TROY: I think I need some air. *(he gets up and walks to centerstage and apeaks to the audience)* What the hell is a backup? I've only been here two weeks. Already, I have no idea what is going on in chemistry. Someone's been using my PAC number, I don't have enough

closet space and the girl I've been after since Orientation is dating my roommate. This isn't anything like the Stanford I had envisioned when I was back in high school.

The opening bars of "Turn, Turn, Turn" blare from the PA. As Troy recounts his pro fro glories, they are acted out around him on stage. The music fades (softly) as he narrates.

TROY: *(Voiceover)* It was the winter of 1990, and I had just sent off my Stanford application. I was confident that my two years as Slavic Society Sergeant-at-arms would establish me as a leader, and I knew the videotape of my oboe concerto would put me over the top. And then, one bright, Southern California day, it came. *(fly in a couple palm trees)*

The music stops. A mailman (in mailguy shirt with a mailbag and dark socks and shoes, but with jams instead of pants) walks up and hands Troy a big envelope.

MAILMAN: Yarr! Heavy mailage from Stanford, dude.

Troy eagerly rips it open, and Dean Jean floats in from offstage, grasps Troy's hand, and looks deeply into his eyes. The music starts up again as Dean Jean narrates.

DEAN JEAN: It was the winter of 1990, and I had just received his Stanford application. I was confident that his two years as Slavic Society Sergeant-at-arms established him as a leader, and the videotape of his oboe concerto made me quiver inside. And then, one bright Northern California day, I accepted him. Tremendous, Troy! *(They exchange a high-five and she prances off.)*

TROY: *(Voiceover)* I knew deep down that Stanford was for me, and I wanted to get the hell out of San Diego for a while. I decided to be a pro fro and partake of the excitement that is pro fro week...

A swarm of red-shirted pro fro volunteers enters. They are a bit too excited to see Troy.

PFV#1: Troy! Is that you!? We've been waiting for you all week!

TROY: You have?

PFV#2: Where ya been, buddy!?

TROY: San Diego.

PFV#2: We can't wait to get you back to the Farm!

PFV#3: We call it that all the time!

Voice-over as they grab Troy and escort him to one side of the stage, where he meets his RF and pro fro ho.

TROY: *(Voiceover)* They were a friendly bunch, and I felt like a part of the Stanford family. They took me to a dorm where I met the resident fellow.

RF: Hi, Troy, I'm the Resident Fellow here. That means I'm a professor and I hang out with the students here all the time!

TROY: Wow, really?

RF: Sure! How about a lively game of ping pong a little later!

TROY: O.K!

TROY: *(Voiceover)* I also met Kevin, my first Stanford friend.

KEVIN: *(very perky. Reminiscent of the UP WITH STANFORD DANCERS)* Hi, Troy! I'm Kevin, your pro fro ho. Relax, Troy, that just means I'm your pro fro host. Where are you from, Troy?

TROY: San Diego.

KEVIN: San Diego, huh? You oughta talk to the guy down the hall, he's from San...Salvador. That's south isn't it? I'm from Philadelphia. So, what are you thinking about majoring in?

TROY: Chemical Engineering.

KEVIN: Hmmm... Well, I'm an English major. Somebody around here's probably majoring in that. You might want to talk to them.

TROY: *(Voiceover)* Kevin warned me that only about three or four pro fros actually attend the scheduled pro fro events, but I wanted to see for myself.

Troy begins to walk across the stage, encountering the pro fro activities he describes.

TROY: *(Voiceover)* I got to meet some real Stanford Professors . . .

Group of professors approaches Troy accompanied by some more pro fros.

PROFESSOR: Of course Troy, I'm always around during my office hours. I mean, fuck my research, I just love you guys!

TROY: *(Voiceover)* I took the campus tour...

TOUR GUIDE: *(leading around a group of pro fros. All females carry purses)* And on your left is Lake La--hmmm -- Lagunita Meadow, our new wildlife preserve. Anyway, on your right is *[Roble, Kimball, Toyon or other nice dorm with block tickets]*, a student residence.

TROY: Wow, can anyone live in there?

TOUR GUIDE: Don't worry, Troy. Have you seen Burbank [*for other Stern/Wilbur dorm with block tickets*]? (*Troy shakes his head no*) Well, it's just as nice. Maybe you'll wind up there.

TROY: (*Voiceover*) After the tour, I checked out an a capella concert especially for us pro-fros. There was a really great group there that sang that "Interjections" song from School House Rock. I sure hope they're still singing that when I'm a Stanford student. Later on, Kevin got me into a really great party.

(Suddenly, "Groove is in the Heart" starts blaring over the speakers, Kevin leads Troy towards stage left. A man in a catchers mitt runs out of the precenium curtain and is pulled back in by an unknown hand. Music goes down a bit)

TROY: (*yelling*) Yarr! Is that guy only wearing a catcher's mitt?

KEVIN: He sure is, Troy. That's the Exotic Erotic for ya.

TROY: Holy shit, Kevin! Are all Stanford parties like this?

KEVIN: (*pauses, musics stops completely, and Kevin finally replies*) Yeah. (*music starts back up*) Alllllll Stanford parties are like this. (*he smiles a wicked smile. Last line echoes, "all Stanford parties are like this, all Stanford parties are like this" and evil laughter*)

Lights fade and return with Troy alone looking depressed

enter Bill and Ted

BILL: Hey, Troy, snap out of it. You were having a most non - non - heinous stroll down memory lane man, wake up.

TROY: (*still depressed and not suprised by their appearance*) Oh, hi Bill and Ted.

TED: Dude, come join us in the last scene, there's the most ragin' pirate ho-down going on.

BILL: With the most excellent grog

TED: And pirate princess babes.

TROY: I'm sorry guys. I guess I'm just not in the partying mood. I don't know about Stanford, man, maybe I'm just wasting my time.

TED: Bill, I believe that our excellent friend Troy is feeling most egregiously sorry for himself.

BILL: Well, then let's go check out his future and see if a Stanford degree is worth the occassional bogusness.

TED: Back in a moment my most depressive friend. *(To Bill)* Remember to put us back in a moment. *(Bill and Ted stand still for a moment)*

BILL: We're back.

TED: What a bodacious future!

BILL: A fulfilling career, a house on the beach, complete inner peace...

TED: And the most righteous pirate princess wife!

BILL: And all thanks to Stanford, dude!

TROY: For real? Excellent! *(the three do that air guitar thing)*

BILL: Shall we to the boat of buccaneers?

TROY: *(indicates the computer room)* But I have to write a new paper.

TED: Bill, remind me to put Troy back in the computer room before the computer explodes so he can make a backup disk of his paper!

TROY: Excellent!

lights out, end of scene

Scene 7: West Campus Story

(scene is the Dish 1616. Fly in a sign that says "The Dish, 1616". Back corner stage left there is a portion of fence. Backdrop shows a pastoral scene. Fly in a few trees. There should also be some rocks and bushes artistically placed on the stage. Use stuff from "Into the Woods" including Milky White. Perhaps the entire stage should be covered with grass. Of course, backstage right there is a majestic dish which I know you want to build. I suppose if this is not feasible, it could be painted in the center of the backdrop.)

Music: "Dance at the Dish" *(This is a fairly substantial rip-off of "West Side Story" in which the feud between the Delts and the Enchanted Broccoli Foresters is established. From the tensioned scene emerge Beef and Moonbeam, who dance a brief love duet before Beef is needed to run football drills.)*

MOONBEAM: Wait! Fair sir, what is your name?

BEEF: Beef.

MOONBEAM: And mine is Moonbeam.

BEEF: "Moonbeam"...Alas, all the beautiful sounds in the world in a single word. *(He exits)*

MOONBEAM :

Oh Beef, Oh Beef, wherefore art thou, Beef?

(in iambic pentameter)

My dear Libida, waiteth with me here

Until my star-crossed lover doth appear.

Beneath this noble dish we planned to meet. *(indicates dish)*

But soft! Methinks mehears his gentle feet.

Oh, would he did not cause my heart to melt

Alas, I be in deep love with a Delt.

LIBIDA:

A Delt? A Delt? Enamoured of a jock?

Thou art a woman clad in Birkenstocks!

Will thou forsake thy roots, thy family

The Forest of Enchanted Broccoli?

MOONBEAM:

But soft, here now I see my hunkish lad

I know him from his shining shoulder pads.

(Enter Beef and his sidekick, Fellatio. Both are in Shakespearean costume as well. Beef wears shoulder pads. Fellatio wears a football jersey)

LIBIDA: *(in greeting)* What ho!

BEEF: Ho! Ho!

overlapping

FELLATIO: Hilla ho ho, hilla ho!

MOONBEAM: So ho, hallo!

MOONBEAM: So! *(to BEEF)* Good morrow, young buck.

BEEF: My darling Moonbeam! *(They look at each other briefly and longingly to a brief crescendo of a violin)*

MOONBEAM: Oh! I forget myself! Beef, may I present my Libida. She accompanies me everywhere.

BEEF: Ah! A trusty companion, as is good Fellatio. *(indicates Fellatio)* To me, a day without Fellatio is not a day at all.

FELLATIO: Greetings fair maidens. *(aside to Beef)* Ah! Thou speakest true of the fair Moonbeam's beauty! Her noble figure doth hang upon the grass of the foothills like a butterfly upon Spring's dewy fronds.

BEEF:*(aside to Fellatio)* O, but thou art a cunning linguist, Fellatio! She is the loveliest in all the Enchanted Broccoli Forest and her spirit doth . . .

FELLATIO:*(interrupting, aside to Beef)* EBF? Thou hast fallen for a veggie! *(they continue to mime a discussion of this while focus turns to Libida and Moonbeam)*

MOONBEAM: *(to Libida, please don't overdo it)* O Beef! His manly strides doth set my face aflush. Those supple lips do set mine own a-quiver. My heaving bosom doth abandon me of breath. . . .O! Me so horny!

LIBIDA: *(to Moonbeam)* Alack, Moonbeam, calm thy tempestuous fires. Prithee, hold thy peace. Thy Beef is but a Delt... He hangeth out with Greek maidens and recycleth not.

MOONBEAM and BEEF *(get it, simultaneous asides to their companions)* Prithee, BE GONE!!

Fellatio and Libida exit separately to let the lovers have their space and to let them do their own thing. Sappy romantic music.

(Push Milky White on to stage)

MOONBEAM: How now, cow? Mieuuuuuu I say.

MILKY WHITE: Zounds, forsooth, mieuuuuuuuuuu. Alack, mieuuuuuu.

MOONBEAM: Ahhhh, mieuing beasts of bovinity. Their melodious mieulings inspireth the heart to romance.

BEEF: Yeah. *Exit Milky White*

MOONBEAM: *(aside to audience)* Oh, what must be done? Alas, I do think I love him.

BEEF: What? What mean you love you me?

MOONBEAM: It's an aside, you dipshit.

BEEF: O! Sorry! *(covers his ears, starts singing)* I cans't not hear thou, la la la la la, I hear you not, la la la la.

MOONBEAM: Ay, Beef, *(he does not listen. he is la-laing)*. Beef!

They embrace. Cheezy romantic music swells. Beef swells, too. They are about to join lips, when...The Kitchen Manager of EBF enters., in tie-dyed Shakespearean costume, a chef's hat, dreadlocks, and sunglasses. Music stops abruptly.

GARBONZO: Moonbeam! Why are you not in the kitchen? It is thy turn to be head cook and boil the lentils for supper! The co-op awaiteth!

MOONBEAM: Biteth me, Garbonzo! See you not that I am occupied?

Dramatic music, portending doom.

GARBONZO: *(draws dagger)* The cooperative shall not go hungry whilst thou playest tongue sushi with a Delt!

Garbonzo lunges toward Beef, who draws his own dagger, and stabs Garbonzo.

GARBONZO: *(stumbling offstage)* Curse the day! I am slain! But before I die, I will jog the three miles back to the house and bring word of this grave injury to the other foresters. Thou hast not seen the last of the longhairs,*(disgustedly)* Delt.

MOONBEAM: Now where werest we?

They begin to join once again, when...Football Coach Dennis Green (or someone who looks vaguely coach-like) in Shakespearean costume, carrying a clipboard and wearing coaches' shorts, enters. He bloweth a whistle. The music stoppeth.

DENNY: Beef! Why art thou not i' the field? *(sees Moonbeam, and is visibly shocked)* Scrumpest thou with a granola! Why don't you find a nice yell leader?

MOONBEAM: Begone, Coach! I am Beef's primary receiver now!

DENNY: I'll have your scholarship for this, Beef! *(to Moonbeam)* Thou hast not seen the last of me, thou biodegradable bong-blower!

The coach exits. More romantic music, bigger 'n better.

BEEF: Nothing more shall interrupt us, my radiant Moonbeam.

MOONBEAM: O Beef! Grip me!

They move toward each other and their faces get closer and closer and closer until they KISS! A nice little one from which each turns dreamily to the audience and sort of floats away. Suddenly, trumpets play charge theme a la a baseball park. From the sides of the stage come Foresters and Deltoids in war formation. Delts are led by Dennis Green; Foresters are led by a bloody Garbonzo, closely followed by a dude with SEAS mugs hanging off him everywhere. Foresters advance to "Sugar Magnolia" and Deltoids advance to stadium charge tunes. The two

alternately play and then melt into each other (ask Doug). All are in modified Shakespearean garb. Delts wield football weapons; EBFs wield produce. Fellatio and Libida are among their respective ranks.

SEAS GUY: *(to football coach)* One of your offensive players hath stabbed our kitchen manager!

COACH: Your tawdry tie-dyed trollop has kept Beef from his workout!

SEAS GUY: You big dumb galloot!

COACH: Tripped out bean freak!

Big carefully-choreographed fight scene ensues, with the music alternating between gridiron trumpet fanfares and trippy psychedelia.

MOONBEAM: O Beef! Our once verdant pastures are stained by the blood of neighbors.

BEEF: Fie on such carnage! *(Walks into the middle of the fray, attempting to break it up.)* Halteth! Ceaseth!

Everyone stops; they all stare in stunned silence and in anticipation.

BEEF: My friends, why dost thou here squabble and shed the blood of thine own brothers and sisters when there looms an imminent invasion of the warlike weenies of the north country? *(Picks up a bloody apron and kneepad.)* Open thine eyes and see that we all bleed Cardinal Red!

The SEAS Mug dude bashes Beef with a mug. Beef falls. The following lines are enacted very quickly.

FELLATIO: What is this I see? My friend dead? Then I die!

MOONBEAM: What? Beef limp? Then I fall! *(she swoons)*

LIBIDA: My gentle sister hath fallen! Would that the gods might strike me down that I may rest with her! *(She falls)*

BEEF: *(gets up, sees Moonbeam's dead body)* Alack the day! My sweet love dead! O happy dagger! Kill me! *(he stabs himself)*

LIBIDA: *(recovering from her swoon)* What is this I see? Everyone dead? May the gods strike me again!

FELLATIO *(rising)*: No, no Libida, I do yet remain!

LIBIDA: O! Glad tidings! I die of joy! (*swoons again with joy*)

MOONBEAM: Wait! Look! We all live!

OUR HEROES: O, we live! Joy and huzzahs!

EVERYONE ELSE: O, they live! Joy and huzzahs!

They all start to hippie-dance to happy mandolin music.

FELLATIO: (to Libida) If our friends can find love and happiness together, what is to stop all of us, including you and I, dear Libida, from living together in peace and harmony?

LIBIDA: O happiness! Let us all swap spit!

Song: "Beef 'n' Beans"

BEEF: Moonbeam, I've just kissed a girl named Moonbeam

MOONBEAM: When the Delts first came to 353
We saw no way to live cooperatively
They'd use styrofoam cups and leave their lights on
And dump all their beer bottles onto our lawn
I was sure that they'd ruin our home by the lake
With the smells of their shoes, their sweat, and their steak
But then I saw Beef, no more bean curd for me
My romantic diet would not be meat-free

BEEF: When first I saw her in the EBF garden
My flabby resolve, it started to harden
Tripping on mushrooms and kissing the sky
She smoked so much dope I could smell her brain fry
I never thought she would go for a jock
While growing her beans, tie-dyeing her socks
Composting garbage and recycling cans
To Wednesday night music by Dead cover bands

BOTH: Ooooooooooooooooooh, baby

BOTH: But all our preconceptions are blow'n in the wind
We stare and we giggle for hours on end
Talkin' 'bout places where we'd like to screw
Doin' the stupid shit young lovers do
Meat's not much different from curd after all
And tie-dying jock straps, we both had a ball

Our love for each other's tremendously large
Like the bulls in Pamplona, we're ready to charge

Scene 8: The Game Show Scene

(Scene opens--it is a game show. Arr! The host is your friend and mine, the late Burt Convey. For the backdrop, buy colored streamers made of plastic or cellophane (something more durable than paper) and attach them next to each other to form a multi-colored gaudy curtain. Fly in an arching silver sign at the front of the stage that says '\$25,000 College Bowl Pyramid Jeopardy Jackpot Wad!' The action should take place in the front half of the stage. The Weenies are on stage left and Stanford is on stage right. Burt has his own podium center stage. Behind him is a scoreboard that is digital (ha ha ha. Well, you told me to dream big). There are also signs dropped in behind him. A big dollar sign, a question mark, a pink flamingo, etc.)

VO: Its the \$25,000 College Bowl Pyramid Jeopardy Jackpot Wad! And here's our host the late Burt Convey!

BURT: Thank you. Welcome to the \$25,000 College Bowl Pyramid Jeopardy Jackpot Wad! Let's meet today's competitors. Representing Stanford are Joe Einstein, Mindy Copernicus, Bob Confucius, and Dana Plato. *(they come running on stage in Family Feud fashion)* And representing the University of California Miles McWeenie, Gertie McWeenie, Dirk McWeenie, and Asshole in a Bear Suit. *(enter Cal students as above)* You all know the rules, let's play the \$25,000 College Bowl, ah Tac Dough Wheel of Family Feud Connection. . . .

VOICEOVER: *(helping out Burt)* Pyramid Jeopardy Jackpot Wad! *(cheezy start-up music)*

BURT: We'll begin now. The clues for the first question are "umm, err, and duh" *(sound of buzzers)* Cal! Dirk.

DIRK:*(struggling)* Ummm, errrr, duuuh *(buzzer)*

BURT: Nice try. Stanford?

JOE: Things a Cal student might say?

BURT: Right-o Joe! The next clues are: Recover on-side kicks, win Big Game, get a college degree. *(buzzers)* Cal! Asshole in a bear suit! *(ABS stares at Burt. Jeopardy music)* Uh, Asshole in a bear suit, do you have an answer?

(Everyone stares transfixed as ABS gets up and paces a lot in that oh-so-lovable way of his. Suddenly, a two-ton block of cheese falls from the sky and crushes the bear. Much cheering ensues)

BURT: Stanford, do you have an answer? *(buzzer)* Dana?

DANA:*(in a husky demonic voice)* There is no Dana, only Zool.

JOE:(*aside to Burt*) Dana hasn't been the same since the hold-up.

BURT: Okay. Zool? The clues again are Recover on-side kicks, win Big Game, get a college degree...

DANA/ZOOL: Things a Cal football player can't do?

BURT: Right you are Zoolie! And as we move into the jeopardy round the score stands tied at Stanford 10, Cal 10. Teams! Have you picked your representatives? (*Miles and Mindy come up to the middle. Burt introduces them.*) Well, it looks like Miles McWeenie will be representing Cal. Miles is a drug-scarred shell of his former self, he was once an engineering student, but now he sells hallucinogens to unsuspecting Stanford senior lecturers. Say hello Miles!

MILES: Mello hiles.

BURT: And representing Stanford is Mindy Copernicus. Okay. Our first category is math. The answer is five..(*buzzers*) Miles?

MILES: (*definitively*) The number of flashbacks I've had since the show started.

BURT: I'm sorry, that's incorrect. (*buzzer*) Mindy?

MINDY: *What is* the number of flashbacks he's had since the show started?

BURT: That's correct! Remember Miles, your response must be in the form of a question. Mindy, since you answered that question correctly, you get to pick the category for the lightning round. The categories are aquatic life, small fuzzy animals, and photosequential non-linear metaquizzical game theory.

MINDY: I'll pick aquatic life, Burt.

BURT: Okay, there are thirty seconds on the clock, whoever has the most points at the end, wins!

VOICEOVER: Duh

BURT: We'll begin...now! This small puffy fish is served as a delicacy in Japan. (*buzzer*) Miles?

MILES: Blowfish!

BURT: Correct. When it feels threatened, this small fish puffs up to five times its normal size. (*buzzer*) Miles?

MILES: Blowfish!

BURT: That's correct. What does Mrs. Trout do? (*buzzer*)

MILES: Blow fish!

BURT: That is also right. Hey, who's been tampering with my cards? *(buzzers)* Mindy?

MINDY: Blowfish!

BURT: Wrong! *(buzzer)*

MILES: *I* was tampering with your cards, Burt!!

BURT: That's right, Miles, it was you! Ten points! *(At this point hundreds of Cal fans rush the stage, they yell things like, We Won! There is much chaos. Someone punches Burt. Blowfish.)*

V.O.: Please clear the stage, please clear the stage, the game is not yet over, etc. *(Chaos, chaos, chaos. Then refs come in and calm everything down)*

DIRK AND GERTIE: We won! We won! We're better than you! We won!!

REF: *(with appropriate hand signals to be demonstrated by Doug)* Delay of game, Cal, minus five points. Personal foul, roughing the host, Cal - minus five points.

BURT:*(brushing himself off)* Well Miles, you answered the last question correctly. But due to the penalties, the score is back to Stanford 20, Cal 40 with fifteen seconds back on the clock. The category is now "Things Only A Stanford Student Would Know". Let's go. The worst possible name for a suicide prevention center. *(buzzer)* Mindy.

MINDY: The Bridge?

BURT: That's correct. It looks like a big Dick*(buzzer)* Mindy?

MINDY: Hoover tower?

BURT: You're right! It sucks! *(buzzer)* Miles?

MILES: Blowfish!

BURT: Wrong! Mindy?

MINDY: Branner! Branner Sucks! *(5 minute delay of scene)*

(All on stage freeze for the inevitable 5 minute delay of scene, after which the referee trudges back out.)

REF: *(With appropriate hand signals)* Delay of scene, audience. Penalty of one Roasted Chappie Chesnut to be assessed on the offending parties.

(Two idiots in period costume, oh, say, the roaring twenties, run out to center stage.)

IDIOT #1: Say, chum, did you know that my pet skunk was born without a nose?

IDIOT #2: Why no. How does it smell?

IDIOT #1: Awful!

(Makes that punchline pose from Centennial Gaieties. Howl, audience, howl. The idiots are pulled offstage with a big hook as the VO begins.)

VOICEOVER: We now rejoin our game, already in progress.

BURT: That's right! *(ending buzzer)* Branner does suck! Stanford wins! Gilgamesh, tell them what they've won.

GILGAMESH VO: They've won curtains, shower curtains, pink shower curtains from the Kennedy home, valued at over \$25,000 dollars. *(cheering from the Stanfords)*

BURT: Thank you all for playing. See you next fall! *(cheezy ending music)*

GILGAMESH VO: The \$25,000 College Bowl Pyramid Jeopardy Jackpot Wad has been brought to you today by the letters K and Q and the number 8. Stay tuned as XTV brings you "A Yell Leader Thanksgiving". *(Cheezy ending music continues, then fades)*

Song: "The Finale"

We've been rehearsing for way too long.
Can we please end this lousy song?
Cal's comin' down here they've got the shakes.
We'll win Big Game no matter what it takes.

Repeat 2x.

This is our song and it never ends.
This is our song and it never ends.
This is our song and it never ends.
This is our song and it never ever ends.

Repeat 4x during ChoreoBows.

LSJUMB

Exit to Cast Party.