



GAIETIES 1992
ACHTUNG WEENIES

An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

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Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1992

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STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Gaieties 1992: Achtung Gaieties

Act I

Stanford, You're a Mess!

Picture this: In front of red. News type desk and Ted Koppel stage right. Nightline banner hangs ominously over Ted's head. He has a guest, too.

Ted: *(Or someone who looks just like him.)* Good evening. I'm Ted Koppel and this is a special quickie edition of Nightline. Tonight--Stanford: a university run amok. A once thriving and proud institution of higher learning torn asunder. Early this morning, incoming President Gerhard Casper officially announced the dismantling of Stanford, explaining that in an early-term referendum the student body voted overwhelmingly that they "preferred not to have a university." The school's once-tranquil California campus has been divided into thirteen independent territories who will maintain complete ownership of their properties. Fences have sprung up along territorial boundaries, and border guards regulate movement between regions. Classes have been cancelled while the transition from university to independent territories is made. Our on-the-scene camerapersons have captured the horrifying images of the breakup on tape.

Overture takes place while stage is filled with graphic images slide-show of the break-up.

Ted: With me in the studio tonight is Stanford Watchdog Paul Biddle, here to discuss the serious implications of the breakup. *(Spotlight on Biddle, fat guy with white hair and big glasses. He's got a thick cigar and makes lots of phlegm noises)* Mr. Biddle, was it the Gorbachev touch or something more?

Biddle: *(Coughs up some phlegm.)* I could have told you it was coming. Those pansy-faced Stanford candy-asses have been begging for something like this to happen! Ever since they changed their mascot from the Indian, I knew they were on their way down. *(He erupts in a fit of laughter that turns into coughing. He recovers eventually.)* Where's an ashtray?

Ted: Very interesting, Mr. Biddle. Rumors abound that a group of Japanese investors is currently considering a buyout--

Biddle: What that pantywaist university needs is a responsible person in charge--like me! The first thing I'd do is teach those kids some discipline! Give `em readings that'll teach them how to survive in the real world! No more of this *Popol Vuh* crap!

Ted: Yes, thank you.

Biddle: I'd give `em the greats! William F. Buckley, Pat Buchanan, and Joe Bob at the drive-in, just to keep them well rounded. And another thing...

(Koppel pulls out gong from under his desk and gongs. Goons come out to drag Biddle off.) Damn. *mumble mumble.* Communist plot. *mumble mumble.* They called me crazy back at the lab. . . *mumble mumble.*

Ted: And now, why don't we take a caller ? Our first caller is... *(Checks his earphone thing)* Fred from Alameda County. Go ahead Fred.

Fred: I'm a student at Cal Berkeley, and I understand how painful this must be for your university. I just wanted to say... *(In singsong voice)* nyah nyah nyaah nyah nyah nyah. Your school's broken up... Your school's broken up... You don't got no ice cream... You don't got no ice cream.

Old hecklers from the Muppet show, two puppets, up in the juliet.

Statler: I'd scream too, if I went to Cal!

Waldorf: Where'd they get this guy? Cut back to Cronkite!

Ted: Hello, Fred? Do you have anything else to add?

Fred: Yeah. Just that it's too bad Stanford won't be able to field a football team on November 21st. Looks like Big Game and that Axe thing finally belong to the mighty Golden Bears!

Waldorf: What'd he say, the Golden Girls? *(Guffaw.)* Didn't you have a date with Blanche last night?

Statler: No, but I did split a can of prunes with your mother! *(Guffaw.)*

Ted: *(Acknowledges hecklers.)* How'd those guys get that keg in here? But we have more important questions to ask: Can Stanford reunite? Is this process irreversible? Is this my real hair? Let's go to our on-the-spot reporter, Stanford Daily staff writer Kathryn Swanson-Dusenberry, who will be following the action... *(Dramatic pauses.)* as it unfolds... over the next few weeks... Kathryn?

Big "A Current Affair" golf club "schwing" sound comes out of nowhere. Ted's desk rolls off the stage. Curtain rises to reveal Kathryn at center stage with a microphone. She's by the wall outside the Physics Tank. People are extending the wall. Groups of random people (the same ones each time) run back and forth across the stage screaming quietly, so dialogue can still be heard. As this scene unfolds, spotlights occasionally sweep the stage, and helicopter sounds scare the audience. A post office worker walks across the stage, very slowly so that by the end of the scene, he's still on stage. He should have a letter in an outstretched hand.

Kathryn: Thank you, Ted. I'm reporting live from the Physics Tank on the Stanford University campus, and as you can see behind me, things are chaotic. Bicycles are on fire everywhere, and roving bands of vandals rend the fabric of this University. People seem to be frightened and confused.

STANFORD YOU'RE A MESS

Sign posts and fences dividing our home
White Plaza is torn asunder.
Hide all your valuables, lock all your doors
The Band is beginning to plunder.

United we studied, divided we face
A future of border patrol.
Is this what we really prefer to have?
Pieces instead of a whole?

CHORUS

You're cracked, wasted, split, and misused
Attacked, voided, and totally abused.
You voted for it, you must confess,
But now Stanford, you're a mess!

The Techies have taken up Termanland
The Fuzzies have staked out the Arts
The jocks and their groupies are stuck in the gym
This break-up is breaking our hearts.

TECHIE AND FUZZY FACE-OFF (*Musical interlude as they face off chanting "Techie" and "Fuzzy". Add snaps a la West Side Story .*)

F: Glasses-wearing, number-crunching, calculator geeks!

T: Black-clad, coffee-drinking, fluffy-headed freaks!

F: You'll regret that!
Who'll correct that
essay due for history track?

T: If you dis us
You will miss us
When a virus kills your MAC.

F: You wouldn't!

T: We would!

F: You couldn't!

T: We could!

You're testing us Stanford, but this is one class
We can't just drop if we fail!

We've earned a D-minus in co-operation
And we can't even pick up our mail!

You're cracked, wasted, split, and misused
Attacked, voided, and totally abused.
You voted for it, you must confess,
But now Stanford, you're a mess!
O woe! Stanford, what distress.
O darn! University-less.
O shoot! Such dividedness.
O crap! Stanford, you're a mess!

Song comes to an exhilarating finish and Kathryn addresses Ted from center stage.

Kathryn: Ted, the surprise announcement that the Stanford student body "prefers not to have a university," has led to a frightening scene of confusion, violence, and cheap sets. Just seconds ago, I myself was a victim of the anarchy, nearly getting run over by a confused yet inseparable group of 50 Freshmen. Let's see if we can grab someone here to get a better sense of what's going on.

At this point, Kathryn tries to stop and question people as they run past her. Surprisingly enough, nobody stops.

Kathryn: *(Flagman runs by with the Stanford flag all ripped to shreds.)* Excuse me sir, what's your perspective on--*(He's gone by now. A Stanford court juggler runs by, juggling flaming torches or maybe just big knives. Excuse me, hello, can you tell me-- (S/he's gone by now. A skateboarder skates by as a Stanford cop runs after him/her, shooting and missing.)* Sir, sir, can I-- *(Cop runs by)* Officer, officer, a word, please! *(Cop runs off. Roller Orientation Volunteer skates up. Kathryn grabs her.)* You, the OV, how do you feel about this madness that surrounds us, this mayhem that is destroying our school?

OV: *(On rollerblades, with red shirt.)* Mayhem? What mayhem? Everything here seems calm to me. NOT! I was going to the Co-Po to pick up some fro-yo when, like, oh no, there were these guys from Flo-Mo, who said they wanted to see if they had any mail in their Po-Bos, when all of a sudden--*(Bullet, with appropriate sound effect, comes from nowhere and kills OV.)* O, I am slain! Yet another victim of the inane rollerblade shooting. You must stop the violence. All of you. You must stop it....

A group of people in band blazers and hats runs by with a keg. Sound effects accompany them: train-chugging, accordions, and cat screeches.

Ted VO: Kathryn, this is Ted Koppel on the Nightline set. It appears that you're having some difficulty getting information on the Stanford breakup.

Kathryn: *(Nervous for her reporting future.)* Why no, Ted... *(She looks down at the dead rollerblade OV.)* We have one confirmed casualty as a result of the mayhem, and I have learned

that...*(She thinks.)* ...lots of people are running from place to place. Obviously, without their classes these students have no direction! Ted, I'm going to see if I can get right into the middle of the fray.

A group of people in band blazers and hats runs by with a bike rack. Sound effect again, especially the meow!

Kathryn: Ted, something is obviously amiss on this campus, but I'm not quite sure what it is. Let me see if I can get another opinion on this situation. *(She grabs Tom Shane.)* Excuse me, sir, do you have any information about the breakup?

Tom Shane: Breakup? I'm so sorry to hear you've had a breakup. If you ever get back together with your fiancée, be sure to stop by my store. I'm Tom Shane, and at the Shane company, we import our diamonds directly from Peruvian mines. You've picked a great time to buy, because right now we're offering Belgian chocolates, **from Belgium**, with every purchase. Stop by our store. It's located across from the Dunfey in San Mateo.

Kathryn: *(Somewhat anguished .)* Why thank you, Tom. Ted, I know a lot more about diamonds than I used to, but I'm afraid I still have no idea what's going on around campus.

A group of people in band blazers and hats runs by with that circle-star thing from the center of the quad. Sound effects.

Kathryn: I've written a lot of research papers in my day, and Green Library has always been a veritable font of information. Why don't I head over there and see what I can find? Ted? Ted, are you there?

Ted VO: Mmph. Mmmnm. Yes, excuse me, Kathryn I was just finishing off a chicken salad sandwich. Yes, why don't you see what you can find at Green. This is Ted Koppel signing off until tomorrow night. Triple-cast coverage of the Stanford mayhem will continue over the next fourteen days.

A group of people in band blazers and hats runs by with The Dish. Sound effects.

Kathryn wanders over to the edge of the stage, where Larry Bud Melman, the Green Library portal guy, waits. Dan suggests that the Nightline desk can be spun around to be the portal. Go for it! The curtain closes as Kathryn approaches Larry Bud.

Larry: *(To Kathryn.)* Stanford ID?

Kathryn: Sir, my name's Kathryn, and I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions. Wait a second, aren't you Larry Bud Melman?

Larry: *(Horrible acting.)* Why yes I am. Mr. Letterman doesn't use me on the show as much as he used to, so I had to take a second job here at Green.

Kathryn: I see, Mr. Melman. You wouldn't happen to know anything about the breakup of the University, would you?

Larry: Funny you should ask, Kathryn. It seems that students are clustering together in small groups, based on common interests, activities, or just social skill. For instance, the more athletic Stanford students have united to form "Encinaland" over by the gym. And the engineers have staked out the Terman building. They're calling it "Terman Techietown." What a laugh riot! *(Obnoxious laughter.)*

Kathryn: Mr. Melman, who is responsible for all this?

Wacky VO Guy: Green library will be closing permanently in fifteen minutes. The current periodicals section will remain open until the December 1992 issue of Playboy is returned.

Kathryn: Fifteen minutes! I still need to do some research for my honors thesis! Larry, you've been a big help, but I've gotta find a book! Ted, this is Kathryn Swanson-Dusenberry, from the Stanford Daily, signing off! *(She tries to run through the portal thing, but Larry clotheslines her.)*

Larry: I still haven't seen your ID. *(She whips it out and angrily shows him.)* Sophomore, eh? Then what's this about an honor's thesis?

Kathryn: It's never too early to start planning your future, Larry!

He lets her through and she runs off stage. The curtain goes down behind Larry's portal desk thing.

Larry: *(Anti-acting.)* Fifteen minutes to go!?! But I'm hungry! *(He stares at his watch as sound effects begin: a watch tick-tocking and stomach growls. He loses patience.)* Ah, to hell with this! I think I'll start planning my future right now. I'm going to Late Night Pizzaland! *(He trudges off.)*

Citizen Walsh

Curtain up on abstract multi-sets--those abstract platform things. People are standing around in groups. The time is about a week after the university breakup. Spotlight on Kathryn. She's in Green library, trying to find a book but, she can't find anything she needs.

Kathryn: *(To library worker.)* Excuse me. I'm looking for Ovid's Metamorphosis. Could you please direct me to the proper shelf? According to the Library of Congress system it should be at HQ31.M695. But it's not. In fact, nothing's there. Well, almost nothing. There are six copies of Mikhail Gorbachev's autobiography and absolutely nothing else.

Shelver: *(Slowly)* Huh? It's not there? Where do you think it could be?

Kathryn: *(Getting frustrated)* That's what I'm asking you.

Shelver: What?

Kathryn: Where it could be?

Shelver: Where what could be?

Kathryn: Anything! I'm asking you where anything could be. Especially Ovid's Metamorphosis.

Shelver: If it's not on the shelf, it hasn't been returned yet.

Kathryn: Are you telling me that nothing has been turned in? This a library, isn't it? Where are all the books?

Shelver: Blame it on the breakup. Ever since all those barricades went up, no one seems to be returning their books. What were you looking for again?

Kathryn: *(Now she's pissed.)* What's wrong with you? What's wrong with this University? Why can't I find this stupid book? What is Rogaine with Monoxidil? Now I'll never get into law school.

Shelver: This isn't the law library.

Kathryn: *(She hisses angrily.)* I need some help. The break-up has ruined this University's reputation for academic excellence. My diploma will be worthless, and no one seems to care!

Spotlight on Post Office. Random guy gets in line behind Virgil.

Guy: How long you been here?

Virgil: About an hour.

Guy: Moved yet?

Virgil: Nope.

Spotlight to Ethan. He's at a group session at the Bridge. All the people there are counselors.

Counselor1: So what you're saying is that you feel happy and content.

C2: So what you're saying is that I'm saying that I feel happy and content.

C3: I'm really happy that we're getting in touch with our feelings.

Ethan: I'm feeling that this is all a little inane.

All Counselors: Ooooh, negativity.

Ethan: Look, I don't mean to hurt anyone's feelings, but don't you understand? We're all counselors. We're not the ones with problems.

C3: Everyone has problems. Some people just don't recognize it until it's too late.

Ethan: But where is everybody? The phones don't ring anymore.

C1: Phones? They never rang.

Ethan: Since the breakup, no one comes to group sessions.

C2: I guess you're right. *(To C1.)* Jim, how does that make you feel?

Ethan: His feelings are important, but feelings won't put this University back together. Maybe I'm just an idealistic freshman who still thinks yell leading isn't such a bad idea, but dammit, Jim, there's got to be a way!

Spotlight to Virgil. He's still in line, a little closer, but not quite there. He's whistling to pass the time.

Spotlight to Alex. She's at the CoPo at the pizza place.

Alex: Yeah, can I get a slice of pepperoni?

Vendor: Sorry, all we have left is prawn and spicy Thai chicken.

Alex: Please tell me you're joking. Who comes up with these flavors? What the hell happened to pepperoni or cheese? I'd even settle for anchovy.

Vendor: Since the University fell apart, we've had the worst time with our distributors. Every time the trucks tried to reach Tressider, they'd be pillaged by those roving barbarians who used to be the marching band. We finally had to start importing leftovers from Pizza à Go Go because it's the only thing the band wouldn't eat. You just missed the last of the pesto.

Alex: This is devastating. I'm a New Yorker! I've been undergoing treatment for pepperoni dependency. You've got to have some, check in the back. Don't make me succumb to Wilbur Food Service.

Vendor: C'mon, this pizza isn't that bad. Try the prawn... and maybe a little key lime fro-yo to wash it down.

Alex: *(Disgusted.)* Berkeley has Blondie's pizza and this is the best we can do!?! What kind of pathetic university is this? This break-up sucks.

Spotlight to Virgil at post office. He's almost there. As he reaches the window, it closes with a bang.

Virgil: Wait! I've been standing here for 7 hours! That's just today. Please, open the window. Help me.

Postal worker: (*Opens window.*) I'm sorry. We're closed now.

Virgil: But I was this close. I'm always this close.

Postal worker: Sounds like you've got a personal problem. Come back tomorrow. Or maybe the next day.

Virgil: But I really need that package. (*Hands him that little yellow slip.*) It's my...it's my... iron lung! I'll die without it, really.

Postal worker: If we make an exception for you, we have to do it for everyone (*Looks at slip*), Mr. Schleprock. Besides, it's not an iron lung. We looked. It's just some underwear and a warm sweater from your mother. Oh, and cookies. They weren't very good anyway. Dad says hi. Come back tomorrow. (*Returns slip.*)

Virgil: Service at the post office was weak before the break-up, but it's actually gotten worse! I can't believe this. Nothing ever works out for me. I've spent the last three years struggling to pass my classes and for what? A degree from Terman Technical Institute or Cubberly College? The Stanford name was the one shining star in the otherwise murky heavens of my adolescence.

The music starts and the four step out onto the big red assembly dot as they sing.

EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY POINT

ETHAN: Once I was worried, neurotic, obsessed
Then a peer tutor saved me from all of this stress.
But for sanity's sake, this ridiculous break
Has torn us apart like that seven-point quake.
And now it's my turn to help someone back
Since Res Ed has obviously gotten off track.
As we say at the Bridge, the world can be cruel
But I can't save that world if I don't save my school.

KATHRYN: Men find me very intimidating
'Cause all that I think of is graduating
Don't mean to be crass, but I'll do more than just pass
I'll excel all the way to the head of the class.
I was born a true leader, like Eva Peron
But my chances for fortune and fame have been blown
Since my Stanford degree has been cancelled by fate
And I might as well transfer to San Jose State.

ALEX: I miss the New York City lights
On all of these dead Palo Alto nights
The Edge and the X are worse than bad sex
They don't do tequila; they serve Yuppie Becks.
How can you live in this town trapped in REM
Where you can only get pizza until 2 am?
Let's face it, I'm stuck here till classes resume
I can't go back home, 'cause mom rented my room.

VIRGIL: Almost has been my whole life story
Like living in Stern or purgatory.
Almost get cookies, almost get nookie
For the last three years I've been a red-shirt rookie.
My girlfriend got the mumps on prom night
I got to Full Moon at half past midnight.
Wait-listed by Harvard and wait-listed here,
I always, almost, sort of get this (*big pause*)

EVERYONE ON STAGE JUMPS IN FRONT OF HIM AND SINGS: Near!

Curtain closes behind the four as Virgil shrugs.

CHORUS: I guess it's up to us to prevent another scandal
Stanford is collapsing, it's a fact we have to face.
Only four against the masses, is it just too much to handle?
Isn't anybody gonna help us save this place?

Song ends and there was much rejoicing.

Alex: (*To Kathryn.*) Yo! Shakespeare!

Kathryn: The name is Kathryn.

Virgil: Like Catherine the Great, right? The one who worked it with the horse?

Kathryn: No, it's with a y, as in "womyn."

Ethan: You know, any spelling is valid, as long as it's really you.

Alex: Do you always sound like an After-School Special, um . . . ?

Ethan: Ethan. I work at the Bridge.

Alex: No! Really? I'm Alex--

Virgil: Like Alexander the Great?

Alex: Shut up with the Greats already, Virgil.

Virgil: How do you know me? Have we met somewhere before? Did we ever... *(Makes the screwing motion with fist a la "Harry Met Sally".)*

Alex: Sorry. Three years ago? CIV? You were the one who kept talking about Freud.

Virgil: Well, I've grown a lot since then. For awhile there I even had a major.

Ethan: My Freshman Advisor says I'm a Soc. machine. What was your major?

Virgil: *(Wistfully.)* Poli Sci, with an emphasis on Soviet foreign policy.

Alex: *(Snickers.)* That'll be **real** marketable, I bet.

Virgil: Oh yeah? What's your major?

Alex: Industrial engineering.

Virgil: *(Smugly.)* Yeah, like you're gonna get a job with that! Oh, yeah, I guess you will.

Ethan: So what are you going to do now, Virgil?

Virgil: *(With "cowboy squinting into the sunset" inflection.)* Well, now I'm an undeclared Senior, looking for a good 30-unit major.

Ethan: Personal growth is the purpose of a university experience.

Kathryn: But we won't have a university experience if we can't infuse our intellectual energies.

Virgil: Come again?

Alex: You wish. You'd settle for once.

Kathryn: Inner strife is our common enemy.

Ethan: We need a facilitator, someone to lead us and the University back to wholeness.

Alex: It's like Big Game in '90. Nineteen seconds left, we go for the two point conversion, and we miss.

Virgil: So close and yet so far away.

Alex: The Weenies flood the field like roaches in Terra kitchen.

Virgil: Game over, man. Game over.

Alex: But it wasn't over. It wasn't over because we stuck together. Delay of game penalty on the Weenies. We go for an onside kick, get it. They rough the passer. 15 yard penalty. Into field goal range, we kick, and it's good!!!

Ethan: So what you're saying is, the four of us, are that ball!

Kathryn: I believe you misinterpreted Alex's intended metaphor. We are the kicker.

Ethan: Every interpretation is valid. Maybe we're the defensive line.

Virgil: Maybe we're the coach.

Alex: *(Idea lightbulb.)* The coach? That's it, the coach!

"Hallelujah" music kicks in, light shines on sign saying "Athletic Department."

Virgil: Bill Walsh? Right, Bill Walsh must have the answer!

They go right into Bill's office (desk on the side lip of the stage). He is slumped over his desk, staring intently at a football cradled in his arms.

Ethan: Bill, what's wrong?

Bill: The breakup is killing me. I haven't even slept since I found out about it three days ago.

Kathryn: The horror! The horror! *(Everyone looks at her the way you look at stupid people in CIV.)*

Bill: My heart, it's --

Kathryn: Full of darkness?

Bill: No, broken, like Stanford. I came here because I wanted to feel at home again. And now, my home is splitting up.

Alex: Coach, that's why we're here. We want to rebuild your house.

Bill: Who the hell are you? Bob Vila?

Ethan: That's a valid response, but we're the only people who seem to care.

Bill: You do? Someone really cares? *(He pants with excitement.)* Then. . . then you must know. . . the reason . . .

Alex: The reason for what? Do you know what we can do?

Bill: *(Starts to pass out, but before he can, he utters the funniest joke in this darn show.)* Rosebowl. . . Rosebowl. . . *(He drops the football, which rolls across the stage).*

After a very dramatic pause (all the while the orchestra plays bum-bum-BUM), we hear Bill snore very loudly!

Kathryn: I can't believe he fell asleep! He was just on the verge of revealing the secret to us, but he only got the first word out!

Virgil: It's just like those narcoleptic dogs in Sleep and Dreams!

Ethan: He's not narcoleptic. Obviously he's been rendered heart-broken by the breakup of the University. Sleep allows us to take a break from our problems. We wake up refreshed and with a whole new outlook on life. Look at the smile on his face.

Alex: He's probably dreaming about Glyn Milburn.

Kathryn: Well, he's given us the first clue. So, I suppose it's up to us to figure out this conundrum.

Virgil: Let's go find President Casper. He's the one in charge.

Ethan: Easier said than done. He's been out assessing the damage for the past few days. Who knows where our poor, crest-fallen leader is now?

Kathryn: There's only one thing to do. Split up and find him.

Virgil: It always worked in Scooby Doo.

Alex: OK. Kathryn, you check out Terman, Virgil hit the Row, Irving--

Ethan: That's Ethan.

Alex: --go see what's up at the Stadium, and I'll head for MemAud. Meet back at the Thinker in 24 hours.

Spy vs. Spy

In front of red. There is one light from above coming as if through a grate. We are in the steam tunnel. Some fog rolls in from the pipes. Dripping sound effect. Two people are standing, one has a brief case. They are wearing black trench coats. They are playing "I Spy."

Sal: OK, it's your turn.

Val: *(After looking around, he speaks with a devilish grin.)* I spy with my little eye... something that begins with the letter... B!

Sal: Is it your briefcase?

Val: Aaach. You got me.

Sal: My turn. I spy with **my** little eye, something that begins with the letter... B!

Val: Hmmm ... Let's see. Is it ... perhaps ... my brief case?

Sal: Genius! Sheer genius! Shhhh! Do you hear footsteps?

Loud noises of someone falling down metal stairs in a suit of armor.

Val: Give the signal.

Sal: *(Clears his throat and whispers.)* "What walks down stairs, alone or in pairs, and makes that Slinkety sound?"

Voice: A Slinky, a Slinky.

Val: Everyone knows it's Slinky. Do the other signal.

Sal stamps his feet to "shave and a haircut" and "two bits" answers back.

Sal: OK, that must be them. *(Yells.)* Over here, you guys!

Clark and Lark wearing red wind breakers enter from stage left (they are the narcs from the Bookstore scene.) Clark carries a brief case.

Lark: Where are you? Dammit, I can't see. My glasses are all fogged up from this steam.

Clark: You think you've got it bad? The steam's making my hair all frizzy. And I just had it conditioned. Why did we have to meet down here anyway?

Val: Because the boss didn't want us to attract any attention. We're being innocuous.

Sal: No, no, no. We're being incontinent. No, that's not it. Intermediate?

Val: Inauspicious?

Sal: Insubordinate?

Val: Inconspicuous? Hey, that's it! *(Sal and Val whoop it up, high fives, shouts of joy, etc.)* So anyway, we gotta keep this low-key.

Sal: We've already kidnapped the Silver Fox and we took care of Diamond Jim, too. So all you gotta do is activate the imposters in the field.

Clark: Who the hell is the Silver Fox? And what about this Rhinestone Jim?

Sal: Diamond Jim.

Lark: But I thought we were supposed to kidnap the president and that dean guy.

Val: Shhhhh. They're code names, you idiot. Now you've blown our cover.

Let's just make the switch and get out of here. These are the ballots we used to fake the student vote thing they had. Show `em to your boss and then destroy `em. *(They swap brief cases by opening them and taking out handfuls of papers, a few of which they drop, and handing them to the other people. Finally they finish.)*

Sal: OK, everybody. Inauspicious. *(They collect themselves and saunter off stage., whistling and mentioning what lovely weather we've been having.)*

Mime and Punishment

Alex is walking along in front of red. Mime approaches from opposite direction. He beckons to her. She doesn't move, then he starts pulling at her with invisible rope. She doesn't move again, turns around and starts walking away. Mime runs around to her and starts putting up invisible mime wall.

Alex: Do you enjoy courting death, Muteboy? Just leave me alone.

Mime gives her a big mime sigh, tries to give her a paper flower.

Alex: I can't make you speak, but I can make you scream.

She motions to hit him, mime mimes jacking off motion at her, gives up on her and skips away. Suddenly Alex starts hearing "bee-bops" and "doodlydoodlies" from behind the curtain. Three improvisors pop up from the trapdoor. They are very spunky

Improv 3: *(Clasps hands in that oh-so-familiar way.)* Hi. Welcome to The Artland.

Improv 2: I'm a SIMP! That means a "Stanford Improvisor" *(Said slowly, accentuating each syllable, as if speaking to a foreigner.)*

Improv 1: And I'm a SponGe! That means a "Spontaneous Generation" member *(Foreigner talk again.)*

Alex: And I'm annoyed. And I don't mean the little Domino's Pizza guy.

Improv 2: Can we help you with something? Perhaps you'd like to get in touch with your creative side?

Alex: I think that all you people have been touching yourselves a little too much already. There's nothing that you can help me with.

Improv 1: Oh, but we must help you! *(With a flourish.)* This is The Artland!

Curtain opens on The Artland scene. Lots of people in colorful clothing wander around singing, dancing, reciting dialog, etc. Avant garde blocks and platforms are the only scenery visible. Lighting is moody and maybe the orchestra can quietly play spooky music.

Improv 3: And in The Artland, the audience member rules!

A Cappella 1: Audience?? Did you say audience? *(He approaches the Improv players with condescending mannerism.)* You found an audience member and we were not notified? How dare you, you improvising peons! *(A Cappella dude slaps Improv 1 with obviously fake stage slap on both cheeks, à la Cabaret. Annoying, incredibly fake full-stage fight scene follows. It is broken up after a while by our very first fake Casper, who runs on in a sliver wig with beret and director's megaphone.)*

Casper: *(Waving his arms with great angst and speaking in Royal Shakespeare Theatre intonation.)* No, no, no! My vision! You're trampling my vision! I picture a pastoral scene! Flora, and fauna, perhaps some livestock! Try it again! Let's take it from when she enters! *(Gestures to Alex. He takes her by the arm and begins to give her instructions as stage hands scramble in with obviously fake trees and green hills and Milky White the cow)* . Why don't you come on from **this** side of the stage and try to remember your motivation. Pain! Suffering! Showtunes!

They run the scene again, only this time the orchestra plays Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony or something, and the lighting becomes more sunny.

Improv 1: Oh, but we must help you! *(With a flourish.)* This is The Artland!

Improv 3: And in The Artland, the audience member rules!

Alex: What are you doing? I can't believe you guys actually--

Casper: *(Re-enters, frustrated.)* That's not your line! It's not even in iambic pentameter! *(Snaps his fingers a few times.)* Line! Line! *(Turns around and examines the sets.)* Wait a moment! The lighting--it's all wrong! Clive! Clive! Oh, damn the lot, I'll do it myself! *(Storms off.)*

Alex: *(Grabs AC1.)* Listen, I don't have time for this bullshit.

Improv 1: I know! We'll find a solution using free association!

Improv 3: It's been so long since we've had an audience member to give suggestions, I'm kind of out of practice.

Improv 2: But remember, all of this is totally improvised! Never before seen on this or any other stage! And never to be seen again.

Alex: Thank God.

Improv 3: (*Does that improvvisor clap thing.*) May I have a suggestion for a solution, please? Whatever comes to mind first.

Alex: (*Mutters.*) Asshole

Imp 3: Asshole, thank you. Asshole. Bigot

Imp1: Bigot, homophobe.

Imp 2: Homophobe. 1st year law student.

Imp 3: 1st year law student. Keith Rabois.

Imp 1: Keith Rabois. Asshole.

Alex: (*Cutting into their fun.*) You're still not helping! We need to keep the university from falling apart. (*Very intently.*) **I need to talk to President Casper.**

A Cappella 1: Casper? He just left. He's that brilliant director in the beret.

Alex: That was Casper? Well, take me to him **now**, and stop blowing each other's pitchpipes!

A Cappella 2: Well, not just anyone can see Casper, the leading man, the Solo Profundo, the Funky Casper Master.

A Cappella 1: If you're so interested in keeping the university together why don't you go to the Big Meeting at the Quad?

Alex: Will Casper be there?

A Cappella 2: No, but that's where the Commonwealth of Independent Stanford Territories is meeting.

A Cappella 1: (*Singing the bass line, singing a doo-wopy a cappella song:*)

Commonwealth of Independent Stanford Territories
that's the place to be.

(*Cheesy scat singing, with arms akimbo!*)

...that's the place for me!

End of song. Huge crash. Gun shots. Sound of a song being whistled off by LSJUMB drum major. Everyone drops to the ground and cowers.

Alex: *(Still standing.)* What the hell was that?

A Cappella 1: Shh. Shh. Quiet.

A Cappella 2: It's the band.

Alex: Excuse me?

A Cappella 3: The band. They're marauding again. And they just love to pillage A Cappella Country. They're worse than the Huns. They've gone apeshit since the breakup. *(In hushed ghost-story tone.)* Some say it's only their restless spirit, angered because they can no longer hold all-campus rallies, bitter because they will never be able to play at the Rose Bowl.

Alex: I don't know how much more of this I can take. *(Sees group of people hanging around in black and talking about angst.)* Finally, New Yorkers. Someone I can talk to. Hey, yo, you in the tights.

Performance Artist 1: *(Semi-Deiter.)* Sky fits heaven, so ride it! Mother fits child, so hold your baby tight. Clown wears big shoes, so ...

Alex: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Do you know where Casper is?

PA2: Egöiste! Egöiste! Egöiste!

Alex: OK. Wrong question. Do you know where you are?

PM1: Your questions have grown tiresome. Now is the time in The Artland when we undress. *(All start removing clothes and flailing wildly.)*

Alex: *(Out of breath and at wits end.)* Alright! That does it! Where's Casper?!

Casper: *(Re-enters.)* A Pox upon that marauding band of band members. They have once again ruined the aesthetic of my production!

Alex: President, how can you spend so much time on this play when the university is falling apart?

Casper: Let it fall apart. We've got everything we need right here in The Artland!

Alex: That's the whole problem! While everyone is worrying about their own part of what *used* to be Stanford, everything that made this university great is going to hell in a handbasket! While all you Artland people play your little reindeer games here, what do you think is happening to the rest of the school?

Casper: The play's the thing, my dear. All the world's a stage. You need to explore your artistic capabilities:

Music begins.

GET SENSITIVE

CASPER: There's no reason to panic
You'll succeed if you wanna.
If you weren't such a cynic
You could be the next Madonna.
If you shut the door on acting, honey
You don't know how to live.
It's time you started reacting, honey
It's time you got sensitive.

ALL: Get sensitive!
Your heart is colder than a rock.
You need art to make it
Just act and dance naked
Let's start with a little Babak.

CASPER: Get sensitive!
I see the star that you could be.
No matter how tense
You are acting and dancing
It's time you got sensitive with me.

ALEX: You gotta be idealistic
To believe that Stanford arts can last.
I'm simply too realistic
To ever be a part of your cast.

I'm the ultimate in apathetic
Hell, I've never seen a Stanford show.
My idea of aesthetic is
An hour with Larry, Curly, and Moe.

BRIDGE

CASPER: I know you're not much for emotional ties
And the stage isn't where you prefer getting highs
But if we get lost we can just improvise
If you want to win, you gotta play.

ALEX: I've always made fun of the whole drama bunch
To be quite honest, I've had a hunch
That someday they all would be serving me lunch
In some trendy New York café.

This sensitive
Just doesn't hang quite right on me
If you aren't convinced yet I'm bitchy already,
Imagine me in poverty.

(Alex, Casper, and background dancers break into hot, jazzy number!)

ALEX: Maybe I could learn to like this
Applause is something I could really dig!
I could be a Ram's Head actress
With an ego just as big.

(To Casper:) Wait a minute!
You get sensitive!
Think about this university.
You're not understanding
That Stanford needs mending
The stage is not where we should be.
Get sensitive?
There are too many things to do
And joining your cast
Is the thing I'd do last
As long as I ever live
My emotional walls won't give
And I'll never get sensitive with you!

It turns into big Production number, Las Vegas revue style with jugglers, dancers, mimes singing silently, feathered boas, performance artists throwing paints or slapping themselves with meat or using chainsaws. Alex is caught in the middle of all the madness. Jugglers start juggling around her. Number ends.

Alex: But I still don't understand. I thought you were going to help this university. But you don't even care. God, I feel used. If you're not going to help, Mr. President, I'll just have to save Stanford myself.

She is pissed. The mime runs in and makes a happy face at her, offering her a mime balloon. She pushes him into the orchestra pit.

Virgil Gets Greecey

Enter Virgil in front of red. He gets to the border of Greece where two large guards, one male and one female (in togas, with spears) are standing.

Virgil: Where am I?

Toga 1: This is Greece, dude. I need an SUID and a picture I.D. that says you're over 21.

Virgil: Well, I have my Stanford I.D., but the only thing I have with my picture on it is my seventh grade bus pass.

Toga 2: That will do. *(Marks hand with large X.)* Now you must sign the scroll of release, waiving all of your legal rights. *(Unrolls large scroll which Virgil signs hurriedly.)*

Toga 1: *(Reads scroll.)* Fred Flintstone? No kidding! Go right ahead Mr. Flintstone, and have a yabba-dabba gay old time!

Curtain spreads revealing Greeks in togas, carrying plasticups. One approaches V-man. He is Lunk, the Delt cowboy man.

Lunk: Hey, I'm Lunk. I'm a Delt. I don't usually wear hats, but, you know, *(Points to his hat.)* cowboy party! What house are you in?

Virgil: Soto.

Lunk: You mean Sigma Tau Omega?

Virgil: No, Soto...like the dog.

Lunk: No way! That's really excellent. What's your major?

Virgil: I'm undeclared.

Lunk: No way! I used to be undeclared. Hey, what'd you do this summer?

Virgil: I was supposed to be a windsurfing instructor in Hawaii, but I got mono and had to...

Lunk: Cool man. Hey, later bra!

Cyndi: *(Sorority woman approaching Virgil.)* Hi! I'm Cyndi! C-y-n-d-i *(Like B-i-n-g-o.)* What house are you in?

Virgil: Soto.

Cyndi: No way! Like Sigma Tau Omega?

Virgil: No, like Soto, the fucking dog.

Cyndi: Whoa, I have a dog! What's your major?

Virgil: I'm undeclared.

Cyndi: Uh-huh, uh-huh. Hey, what did you this sum--

Virgil: Look--I was born under a bad sign, OK? I almost went to Hawaii this summer, but I got sick and had to stay here.

Cyndi: Hawaii? Killer! Well, I don't want to monopolize all your time, so why don't you talk to Laura, my "sister" *(She does the quotes in the air and does the sorority rush hand-off.)*

Virgil: *(Cheezy smile.)* Hi. You know, if I were the maker of the alphabet, I would've put you and I together. *(She gives him the look and starts to walk away.)* Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Um, the alphabet's good the way it is. Really!

Laura: When you first came over, I felt attracted . . .

Virgil: *(He's perky now, and gives the thumbs up.)* Excellent.

Laura: . . . and, yet strangely repulsed. *(He deflates.)* But in a good way! I saw you in Econ 1 and I've had my eye on you for awhile.

Virgil: Are you serious? Do you want to go out sometime?

Laura: Sure. *(They hold hands and look deeply into each other's eyes as a guy walks in.)*

Virgil: God, can this be true? Can this short venture into Greek territory really change my life for ever?

Lance: Laura?

Laura: *(Peeks around Virgil, who's hand she's still holding.)* Lance? Is that really you? But you're dead . . . in that plane crash!

Lance: I had a parachute!

Laura: But your plane crashed in the middle of the ocean.

Lance: I used my seat cushion as a floatation device!

Laura: Hold me! *(They run off to some love theme.)*

Brandon: *(Another brother approaching Virgil; he could have sideburns.)* Hey, I'm Brandon. What house are you in?

Virgil: This always happens to me. I always **almost** have a good time, **almost** find a little bit of heaven with a sweet little mama, **almost** get to find what the Hindus call "the infinite wisdom." Why me? Why not me?

Brandon: Dude, that guy's not getting a bid. Hey everybody--they just tapped a keg of Miller next door!

Crowd runs screaming offstage w/ hands in air--mass hysteria. Virgil grabs one person running off.

Virgil: Alright **dude**, I need some answers and I need them now.

Skip: Hey, dude, what house are you...

Virgil: Not so fast, Biff.

Skip: Dude, I'm Skip. Biff's downstairs. Hey man, what's your damage?

Virgil: What's going on here?

Skip: Dude, it's a party.

Virgil: No, I mean, is this a closed party or what? Where are all the non-Greeks?

Skip: Who cares? Dude, who wants to be a non-Greek? Being in a fraternity instantly shows people that you're okay! Once you've been accepted by the brothers, everyone knows that you're not an asshole or a geek!

Virgil: But what if the brothers are **all** assholes and geeks?

Skip: Hmmm. Maybe you're right. *(Thinks for a second.)* No way man, that doesn't happen here, this is **Greece**.

Intro music from Grease soundtrack is heard over P.A. John Travolta character with leather jacket and jeans enters.

J.T.: Sandy? Hey Sandy? Yo, you guys seen Sandy around here?

Skip: Dude, I think she's next door at Xanadu with the Miller.

J.T.: Alright, thanks. *(Pauses, gets belligerent.)* Hey--who's this Miller guy? Hold this for me! *(He hands Virgil his leather jacket and rolls up his sleeves to prepare for his fight. Then he storms off to the tune of "Grease is the word"...)*

Virgil: As I was saying, where's the rest of the university?

Skip: What do you mean? There is no more university, man. Now it's a 24-hour party--like 7-11, but without the Tasty-Whip. We don't have to hassle with anything but cultivating a buzz and impressing the babes. President Casper helped us get it together. We elected him Regal Chamber Brother of the new republic of Greece! Hey dude, you want to have a **really** good time?

Virgil: You mean . . . like drugs?

Skip: No, dude, everyone knows fraternities aren't about drugs! They're about public service! And co-ordinating brotherhood! Anyway, we're about to force our pledges to swim naked in some chicken gumbo.

Virgil: Well, actually, I'm trying to find President Casper. I need to ask him--

Skip: You're looking for the Grandmaster Casper!? He's reffing the Mud Volleyball game at Lake Lag.

Alex: *(Enters looking a bit ruffled. Whatever!)* Virgil, we need to talk! *(Sincerely.)* Nice jacket. Something strange is going on. I just saw Casper in a toga, but not Casper, but . . .

Virgil: But I was finally scoring some points with these sorority women.

Alex: Don't waste your time here. You're too deep for them.

Virgil: You really think so?

Alex: Does a bear shit in the woods? Come on. We've got to meet Ethan and Kathryn at the Thinker in ten minutes. *(Tough, sincere, and sexy.)* Please, Virgil.

Virgil: *(Virgil has a mental tug of war.)* You win, Alex. *(They exit.)*

Where the Wild Things Are

Ethan is in front of red. He's in the eucalyptus grove. It's dark and spooky, and he's singing "I Whistle a Happy Tune" to himself. He's dreadfully afraid. He hears a noise.

Ethan: Helloooooo? *(A la Billy Crystal in "City Slickers").* Anyone there? Ollie ollie oxen free. Come out, come out wherever you are. I am not seeing the Stadium here. *(Does breathing exercises.)* I am not afraid. I am not lost in the woods. I am simply out for a nice walk, communing with nature. And I am not afraid. *(Hears noise of someone approaching.)* I'll just ask whoever's coming how to get to the Stadium and everything will be OK. *(Noise gets increasingly louder and Ethan calls a few "Excuse me"'s . The band rushes by and takes him with them.)*

On Terman Pond

In front of red. A guard is standing at gate type thang holding slide rule.

Techie Guard: Halt. None shall pass without current Stanford ID.

Kathryn: Darn, I left home without it. But that's why I carry this--my meal card.

TG: Sorry, no meal cards, keys, or Kryptonite locks accepted as proof of studentocity.

Mr. Wizard: But there is another way.

Everyone on stage: Hey, it's Mr. Wizard!

Mr Wizard: What's up, you crazy kids! Before you can enter Terman Techie Town, you must answer three simple questions. What is your name?

Kathryn: Kathryn.

Mr. Wizard: What is your major?

Kathryn: I'm a Modern Thought and Literature major with an emphasis in the feminist interpretations of Moby Dick. *(Resident techies snicker and chant "fuzzy" and play with their sliderules. Some are wearing those cheesy snap-on sunglasses over their normal glasses.)*

Mr. Wizard: Fine. Last question. How much horse power can be transmitted by a shaft if it turns at 100rpms and the maximum sheer stress is limited to 4500 pounds per square inch?

Kathryn: That depends. How long is the shaft?

Dan: *(A techie .)* Ooooooooh. Good answer! Good answer!

Mr. Wizard: Not bad for a fuzzy!

Dan: *(Secretively to Mr. Wizard.)* Mr. Wizard, you know what they say about fuzzy women in CS lab. They only work with hardware! I'd just love to interface with her!

Mr. Wizard: Welcome, Kathryn, you may pass. Usually we require our guests to have a guide. Unfortunately, all of our Karel the Robot guides are on the blink--they're only turning left today. So you can take Dan. He's not a real robot, but he plays one on TV.

Dan: *(Winks.)* Beedy beedy beedy. I'm an RCC in *(whatever dorm has block tickets)*. *(Trying to impress her.)* You know... I've got a laserprinter... in my room.

Kathryn: Well, maybe I'll finger you sometime and find out where you live.

Dan: Talk dirty to me. What can you tell me about Freud?

Kathryn: Listen, I'd love to chat, but I really need to speak to President Casper. Is he here?

Random geek: *(Walking by.)* Of course he's here. He's the new President and Admiral of the Starship TechieTown *(Giggles.)* He's infinitely amazing. But you'll never be able to talk to him.

Kathryn: *(Ignores geek)*. Look Dan, this is really important. Can you take me to Casper?

Dan: But there's so much here in TechieTown that I wanted to share with you. Fuzzy women usually don't venture out this far.

Kathryn: I'm sure you've got a lot of nice pocket protectors here, but this is important!

Dan: *(Singing)* Now wa-ai-ai-ait a minute! *(Spoken)* Techies are people too, Kathryn, and there's more to us than outward appearances would suggest. And today, at the ME 101 contest, we have a chance to prove ourselves.

At this point, Dan guides her behind the red as the curtain opens. Three ME 101 final projects that are being completed. At the rear of the stage is a tall, imposing judge's podium with a picture of the Golden Fulcrum on the front. The song begins, and Dan rips off his glasses, messes up his hair, and tears his shirt open: Bluesy music starts and Dan breaks out into a really sexy song as he and the rest of the Techies surround Kathryn and explain the way life is for Termanites.

PROGRAMMED FOR LOVE

DAN: We've been so lonely in Terman Techtietown.
'Cause engineers and nerdy peers can really bring you down.
When there's no special hun to make your mainframe run,
You're left with the sad square root of only one! **(ALL:)** That's one!

TECHIE MEN CHORUS:

We've been integating, calculating, evaluating, but not dating;
Co-ordinating and equating, but never, never fornicating!
We've hit the books, ignored our looks, we've come to love Pascal,
But in our rooms on lonely nights, we'd rather love a gal.

DAN: You can't measure our manhood by the babes we've scored;
We make Fuzzy chicks amazingly sick and unequivocally bored.
So with superior genes we build big machines,
In order to achieve truly radical means.

TECHIE WOMEN CHORUS:

They've been integating, calculating, evaluating, but not dating;
Co-ordinating and equating, but never, never fornicating!
You must admit our dating pool is really rather meager.
Can you blame us? Would you ever want to date a Techie either?

Song ends and Kathryn pushes away the dorks who have fawning over her.

Kathryn: You know, guys, I have a few dating tips for you. *(All the Techies listen up and say "Really," "Help us," etc..)* Why don't you stop referring to women by derogatory terms? We are women and ladies, not girls or babes *(Techiewomen agree loudly!)* Politeness goes a long way. Then maybe they'd ...uh, feel sorry for you or something, and ... uh, maybe go out with you. Or maybe not.

Dan: Do you really think that would work, Kathryn? I mean, woman.

Kathryn: *(Sighs)* Oh, forget it. So, what's going on here anyway? *(Points to the projects.)*

Dan: You are. This is the ME101 final project day. And if you want to meet Casper, you're going to have to submit a project, like all the rest of us, and win. The only project choice left is to build an enormous model of a black squirrel using only foam core and Naugahyde pelts from the big chairs in Meyer Library. That's why I didn't enter. Nobody ever does **that** project.

Kathryn: No problem. I'm quite familiar with the Naugahyde of Meyer. *(She's the first contestant.)*

Random geek: *(He's actually the second contestant in the contest).* That's all well and good, but how are you going to make a small, black, animus rodentus out of a foam core? I chose to make a remote control tracking system for my water gun so I can win in Assassin. *(More giggles. Fake Casper takes podium. He is a geek with big white hair in a labcoat. (His hair isn't in the labcoat, he is)).*

Casper: Greetings fellow prodigies. I'm honored to be given control of Termanland. I guess, from now on you can call me the "Termanator."

(All techies laugh like the guy in Revenge of the Nerds.) But seriously, let's begin the contest. I'm pleased to introduce our honored guest and judge, that mechanical engineering deity, that master of foamcore, that genius with hair like Donny Osmond and a mind like Doogie Howser . . . MacGyver! *(MacGyver music starts playing and he enters.)*

Techies: We are not worthy! We are not worthy! *(Appropriate bowing.)*

MacGyver: Thank you, Gerhard! Remember kids, the winner will get an internship with IBM *(Techies 'ooh')* , the prestigious Golden Fulcrum award, *('aahh')* and an intimate dinner with President Casper at Nuts n' Mud. Contestants, plug in your glue guns! Go!

Kathryn whips together an exact replica of a black squirrel in under ten seconds. She holds it up triumphantly as the techies gawk.

Dan: *(She has his heart!)* Kathryn! I didn't know you were so mechanically inclined.

Kathryn: *(Pleased with herself.)* Hah! Neither did I. I guess there's not much to this Techie stuff after all!

Dan: How did you do that?

Kathryn: My mother used to work at a Naugahyde factory in rural Kentucky. The strips she used to bring home to the ranch were all I had to play with. Do you realize how many Naugas were killed to make those very strips?

Hannibal Lechter: *(The third contestant, saunters up to Kathryn.)* Do you still hear the screaming of the Naugas, Kathryn? Hmm?

MacGyver: Kathryn, this is the most technically proficient rodent I've ever seen. First place will not go to Dr. Lechter's six-foot Cuisinart as expected! The winner is Kathryn!!! (*Massive techie cheer.*)

Hannibal: And I was so looking forward to having Casper for dinner, with a nice Chianti.

Casper: Congratulations, my little techstress. You are the most wonderful thing to hit Techie Town since Pascal! What say we go to dinner?

Kathryn: Sounds great. I've been meaning to talk to you about this breakup. We need your help, President Casper, sir.

Casper: (*Casper is leering at our hero throughout, and she is basically too oblivious to be disgusted.*) Please, call me Gerhard. Shall we to dinner? (*Gives her his arm.*) Where did you ever learn to construct such a masterpiece?

Kathryn: It was nothing. I really want to talk to you about the university: we've got to get it back together! You've got to help.

Casper: Bah. University, Shmuniversity. Techietown is all we need. Within the next few years, all the fuzzies will be extinct through natural selection.

Kathryn: But you're the president. Don't you want to get the university back together?

Casper: Who needs a university? We're being run just fine since we sold our land to the Bookstore. They know how to manage! And we get these radical sunglasses free with every text book purchased. (*Refers to cheezy snap on sunglasses over their normal glasses. Random geek runs in with MacGyver.*)

Random geek: President Casper, the IBM XL qwerty just crashed. I can't even access the plans to bulldoze the law school.

MacGyver: And I can't find any gum or paperclips to fix it! We need your help!

Kathryn: President Casper, please! Can't you see that we need to put the university back together?

MacGyver: Leave him alone. We've got **important** things to fix.

Kathryn: (*Angrily, to MacGyver.*) Why don't you just mind your own business! And get your hair out of the eighties!

Casper: Excuse me, my little microchip, I have things to attend to. Dan, we need your expertise!

Kathryn: President Casper, please! (*Turns to Dan.*) Dan, you've got to help me.

Dan: I'd love to, I really would, Kathryn. *(Sigh!)* But our system's crashed and they need me.

Kathryn is left alone on stage as the lights go down.

A Separation of Powers

Dimly lit dank dark place. Maybe the scene is backlit so all you get is silhouettes. Or maybe it's backlit behind a screen, so all you see is shadow. In any case, a really cool effect where you can't exactly make out people's faces. Lots of fog. Sounds of rats scurrying everywhere. Casper, the real Casper, is strapped to an inclined slab, (but facing away from the audience so we can use an actor and a V.O.) with a gigantic cartoon like saw hanging right in front of him and a contraption off to the side. There should be cheesy Batcave-like computers around as well. Evil torturer and a big, big henchman Boris are standing over the table. (Evil torturer doesn't have a German accent, but later turns out to be Evil Bookstore manager.)

Evil Torturer: I hope you are completely uncomfortable, President Casper. Or should I say the soon-to-be late President Casper. *(Laughs evilly.)*

Casper: How long do you think a University can survive without its President? That would be like having ASSU without COP, like Hans without Frans, like Starsky without Hutch, like Daisy Duke without her half-shirt...

ET: OK, you've made your point.

Casper: I have friends in Haus Mittleuropa who I am sure are missing my famous Strüdel even as we speak. *(ET laughs heartily at this suggestion).* What is so funny, you foul-smelling schwinehund? Why are you the only one laughing? What are you, a Daily cartoonist?

ET: You are perhaps a bit too funny for your own good, Mr. President. Let me show you what we do with funny people here. First, we will release the dripping hydrochloric acid, which will slowly set fire to this copy of Release magazine. The burning magazine will cause hot air to raise this bundle of inflated condoms, which will then float up and pop on the nails imbedded in the ceiling. As they fall, the rope will catch a lever which will fill this fish tank with water, awakening the sleeping crab in the tank. The water will continue to rush in, also raising in temperature to a boil, overflowing the tank and allowing the crab to climb out and grab the bait I have set for him, which will then pull the vat of acid to the left. The acid will burn through this rope here above the saw.

Casper: And that will kill me?

ET: No, we still have a few bugs in the system. When the acid burns through the rope above the saw, then Boris will come in and shoot you. At any rate, you will be gone. *(Evil laugh #3.)*

Casper: You'll never get away with this, you-- you-- mysteriously unnamed nemesis. The students of Stanford will stop you.

ET: Au contraire, Cas-pair. They don't even know you're gone.

Casper: What? Why not?

ET: Normally I would not reveal my plan to someone who is both my enemy and the one person who could probably foil it, but since you are about to die in my terribly over-complex killing machine... I will tell you everything. I have replaced your fine coffee with Folgers crystals. I have also replaced **you** with several Casper imposters, each pandering to a different group of students. Conveniently enough for us, Stanford's apathetic student body never knew what you looked like in the first place--they only knew you had silver hair and were of some sort of Teutonic ethnicity. Our imposters are clever disguise artists trained at the Barbizon Presidential Academy: "Be a President, or just look like one." No one knows you're gone, and in a few short days, we'll take over the former Stanford University.

A-hahahahahahaha!

Casper: I won't let you.

ET: You have no choice. You will be dead. Boris, we shall leave and return in exactly one hour when the crab has bitten through the bait. Until that time, adieu, Mr. Casper.

Exit evil-doers.

Casper: I must tell the students. I have to get out of here. If... I... could... just... reach... my... utility belt...

Bat VO: Will Casper be chopped into Knockwurst?
Will Stanford remain in pieces forever?
Will any of you ever really understand this plot?
Find out here, same Bat-stage, same Bat-station in:
Gaieties, Act II.

Act II

Steroid to Heaven

Front of red: Ethan approaches from offstage, meeting two hulking border guards, each armed with American Gladiators(TM) brand giant Q-tips. They block his path with their bulk.

Pumped 1: Halt scrawny one! Explain your mission and your lack of pumptitude! Are you a crew coxswain? Are you a cross-country runner?

Ethan: Um, well, I played a little slow-pitch softball in high school, but I don't really see why that--

Pumped 2: Only the strongest of Stanford students (with valid SUID, of course) may enter ENCINALAND! I'm afraid you're just too wispy to come through.

Ethan: But what about *inner* strength? The kind of strength that makes a grown man get misty after watching Steel Magnolias, the kind of strength that makes a man submit poetry to Aurora, the kind of strength that tells a man that it's OK to sing Little Mermaid songs in public?

Guards shrug shoulders and look to each other for clues.

Pumped 1: I don't, I, I'm not--

Pumped 2: The wise ones. I think we need the wise ones. Open the gate!

Curtain goes up, and we see Encinaland. There are trophies scattered about, and lots of people walk around in red and white clothing and weight belts. One guy is throwing a football at the Time Out for Tuition thing with the hole in it. Everyone is very pumped up, with sweatshirts stuffed with fake muscles. People are so buff they have to turn sideways to pass each other and get through doorways. four or five exercise bicycles are lined up against the back curtain. The guards escort Ethan to a clot of yell-leader looking people.

Pumped 1: *(Shoves Ethan toward yellers.)* Wise ones! Wise ones! *(Gets their attention.)* He talks funny.

Ethan: *You're* the wise ones!?

Yell Leader General: *(Indignantly and yelling through a little megaphone.)* This is Encinaland, and in Encinaland, we get the respect we deserve! But we've got a job to do.

Yellers position themselves and do the "Ready? O-K!" thing.

Yellers: *(Gesturing appropriately.)* WHAT IS YOUR NAME!?

Ethan: Well, my parents named me Hank, but I didn't feel that it represented who I am, who I've become. So I changed it to Ethan.

Yellers: *(Translating to Guards.)* Gimme an E! Gimme a T! Gimme an H! Gimme an A! Gimme an N! ETHAN! *(Guards nod.)*

Pumped 1: Has he come here to increase his pumpitude?

Yellers: WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?

Ethan: Well, you see, ever since the University broke up, a few other students and I have been trying to find out just how it happened. We're trying to get some information about the split and what we can do to get our school back together.

Yell Leader General: *(Through megaphone.)* Nope, he's not here to work out. Toss his bony ass outta here!

Guards pick up Ethan like a suitcase: one grabs him by the arm, the other by a leg, and they begin to carry him offstage.

Ethan: *(Panicking.)* Wait a second, wait a second! I wasn't finished. AND to work out! I came here to get some information about why the University broke up, to see what I can do to get it back together, AND to work out! Did you hear me? AND to work out!

Guards, after hesitating a moment, put him down.

Yell Leader General: *(Through megaphone.)* You don't *look* like you work out!

Ethan: I've been sick.

Yell Leader General: *(Through megaphone.)* Look, I may be a dumb bimbo, but I'm not *that* dumb! Bounce him out, boys! *(Guards grab him by the arms and are about to drag him away when he gets a marvelous idea...)*

Ethan: Who said anything about dumb bimbos? Did I say I think you're dumb? Did I say I think you're a bimbo? No!

He tries to shake off the guards and can't. Yell Leader General nods that it's OK to let him loose. He approaches her with a soothing expression on his face.

Ethan: I can see that you exercise your body here in Encinaland, but what needs exercising is your self-image! What's your name?

Marnie: Marnie.

Ethan: Marnie, it breaks my heart to see someone who is so down on herself! Look at yourself! You use your megaphone as a crutch to get people to listen to you, you wear the school colors in a desperate attempt to form a bond with your fellow students... *(He takes her hand .)* I think that deep down inside, there's a wonderful person struggling to break through this dumb bimbo shell you've built around yourself. I think you'll feel better if you talk it out...*(Music swells.)*

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY IN HELL

YELL LEADER:

Mama, just failed a class
Gonna kick me off the squad,
Though I've got the hottest bod.
Mama, I just want to yell,
But I can't without a 2 point GPA.

Mama, ooh.
Why don't they think I'm cool?
Sometimes wish they'd send me back to high school.
Take me home, take me home.
Where yelling really matters.

ETHAN;

Problems--I've solved them all.
I'll help you with your pain
And tell you that you're sane.
Problems--you've all got you're own.
Sometimes I just forget that I have mine.

Problems, ooh.
I'm here with all my heart,
But who will pick *me* up when I fall apart?
Counsel me, counsel me.
My problems really matter.

BRIDGE COUNSELORS CHORUS:

I see a little counsel session at the Bridge
Tell us now, tell us now,
Everybody's got a problem!
Alcohol and dating,
Everybody hating...YOU.

Phallic symbol
It's your mother
Not my problem
You'll feel better.

ETHAN: You're not helping

CHORUS: But we're free.

FLIPBOY: I'm just a flipboy, nobody loves me.

CHORUS:

He's just a flipboy, and he's kind of ugly.
Give him a flag and spare him this mockery.
Let me go! We will not let you go!

ETHAN/FLIPBOY/YELL LEADER: Please help me.

CHORUS:

I've got problems of my own.
Will you please come back at noon?

Song ends to a flurry of applause. Yell Leader General has melted completely. She sniffles and clutches Ethan tightly.

Ethan: There now! Doesn't that feel better? *(She sniffles in the affirmative.)*

Yell Leader general steps back and begins to hold the megaphone up to her lips. She reconsiders, and tosses it aside.

Yell Leader General: Thank you, Ethan, thank you so much! I feel so much better. *(She notices the guards watching her .)* Guards, I think you can go now. *(They take off.)*

Ethan: I'm glad I could help you out. In fact, I've never felt so fulfilled, uh ... in my role as counselor and friend. Now, do you think you could do *me* a favor? I really need to talk to someone who knows what's going on with the break-up thing.

Yell Leader General: Well, President Casper is supposed to be giving a speech in a few minutes. He moved his office into Encinaland because he said that this is his favorite part of campus! I could probably get him to talk to you afterwards.

Ethan: That would be great! Everyone's been trying to get in touch with Casper ever since the breakup was first announced. I tried calling him a few times, but I never got through, nobody has. Let me think, what was that message I kept getting... *(He rubs his chin and stares off into space. We hear:)*

VO: All the Stanford Presidents are busy now. Please remain on the line. The first available Stanford president will take your call in the order in which it was received. This is a recording.

Yell Leader General: He's about to come on! Let's go!

They cross the stage to where an elevated podium has been set up. The PA blares an orchestrated, march-sounding version of "Let's Get Physical" and fake Casper (the Fuck Drugs guy) walks to the podium. He's wearing a silver wig & the requisite "Fuck Drugs" tank top. The Encinaland crowd goes wild, chanting "President Casper! President Casper!" etc.

Fuck Drugs Guy: *(Waves his hands, waiting for the crowd to shut up.)* Fuck drugs! Fuck drugs. Fuck **drugs!** Drugs? Fuck 'em. *(Crowd is mesmerized.)* Thank you, my press secretary will answer any questions you may have. *(He exits.)*

Secretary: *(Gal in dark suit.)* Yes, do you have any questions?

Ethan: Excuse me, but why did the University break up? And why did President Casper move to Encinaland? What's the deal?

Secretary: (*Oratorically.*) All I'm authorized to say is that the University breakup was done to benefit the residents of Encinaland. We're confident that the Bookstore is best suited to manage your territory, and it was for this reason that President Casper suggested you turn control of your property over to that body. I should remind you that the president **did** choose to locate his office here, in the hope of better serving your needs.

Ethan: (*Getting annoyed.*) To better serve the needs of *Encinaland!*? We cut the art department to expand the Stairmaster fleet, and Casper's worried about better serving the needs of *Encinaland!*? That doesn't make sense! Bring him back! I want to talk to Casper! And what was up with that speech!? He didn't mention fucking drugs in any of those articles the *Daily* ran last year! And come to think of it, he didn't look half as pumped as he does now! Wait a second! Are you sure that's the--

Secretary: (*Interrupts, panicked.*) You there, the vocal one! Are you a resident of Encinaland?

Ethan: No, I happen to be--

Secretary: Then you should be especially interested in the new Encinaland regulation that all non-Encinalanders are to be deported immediately unless they can best Blitzkrieg, President Casper's personal bodyguard, in a contest of strength.

Guards grab Ethan.

Ethan: Shit! This is just like sixth grade gym class!

Secretary: So let the contest begin!

American Gladiators time. The crowd disperses and the podium is wheeled away. Ethan is suited up in assorted pads and a lacrosse helmet, same for hulking guard. They are each given a giant Q-tip and placed on a small platform that somehow is elevated above the stage.

Secretary: Whoever remains longest on his platform is the winner!

They fight for a bit. The contest is obviously one-sided.

Ethan: (*To this opponent.*) Say, isn't that Omar Tomas Wasow (*Or whatever Daily columnist from next year would be most threatening to Encinaland people*) hitting on your girlfriend?

Guard bends over to look for Omar. Ethan swabs the side of his helmet with the giant Q-tip. Squeek, squeek sound effect and he plummets to the stage like a wounded duck. Ethan jumps down, victorious. Buff crowd is pissed. They boo Ethan, and yell things like "Cheaters never win" and "No fair, pencil-neck."

Crowd: Get him!

The crowd grabs Ethan, roughing him up for a brief moment (maybe Blitzkrieg can give him noogies) in slo mo, and then Ethan escapes and jumps on the lead exercise bike. Buff guards jump on the others. They all pedal like mad as chase music plays. Ethan finally realizes he's not getting anywhere, jumps off the bike, and runs offstage.

Guard on bike: Dammit! Outsmarted again!

Yell Leader General: *(Gushingly after Ethan.)* What a man!

303 lbs.

Starts in front of red. One at a time, the four main characters find their way to center stage: Ethan gets there first from stage left and nervously checks her watch; Virgil and Alex come up through the trap door; Kathryn comes from the back of Mem Aud and emerges out of the audience. On stage there is a person in the Thinker pose with a text book in his hands. Ethan sees him first.

Ethan: The Thinker! I guess this is the place.

Alex: *(Surprised.)* We're gonna meet here? Whatever! *(With a shrug.)*

Virgil: Hey guys. I thought we said . . . Never mind.

Kathryn: There you are.

Thinker: *(Stands up.)* Will you shut the hell up? I've got the M-CAT on Saturday! *(Storms off.)*

Virgil: Let's get outta here.

Now the four left face and start walking in place and the scenery moves behind them . It's funny.

Kathryn: It's about time you arrived. I thought we synchronized our watches.

Ethan: I would have come sooner, but Blitzkrieg beat me up and took my watch.

Alex: Did he take your lunch money, too?

Ethan: *(Sheepishly.)* Yes.

Virgil: Yeah, you think that's bad? They took my clothes and dressed me up like George Michael. But at least I found Casper. I mean Alex and I both found him, or them ...

Kathryn: You went through Techietown on the way here?

Virgil: No. Casper's in Greece.

Alex: And in The Artland. Only he wasn't the same--

Ethan: But I saw him in Encinaland. He spoke very eloquently on the dangers of drugs. I haven't been so riveted since Whoopi Goldberg's Centennial speech.

Virgil: (*Complains.*) I've never been riveted.

Ethan: Then his press secretary told me that Encinaland has been sold to the Bookstore, and it was all Casper's idea.

Kathryn: The Bookstore bought Techietown, too! He couldn't have been in all four places at the same time.

Virgil: No shit.

Alex: (*Frustrated.*) That's what I've been trying to tell you! I saw Casper twice, and he was not the same guy.

Ethan: (*To Virgil.*) Was your Casper a buff, African-American man with silver hair?

Virgil: The silver hair sounds familiar... But they're not the same guy. Yours must have been fake.

Kathryn: (*To Virgil.*) I find that a potentially flawed thesis. Perhaps yours was the counterfeit Casper.

Ethan: Can we really know anything for sure when we're all so wrapped up in our own interpretations and cultural biases of our shared experience?

Alex: Shut up. It doesn't matter anyway. Casper doesn't want to help us. He obviously doesn't feel like dealing with the students anymore, so he sent out imposters to do his work. We'll have to do this without him.

Virgil: So, what do we do?

Ethan: I know! Let's go to the ASSU. They always handle the important things.

Alex: Two problems, Ethan. A: The ASSU never did anything in the first place. And secondly: they're not even the ASSU anymore. They changed their name to the Commonwealth of Independent Stanford Territories: the C.I.S.T.

Kathryn: Where did you find this out?

Alex: It was sung to me in four-part harmony.

Ethan: If we can convince them to put aside their differences and re-unite, all our problems will be solved!

Alex: *(Gives him the look and a sigh.)* They hold U.N. meetings in the Quad. It's the only neutral area left on campus that hasn't been claimed by any one group. Let's hit it.

The curtain opens to reveal the U.N. meeting and our heroes are there. A big sign says "Commonwealth of Independent Stanford Territories." People are milling about, holding political convention picket signs with the different lands marked down (the ones we've been to, and others including: Genderland, Branner, Multi-Cultural Land, Overseas Colonies, Slo-Mo Land, Dolliewood, Resumé-Packers' Land, etc.). There are a few Super-heroes (especially Aquaman), as well as Band members (especially the Viking guy) milling around. People are throwing paper, like at Flicks. Our four main people herd together.

Viking Guy: You, Muwekma-Guy-Ruk, do you have any new business?

Muwekma-Guy-Ruk: New business? Did we ever finish our old business?

Slo-Mo lady: *(Painfully slow Droopy voice.)* As the delegate from Slo-Mo Land, which includes the Post Office Republic, Cowell Country--

Viking Guy: Yeah , yeah, we know, and the Old Union Confederation. Now, what's your point? What do you want to propose?

Slo-Mo lady: That there's no need to rush!

Gender girl: Do you have something to add, Aquaman?

Aquaman: I'd like Deguerre Pool and the Theta Chi shower to be moved next to Lake Lag. If the drought returns, I'll be helpless and unable to use my telepathy to call on my fish friends. *(The telepathy sonar sound effect here!)*

Viking Guy: Fine, my amphibious amigo.

Mem Chu Construction Worker Lady: *(Enters.)* I hope I'm not interrupting, but I've come here to address the C.I.S.T. on behalf of the University Construction Union. Now that we've finished repairing Mem Chu, we need a new project. We have to keep building -- it's the law of perpetual construction.

Virgil: *(Still dressed in leather.)* Just like the Doozers in Fraggie Rock.

Mem Chu Construction Worker Lady: Right. Today we're pouring concrete at Felafel Junction over in Ecoland.

Stanford Lady Cop: *(Runs in.)* Did you see three skatepunks run through here?

Alex: Skateboarding is not a crime.

Stanford Lady Cop: It is if it's on my beat. It destroys property, takes up university space that other people want to use, and makes a lot of noise.

Alex: Then we should outlaw sorority rush too. (*Rim shot.*)

Virgil: Excuse me! This is all well and good, but aren't we forgetting something? Shouldn't we be getting Stanford back together? Do you want this place to be in chaos forever?

Stanford Lady Cop: Chaos? What you see before you is the biggest and most impressive political organism this school has ever known.

The Cop, Muwekma-Guy-Ruk, Delt cowboy, Mem Chu construction worker lady, and Virgil take their places for this rousing song. A disco ball shaped like a cyst come down.

C.I.S.T.

COP (to Virgil):

Young man, there's no need to feel down,
Young man, you are lost, now you're found.
I said, young man, government's still around
The A-S-S-U ain't dead yet.

MUWEKMA-GUY-RUK:

Young man, you know Stanford split up,
But young man, we don't have to give up,
We will make sure that we stay out of trouble
The C.I.S.T. will lead you.

CHORUS:

We love to meet at the C.I.S.T.
We love to be in the C.I.S.T.
Stanford broke up,
And now we are in charge
Who'd have thought they could grow this large?
We love to meet at the C.I.S.T.
We love to be in the C.I.S.T.
Bring your own hair and teeth
We are large but benign
Don't cut us out of your lives.

DELT COWBOY:

We're not just an unwanted growth, you should
Fear not, we've got power to boast, if you

Want to remove the C.I.S.T.
It's no simple operation.

MEM CHU CONSTRUCTION WORKER:

So young man, if you're worrying, don't because
Each land, will be given a vote,
I said young man, in the C.I.S.T.
You are sure to find some order.

CHORUS:

We love to meet at the C.I.S.T.
We love to be in the C.I.S.T.
Stanford broke up,
And now we are in charge
Who'd have thought they could grow this large?
We love to meet at the C.I.S.T.
We love to be in the C.I.S.T.
Bring your own hair and teeth
We are large but benign
Don't cut us out of your lives.

As the music fades, suddenly, Tofu breaks in and the Ecoland residents emerge from the crowd. They have political convention-type signs that list their causes. One really big sign has to say "Suck My Ass."

Tofu: Wait a minute! I am Tofu, hugger of trees and leader of the people of Ecoland! This slimy cist is a sham! You people have done nothing to keep the Bookstore from mowing down our enchanted broccoli forest. Here is a list of our demands! Tell `em, PigPen!

PigPen: Save the whales! Save the owls! Free the black squirrels! Stop covert action in Dutch Guyana! Eliminate acid rain!

Eco 1: Acid Rain... Two great tastes that don't taste great together.

Tofu: And most importantly, stop the Bookstore from building a highway through our territory! It's a fascist, imperialist plot to tear down our environmentally-friendly house and make a highway to the Bookstore mansion up north!

Virgil: The Bookstore mansion? But how could they do this?

Tofu: We sold them all our land because Gerhard told us it would be best. There's nothing we can do.

Alex: Another Casper? How could you have been that stupid?

Tofu: He added it to the 50 Simple Ways to Save the Earth, so we did it. Who knew?

Alex: But where's your Casper now, Tofu?

Tofu: He skipped town right after the Bookstore started building the highway. But we're not going to stand for it. We're going to fight `em. (*People start coming together.*) We're gonna stay here and work together and stop this massacre of our forests. We'll have the right to clean air for our children, and our children's children, and our children's children's children children.

Eco people start singing "Eco, Eee-cooo, Eee-cooo" to the tune of Peter Gabriel's Biko. This soulful outpouring melts into the opening bars of a Les Mis-like song.

I CAN HEAR THE SCREAMING OF THE TREES

Jean Valjean-style

TOFU: When I hug a tree, I want to cry
Cuz ozone and smog irritate my eyes.
Mother Earth is dying and she needs our help,
Save the whales, save the fishies, save the kelp!

50 Simple Ways to Save the Earth:
Let me be Number Fifty-One!
I'll recycle till I'm one with the compost heap,
Cuz saving Mother Earth's never done.

CHORUS:

If a tree falls in the Enchanted Broccoli Forest and no one's around,
Can *you* hear it scream? Will it still make a sound?

TOFU: Those fascist pigs from Bookstore hell
Made us sign away our peaceful home.
Millionaire thugs with ugly mugs
Trample us with cement and styrofoam.

We recycled old toenail clippings today
So our kids have a brighter tomorrow,
Bulldozers and roadkill pave the way
As we cruise down a highway to sorrow.

CHORUS:

If a tree falls in the Enchanted Broccoli Forest and no one's around,
Can *you* hear it scream? Will it still make a sound?

ALL: Can't bean curd and garbanzos
Become as American as apple pie?
We'll picket this cause till we reach that great
Recycling Center in the sky!

Right after the song, Tofu gets killed. She will be killed by a bad guy in a dark coat with a poisoned blowdart from the side of the stage. There is a cool sound effect, too as the body count escalates.

Eco 1: Oh, my God. Tofu's been assassinated.

Eco 2: I think the blow dart came from the sixth floor of the Bookstore Depository.

Eco 3: What about that grassy knoll? There could have been a second blower!

Pandemonium breaks out once more!

Alex: Tofu must have known too much for her own good. Looks like there's been a massive cover-up.

Virgil: Dammit, it's time to rip the covers off. As much as I hate to say it, we gotta go to the Bookstore. Come on. *(Both exit.)*

Special Bulletin

Ted Koppel's desk rolls out on stage again.

Ted: This just in: a recent Nightline poll indicates that 86% of Stanford students polled believe that Branner sucks. *(Wait until hell freezes over and the audience recovers.)* And 14% are undecided. Now back to our regularly scheduled program.

Paradise by the Bookstore Light

Front of red. All four of our heroes meander across stage from left, They're in front of the Bookstore.

Kathryn: Once we get inside the Bookstore, I'm going to try to do a little research.

Ethan: *(Rolls his eyes.)* Come on, can't your honors thesis wait until we figure out what the Bookstore's doing buying up all the territories?

Kathryn: No, that's not it. There's one thing I still don't understand. Remember when we were back at Bill Walsh's office and he said--

At this point, the AmEX person and the Ring Woman attack Ethan screaming "flight vouchers," "14 or 18 carat gold rings," "buy, buy, buy," etc. Ethan takes out a rape whistle from the Bridge and blows it loudly until the venders run off like so many cockroaches in a dark kitchen suddenly filled with bright light. The curtain opens to reveal the Bookstore. Bookstore Manager lady in suit with red & white scarf should be downstage getting a manicure.

Kathryn: I'm going to go check the gardening section. *(She walks away.)*

Ethan: *(To the audience.)* The gardening section?

Alex: Let's try to find out where the manager's office is. I want to see what they know about Tofu's death.

Virgil: I'll keep an eye out for blow darts.

Alex and Virgil start searching around talking to people quietly. Ethan wanders around a bookstand, browsing through some books. A Gorby-looking guy in a navy-blue suit has his back turned to the audience. Ethan looks up as the guy looks around guiltily and then very obviously tries to stuff an Oxford English Dictionary down his pants. A bookstore narc [in red windbreaker w/ NARC taped in big letters on the back] runs over and grabs him by the arm, spinning him around to face the audience. It's Gorbachev!

Narc: Gotcha! Caught you red-handed! You didn't think you could get away with this, did you? Wait a second...you're Gorbachev! But, Mr. former Soviet President, why were you trying to stuff a dictionary down your pants?

Gorby: *(Smiles weakly and shrugs guiltily.)* No one is buying my book.

Narc: I'll let it slide this time, punk, but keep your nose clean. *(Narc looks offstage.)* Hey! You, with the Laserprinter under your hat! *(Runs off.)*

Kathryn re -enters, bubblin' with vim and vigor.

Kathryn: Hi guys, and gal. I have exciting news! From the beginning, I was confused about this whole "Rosebowl" thing. What did Bill Walsh mean when he said "Rosebowl"? So I checked in a bunch of gardening books. But, nothing! Then I realized... it might be a literary reference, so I checked a few Medieval Welsh balladeers, and found an obscure yet provocative mention of a bowl of roses the Celts worshipped in the Outer Hebrides. *(Ecstatically .)* I think we'll find our answer in Ireland! Let's go back to the AmEx woman, get our \$129 flight vouchers, and GO! What's wrong? Are you afraid of flying?

Ethan: Kathryn, the Rose Bowl is a football game in Pasadena.

Alex: But we don't have a football team anymore.

Virgil: And if there's no Stanford football team, then Bill Walsh won't ever be able to lead it to the Rose Bowl. More importantly, no football means no Big Game.

Kathryn: *(Shrugs.)* I wish somebody had told me that a few hours ago.

Virgil: Don't worry, Kathryn, we got directions to the manager's office.

Alex: I grabbed the cashier and she sang like a canary. This is starting to make sense! What if it was the Bookstore that engineered the whole breakup!

At this point, Bookstore narcs in red windbreakers hiding behind some mannequins in Stanford apparel begin to creep up on our heroes, moving the mannequins with them, listening intently to the explanation.

Ethan: Wait a second, why would the Bookstore want to break Stanford up?

Alex: Remember what Tofu said? That was the only way they could buy up enough Stanford land to build a superhighway through campus to their vacation home! What a bunch of--

Ethan: Greedy, non-non-profit bastards! *(Sees the surprised looks on their faces.)* Oops, sorry.

Kathryn: I think our next logical course of action would be to foil the Bookstore's plan! *(Randomly.)* So fast.

Bookstore narcs, who have been closing in on the group, now jump our heroes.

Narc #1: Not so fast! *Ha ha ha!* You sniveling rebate-hounds almost beat the Bookstore, but not quite!

Virgil: *(Pissed.)* Dammit, this always happens to me!

Bookstore Manager: You may have figured out our nefarious plan, but I'm afraid you'll never live to stop us! Bring out the wrapping paper!

Narc #2: No, you can't mean--

Bookstore Manager: Yes! We'll wrap them up and send them to New Jersey! *(Narcs slip coils of wrapping ribbon over the four main characters' heads, tying them to chairs and a big, sticky bow stuck to their foreheads, as they all scream "Noooooooo!!!!!!!!!!")*

Kathryn: Wait a minute! Did you kill President Casper and Dean Montoya or did you just kidnap them?

Narc #1: Yes! Next question!

Virgil: Did you use our rebate money on this pathetic plan to build a highway?

Narc #2: Ha ha ha ha ha! Fool! We squandered your rebate money on three new Lexuses and another Winnebago!

Alex: So where did you get the money to buy up all the Stanford territories?

Bookstore manager: Ha ha ha, you stupid Stanford students! I gave them the money.

Ethan: You? Who are you?

Bookstore Manager: My name is Annette Funicello (*Or if a man, Englebert Humperdink.*).. No, not that one! Anyway, I represent the students of the University of California at Berkeley! (*Demonic laughter and a thunderclap as she rips off her red & white scarf to reveal a blue & gold one.*)

Statler: (*In juliet.*) The University of California at Berkeley!

Waldorf: (*Sarcastically*) What a surprise! Of course it was Cal! This is Gaieties!

Statler: They had **me** goin'! I thought for sure it was those Japanese investors!

Narc #1: The highway scam wasn't even our idea! Cal asked us if they could buy up territories in our name, and in return, we get a cool freeway to the vacation home in central California!

Ethan: Did you say the Bookstore vacation home is in **central** California? Tofu said the highway only went North. To Cal!

Narcs freak out. They've been double-crossed.

Narc #2: The highway goes to Cal!? (*Points at Manager.*) You'd better not be double crossing us! (*The narcs close in on manager.*)

Bookstore Manager: Too late! Enough Stanford land has already been sold to Cal that the students of the University of California at Berkeley now have a controlling interest in Stanford! But I think you're far too confident. (*Reaches into jacket and pulls out a pistol-shaped price scanner.*) Prepare to be scanned.

Evil bookstore manager aims the scanner at each of the narcs heads. A "bloop" sound effect signals that each has been scanned, and they in turn fall dead to the stage. He approaches the four main characters.

Bookstore Manager: I'm going to enjoy this. You Stanford students think you're **so** smart because you can read, and write and do simple arithmetic, but I tell you, you're not. We stole your school right out from under your stinkin' golf shoes. You guys think you're so clever, but it was you Stanford students who sold your school to Cal! (*Sound effect: a deep, ghostly howl/chortle.*) What the hell was that?

Ghost of Leland Stanford, Sr., swoops onto the stage. A person is wearing a sheet over himself, (like Charlie Brown did every Halloween) and painted on the sheet is the gruff visage of Leland Stanford, Sr., as seen in the 1991 froshbook. The face should be about four feet high, filling up the entire front of the sheet. The voice of the ghost will be done as a voice over. It should be a deep, ghostly, serious, yet strangely neighborly voice. All characters on stage shake violently in fear, but they all stay where they are until the ghost has finished speaking.

Ghost VO: I am the ghost of Leland Stanford, Senior, and I have come to warn you of the horrific doom that awaits you. (*Points at Bookstore manager.*) In the charter of Stanford

University I specifically prohibited any Stanford land from ever being sold. I'm going to have to cause you all such great pain and suffering that you would welcome an atomic wedgie as merciful relief from the horrible anguish that I shall rain down upon you like fire from the heavens! Boogety boogety boo!

Pandemonium. Everyone , including the manager, runs off screaming frantically, begging forgiveness, singing Kum-Ba-Yah, etc. The main characters are tied to chairs, they can't run off, but they try to scoot their chairs away from the ghost at center stage. As soon as the four main characters are the only ones left with the ghost, we hear:

President Casper: *(Ghost pulls off sheet to reveal--yes, it's true--President Casper! Yay!) I'm too sexy for this sheet. (Or if Pres. would prefer: "The things I do to keep my university together!" At this point, the audience goes nuts. President Casper unties our heroes.)* Here, let me help you with that.

Virgil: It's Casper the Friendly Ghost.

Alex: Thank you for saving our lives! You got here just in time.

Virgil: We've been looking for you all over the place! Are you all right?

President Casper: Yes, I'm fine. The Weenies have held me captive for the last two weeks, but thanks to my utility belt, I was able to narrowly evade death a few minutes ago and create a disguise from an old sheet. But that's not important right now. We need a plan to save Stanford.

Kathryn: That's right! Control of Stanford still rests in the hands of Cal students!

Ethan: President Casper, if I remember correctly from those stories in the Daily, you were once a faculty member at Cal. Is there anything you recall from your days at Berkeley that would help us ruin their plan?

President Casper scratches his chin in deep thought and stares into space. The PA slowly swells with the sound of "Truckin" and he gets an idea.

President Casper: Well, I remember that there was one guy the students were always talking about. His name was Julio Ramirez. No, that's not it. Joey Hernandez... Jackie Garbanzo? No, maybe it was--

Virgil: Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead!

President Casper: Yes, that's it. Cal students used to think that man was the greatest.

Alex: They still do.

Kathryn: He's revered as a somewhat god-like figure. But how does that help us?

President Casper: I think I know how we can get our university back! I'll need a pen and some paper.

Kathryn: I had a piece of paper, but I gave it to Waldo.

Virgil: Waldo? Where's Waldo? (*House lights come up to half-power.*)

Announcer Voice: Good evening and welcome to the first annual audience participation segment of Big Game Gaieties: Where's Waldo? (*Spotlights swirl around audience.*) Help President Casper foil the evil Weenie plot by finding Waldo somewhere in the audience. Speak up once you've spotted him!

Planted somewhere in the audience, hopefully toward the back, is Gabe Miller all dressed up as Waldo. Kathryn, Virgil, Ethan, and Alex are on stage looking out into the audience for Waldo. As soon as they've spotted Waldo, they shout out to him. He shouts back from the audience.

Kathryn:(*Sees Waldo.*) Waldo! We need that piece of paper I gave you before!

Waldo: (*Holds up piece of paper and shouts back.*) This one?

Kathryn: Yeah, that's it! Bring it on up here!

Waldo makes his way to the stage from the audience with the piece of paper. Someone pulls a pen from the shirt pocket of one of the scanned Bookstore people who is lying around semi-dead on the stage.

President Casper: I'll take that! Thanks.

Waldo exits. Casper begins to write, using Ethan's back as a desk.

President Casper: (*Reading aloud as he writes :*) We, the undersigned students of the University of California at Berkeley, do hereby...

El Día de los Muertos

Curtain opens to reveal Cal. Milling + mass confusion, sort of the barricade scene from Les Miz. Our Heroes mill + confuse in with the crowd, wearing ALL CAL clothes. Normal Cal students are in the tie-dye/Levis look. The chosen ones gather around a rally stage in Sproul Plaza. Virgil grabs mike.

Virgil: (*After annoying mike feedback squeal, first few notes from Purple Rain heard in background.*) Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to get through this thing called life. Electric word life, it means forever and...

Alex: What he means to say is that Jerry Garcia is dead. Gone. Later. See 'ya. Sayonara. Au revoir. Ciao...

Ethan: But, rest assured, he died for a reason. His life was a message. It told us to love each other, to experience the world through a twisted, yet heightened sense of consciousness, to enjoy life for what it is...

Alex: Yeah, a 3,000 mile drive in a badly-painted Volkswagon bus.

Kathryn: Even in death he taught us. He taught us not to take the little things in life for granted...

Alex: Like showering and underwear...

Ethan: But let me tell you...right now, Jerry is one grateful dude. He's up there, high in the sky, jammin' with St. Stephen. We empathize with your pain, and we have a way of easing it somewhat--we have a petition. *(Holds up petition like the 10 commandments--big cheer from crowd)*. This is a petition to add Jerry's face to Mount Rushmore. *(Small reaction.)* And to change the national anthem to "Casey Jones." *(Small reaction.)* And to make Big Game Day of every year National Jerry Day. *(Jubilance, people rush for petitions and our four heroes walk around, getting signatures as the Cal students sing.)*

JERRY DAY

CHORUS:

Jerry Day, Jerry Day
We all feel a touch of grey
Casey Jones has crashed the train
All we feel is angst and pain

Jerry, oh Jerry, we're not feelin' so good
We've been followin' you all over the land.
Your songs we never really understood,
But we're still listening to Uncle John's Band.

You were stoned, and now you're gone,
You dropped acid, then dropped dead,
You grew marijuana on your lawn,
Now you're growing magnolias out yo' head

CHORUS:

Jerry Day, Jerry Day
We all feel a touch of grey
We were waitin' here at Terrapin Station
But you've taken a permanent vacation.

Jerry, oh Jerry, since we heard you died
Our tranquil world is filled with strife

Even though our brains our fried
There must be more than this provincial life

We're celebrating Jerry Day
By smokin' pot and drinkin' beer
And someday we hope Jerry's day
Will be every day of the year

Song winds down and the four heroes wander around getting their petition signed.

Cal #1: *(Everyone sobbing.)* Jerry's gone. We can't follow the Dead anymore.

Cal #2: I guess that rules out the Jerry Garcia Band, too.

Cal #1: What are we going to do now? If we start bootlegging Phish shows, people will call us Fishheads. *(Pause.)* We can't be called fishheads. *(Head down, emotionally shaken.)*

Cal #2: No one would respect us if we were called fishheads.

Cal #1: Let's go sign that petition. It'll make you feel better.

Cal #2: I love you, man.

Cal #1, 2: *(Mumbling as they walk away.)* Fishheads, fishheads, roly-poly fishheads.

Cal #3: Where did we park, man?

Cal #4: Didn't we park in the Goofy section?

Cal #3: I think so. Cal guy, take me away!

Ethan: Save Jerry's kids. Sign our petition. Save Jerry's kids. *(Cal's 3 and 4 sign his petition and then exit as audience guffaws. Our four are now near the front of the stage.)*

Kathryn: I don't understand how any of this can work. Does President Casper really believe that an institution as respected as the University of California at Berkeley would fall for such a simplistic prank? I mean aren't they going to read this petition before they sign their school away?

Alex: Just look at these people, Kathryn. They think Jerry Garcia is dead just because we sent them a few well-written letters from a laser printer.

Assorted vendors walking around.

Cal #5: Doses! Doses! Ice cold doses!

Cal #6: I have veggie burritos. They've got a special sauce! Eleven herbs and spices.

Announcement woman: *(She speaks into the mike on the podium.)* There is a warning out on the brown acid. Some of the brown acid which is going around may not be so good. But hey, it's your trip, man.

Virgil: Look! They're scalping tickets to his funeral! *(Points, obviously, to a scalper surrounded by eager ticket buyers. Cal #7 wanders up to Ethan.)*

Cal #7: I need a miracle. Just one. You got a ticket, man? *(To Ethan, who takes ridiculous self-defense class position in front of guy's face and yells "NO". Guy stares back with blank expression.)*

Alex: *(Picking up a Daily Cal.)* You'll never believe this--they canceled classes. Their professors are organizing teach-ins on the influence of the Grateful Dead on the writings of Tom Clancy.

Virgil: I overheard a few Cal students saying that it was a conspiracy plot!

Kathryn: *(Reading newspaper.)* It seems that 90% of Berkeley students surveyed believe Jerry's PCP was spiked by a CIA agent. The other ten percent thought he was a flavor of ice cream.

Virgil: How could you spike someone's PCP? What could you spike PCP with--more PCP? *(Cal students wander on.)*

Cal #8: He's dead, man. He's gone. And nothing's gonna bring him back.

Cal #9: I feel like someone just stole my face right off my head.

Alex: What a bunch of moe-rons!

Ethan: Alex, have a little sympathy. These people are going through a very tough time. When we staged Jerry's death, we robbed them of everything they've invested their emotions in. What they fear isn't the loss of a musical hero, but the loss of a support system. Just look at them. I'm afraid we have no choice but to tell them the truth.

Alex: What, are you high? And just hand them Stanford? Why don't you throw in John-Edward, cain III and the shopping center while you're at it?

Ethan: Yeah, you're right. Fuck 'em.

Kathryn: *(She's been counting the signatures on the petition and now she's done.)* There. We're finished. 25, 676 supposed students of higher learning who neglected to read the fine print.

Alex: I bet they fell for those "12 Albums for a Penny" deals.

Ethan: We even got Russell White's signature. Twice. Actually, it's just a thumb print, but it will do.

Virgil: Anyway, here it is in black and white: "In signing this petition, I hereby surrender all shares of the former Stanford University back to its rightful owner, Virgil J. Schleprock." Just kidding! ". . . back to its rightful owners, the students of Stanford."

Cal #10: Ever since the keyboardist died, man, I knew things were getting bad. First Brent, now Jerry. Who's next? That punky guy who used to sing for the Tubes? Who's next? Am I next? Is it me, man? Is it you? Is it all of us? Why don't we all just end it? *(Pulls out a small Ziplock bag, dumps some grassy stuff out, and then tries to force the bag over his head. It won't work, of course, and he smushes up his face.)*

Cal #11: Come on. Pull yourself together. Let's round up the family and go to Jamaica. *(They exit.)*

Virgil: Let's get back to Stanford before we miss the tail-gaters.

Reunited and It Feels So Good

Front of the red. Koppel's desk comes back. We hear that hwacky Nightline love theme.

Ted: Good evening. I'm Ted Koppel and this is *Nightline*. Tonight we continue our look at the crisis on the Farm. Earlier today, a group of four Stanford students foiled an ill-fated and ill-planned hostile takeover plot by the University of California at Berkeley. Stanford now faces the arduous task of resolving petty differences and reuniting to resume their common quest for knowledge. The temporary union of the Commonwealth of Independent Stanford Territories, or CIST, has gone the way of the Soviet Union, the COP, and Erik Estrada. We go now to live coverage of the Phoenix-like rebirth of my alma mater, Leland Stanford Junior University.

His desk disappears as it did before and the curtain opens for the last time on Stanford. Once more we're at the Physics Tank wall. There is mass glee and joyousness, and people are back in their costumes from their "land" scenes. Everyone is joining together to tear down the walls, block by block. Dan the techie guy and the Yell Leader General are working side by side with Kathryn and Ethan respectively.

Kathryn: I can't believe it worked! The fake Caspers have all been sent back to Cal exclaiming "I can't believe it's not butter!," and the real Gerhard is busy recharging his utility belt.

Virgil: Right, with Cal stoned and trying to tie-dye a death shroud for a 300 pound acid-head who's only mostly dead, we're sure to win Big Game.

Alex: Yeah, I'm just glad our school's getting back together. After all that selfish territorial bullshit, everyone's finally willing to work as a team. Everything will be perfect as soon as we finish tearing these walls down.

"Don't You Forget About Me" slowly builds under the following speeches.

Kathryn: I just wanted you all to know that you're invited to the reading of my new honors thesis: "The Implications of Calculus in the Writings of Gloria Steinem"! Dan's going to help me out with the equations.

Ethan: And Marnie and I are going to start a support group for the athletically challenged. I'm really gonna miss you guys. One thing, though, I'm starving! I haven't had a bite to eat since I got that hot dog in Encinaland!

Dean Montoya: *(Enters with oven mitts on both hands, a "Kiss the Cook" apron, a chef's hat, and a tray full of cookies.)* Did someone say they're hungry?

Kathryn: It's James Montoya, the dean of Admissions! And he's got cookies!

Dean Montoya: Chocolate chip! *(Everyone takes cookies.)*

Alex: Dean Montoya, where have you been? We were afraid the Weenies had gotten you!

Dean Montoya: They did! I've been locked up in the kitchen of the Weeniebago ever since they staged the breakup! But I baked cookies to pass the time while I planned my escape. They're still hot!

(As everyone goes for the cookies, Virgil and Alex wind up together downstage.)

Virgil: Uh, Alex, can I talk to you for a second?

Alex: Sure, what's up?

Virgil: You know, I was wondering if you wanted to go out sometime. We could go bowling, or maybe to Hip Hop night at the Coffee House.

Alex: Yeah, sure, Virgil.

Virgil: *(Doesn't seem to hear her.)* Or if that doesn't blow your skirt up, we could go rollerblading in the steam tunnels, or --

Alex: I said "Yes," Virgil.

Virgil: Or if you can't, that's cool too. Are you going to Flicks on Sunday?

Alex: *(Screams.)* Virgil, shut up! What part of "Yes" don't you understand?

Virgil: *(Lightbulb!)* You mean you don't have a dead boyfriend who's gonna come back to life?

Alex: No, Virgil. I'm all yours.

Virgil: *(He's jumpin' out of his pants.)* YES! *(He plants a big kiss on her lips.)* I'm so happy, I'm going to **sing!**

The finale begins. People are also on hoppity-hops. There is dancing and prancing.

RE-STANFORDIZE YOURSELF

VIRGIL: We gotta trample down these stupid walls
And from our ashes rise
We gotta get ourselves together, babe
It's time to Stanfordize.

ALL: Reunifacation's the only cure
For the way our school down-sized.
We'll hold hands all the way around Campus Drive
It's time we Stanfordized.

BRIDGE: Techies and Fuzzies will dance cheek to cheek
While artists and engineers scrump in the quad.
"Kum ba yah" sing the athletes, the hippies, the Greeks
In harmonious chorus, like peas in a pod.

CHORUS: Those Berkeley bufoons tried to steal Big Game,
But our Cardinal spirit was too strong to die.
We're going to scramble on up to Berkeley, game day,
And bake some Weenie Pie.

A big Mariachi band is playing the whole time and the cast dances a random number from Ballet Folklorico during this break. Dean Montoya should have a dance break somewhere in here. Soft shoe? Flamenco? If Montoya can/will sing, perhaps he can have a verse here.

CHORUS: Those Berkeley bufoons tried to steal Big Game,
But our Cardinal spirit was too strong to die.
We're going to scramble on up to Berkeley, game day,
And bake some Weenie Pie.

Kathryn: **I'm so hot from all that dancing.**

Virgil: *(Looking deeply into Alex's eyes.)* I'm feeling pretty hot, too!

Alex: And I'm **really** thirsty!

All: Hey, Kool-Aid!!!

Kool-Aid: Oh, yeah!

Crash-a-bamma-boomma-yah. Kool-Aid man who is actually the drum major crashes through wall separating fuzzies and techies outside of physics department. The whole damn band comes in and for one brief moment the entire universe is happy.

The End.

Now Go Home.