



GAIETIES 1993
THE LAST AXE HERO

An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 17, 1993

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1993

Copyright © 1993 by Ram's Head Theatrical Society
All rights reserved

For more information, visit ramshead.stanford.edu



STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Gaieties 1993: The Last Axe Hero

ACT I

One Kennell of an Intro

[Picture this: Lights out, crowd going wild for our show. Before the orchestra begins to play... Theme music from Blues Brothers (Peter Gunn theme) comes on that hydraulic sound system. Two people dressed as the Blues brothers approach each other from opposite ends of the stage. They reach the center and stop. Elwood is carrying a briefcase.]

Jackie: You got it?

Elwood: Yeaah, I got it. *[Holds up the briefcase.]*

Jackie: Hold on a sec. *[Takes off her left shoe, looks inside, looks confused, shakes it upside down, looks at Elwood who shakes his head disappointedly. Repeat with other shoe. Key falls onto floor. Jackie picks up key and opens briefcase Elwood is holding. Pulls out document.]*

Elwood: What's it say?

Jackie: *[Looking at audience]* Branner sucks. *[Lights out.]*

[Mayhem ensues. After some semblance of calm, orchestra plays music and the musical, the real one that is, begins.]

BAM! BAM! (OPENER)

[The lights dim, a hush falls over the partially inebriated audience, and all of us cross our fingers and hope to God that this is not, truly, goode.]

[We join a festive bonfire-building scene already in progress]

Emcee: Hello everybody, and welcome to the Big Game Bonfire Building rally. Although this year's rally will suffer slightly from the fact that there is no bonfire, we will instead build permanent housing for these endangered salamanders *[motions to a group of people dressed as salamanders - one of them holds up a sign that says "Suck Our Ass"]*. Now, I'd like to introduce our first speaker. Since his return to the farm, he has been holed up in a compound and worshipped by a cult that considers him the messiah. Here he is... Coach Bill Walsh. *[crowd goes nuts]*

Walsh: Beloved Stanford fans. Two days from now, we go up against the Bears. The team they have this year is one of the toughest ever to come out of Chicago, even without Coach Ditka. Now I know some of you have been worried that we're going into this without Joe *[crowd looks*

kind of confused]. But we've been practicing hard all week, and I can promise you that we're ready, and we're gonna keep the Axe where it belongs...with the 49ers. [*mild applause*]

Emcee: Okay, thank you Coach. Heh, heh. It's now my pleasure to announce that everyone working at the rally tonight will be provided with a free barbeque!

Crowd: Yea!!

Emcee: Brought to you by our friends at... University Food Service!

Crowd: Boo!!

One guy: Yeah!! [*He looks around self consciously. You know the drill.*]

[*Hashers emerge carrying trays of food. Spotlight up on David, a hasher, serving food to Crowdpersons 1 & 2.*]

Crowdperson1: What's wrong there, little hasher? You look so forlorn.

David: I don't mean to spoil your evening. It's just that I have a bad feeling about this year's Big Game. That Stanford might lose the Axe somehow.

Crowdperson2: What are you talking about, dude? Cal hasn't had the Axe since the Reagan years.

David: It's just that --

Crowdperson3: You would worry about losing to Cal. It's so... '80's.

Crowdperson 1: Yeah. Name one good thing that has come to an end lately.

David: Cheers, Michael Jordan's career, the childish idealism of the Clinton White House --

Crowdperson 2: Alright alright. You may be right.

[*Lights up on a cheezy lounge singer in the juliet. She is dressed in very tacky clothing and has no bearing on the show whatsoever.*]

Lounge Singer: You may be right! I may be crazy, ho! but it just may be a loo-natic you're lookin' for!

[*Everyone does a take at the juliet and then proceeds.*]

David: Optimism can be dangerous. I remember when I first arrived at Stanford with my parents...

[Flashback music. Two corny-lookin' parents and Young David, (who looks nothing like the old one, but has on a hasher outfit) enter stage left!]

Father: You'll have a great time here, son. Look at that beautiful church and quad-like structure.

Mother: Looks like there's a lot of nice girls for you to date.

Father: And you'll drink lots of beer on weekends and never do any homework, and there'll be a cushy job waiting for you when you get out.

Young David: I don't know. I've just got this feeling that something bad's gonna happen.

Father & Mother: Don't worry!! What could go wrong? *[honking noise]*

Young David: Mom, Dad, look out for the Marguerite!! *[Parents scream and brace themselves, lights go down on flashback]*

David: *[back in the present]* That was the worst day of my life. Since then I could never believe that wonderful perfect things could happen to a guy like me.

[A guy who has been listening in wretches at the intense cheeziness of David's story. Spotlight back on the emcee]

Emcee: And now, the main event: the introduction of the student who has been specially chosen by the Axe Comm, Dean Montoya, and you, the voters, to guard the Axe until Saturday's Big Game when we crush Cal and kill 'em and stomp 'em and-- *[he breaks out into vicious barking, then regains control]*. Excuse me. This Keeper of the Axe has impeccable credentials: two-time intramural football champion, Hum Bio TA as a sophomore, and volunteer firefighter. In fact, it makes me wonder what all you lazy assholes have been doing with your time. Ladies, gentlemen, and members of the academy, give it up for Nitro "Bonecrusher" Cagney!

[Hulking American Gladiator type woman emerges to claim the Axe, as crowd cheers wildly]

[SONG 1: "We Need a Hero!"]

Nitro: Stanford's under Berkeley's attacks
You're scared we won't hold onto the Axe
Big Game anxiety
You need a hero!
And that's me!

Everyone: Post Office lines are getting longer
The Clocktower's time keeps getting wronger
Our mascot is a tree
We need a hero!

Nitro: And that's me!

Everyone: We need a little magic to save us some face
We need a little magic to put Oski in his place!

Everyone: Stanford's sinking into ruts
of apathy and budget cuts
Stanford needs a hero

Nitro: And that hero is me!

¶Music stops as suddenly, out of nowhere, three Cal Terrorists jump onto the platform, wearing blue and gold terrorist gear. They all have guns (or maybe just high-end supersoakers) and the leader has his gun at Nitro's neck.¶

Terrorist 1: Okay, everybody calm down! Nobody moves or Supergirl here gets it!

Emcee: What do you want??

Terrorist 2: We are ruthless, diabolical terrorists from Cal, and we have only three demands: one million in cash [*a gasp from the crowd*] the Axe [*everyone gasps*] and six tickets to your Viennese Ball! [*general mayhem a laAirplane. Terrorist 1 tries to regain some control*]

Terrorist 1: Okay, maybe just the Axe.

David: Hold it right there! [*David has grabbed Terrorist 3 from behind*] Drop your weapons, or I force feed your friend here with this oatburger!! [*He pulls an oatburger from his hashing apron, waving it menacingly at the crowd*]

[*There is a moment of tension*]

Terrorist 1: Okay man. Don't do anything rash now. We'll just put... down... the guns.

[*David stuffs the oatburger down Terrorist 3's throat, causing him to start shhoting uncontrollably. Terrorist 3 kills Terrorists 1 and 2, Nitro, all the salamanders, and , with a final shot, someone who has been planted in the audience. The audience member keels over, and is dragged off by two stagehands. Terrorist 3 then keels over, choking on the oatburger. The crowd cheers. David stands dazed.*]

Emcee: What's your name, son?

David: David Hasseldorf.

Emcee: David, you've saved the Axe! Since Nitro is now dead, you are its rightful keeper! Stanford's prized possession is now in your hands! [*Crowd sings again as the Axe is chained to David's wrist.*]

[**Song 1, continued**]

Everyone: Stanford's dying for some leadership
We're more misguided than the readership
Of the Stanford Review
We need a hero!
And that's you!

Give us Herculean deeds
All the while keeping in mind our diverse yet equally valid and pressing multicultural needs
It's not so hard to do
We need a hero!
And that's you!

Everyone: We need someone to put the twinkle back in Stanford's eye
We need someone who'll guard the Axe even if he has to die!

We want to be the best and we
Just need a little destiny
A guy with truckloads of virtu
We need a hero!
And that's you!

Stanford needs a hero
And that hero is you!

¶*David, at the center of the dancing chorus, faints at the end of the song from all the pressure. As people try to revive him, spotlight comes up on Stacy and Evil Cal Boss, stage left. Maybe a little ominous music.*¶

Boss: Damn that pesky hasher! Tell me, Agent 99. Why do we weenies only get screwed when we're not trying?

Stacy: We can't give up, Boss. I've been at Cal four years and this is the first time I've been this close to the Axe. I'm so close I can smell it. I'm so close I can hear it. I'm--

Boss: Alright, Stacy, I get it. We've got to think of a way to steal that Axe from those Stanford punks.

Stacy: Put me on the case, Boss. No more terrorists and guns. I can use more subtle ways to get to this *David*. I just need to get close enough to, to-

Boss: Grab his Axe?

Stacy: Yes.

Boss: Alright, Stacy. Give it a shot. But you'd better put on this super-stealth disguise [*He hands her a bunch of Stanford clothing*] Don't spill anything on that sweatshirt. It cost me \$79.95 at the Bookstore. Report to me by phone in twenty-four hours. [*He exits*]

Stacy: [*Looking over at David*] David, your Axe is mine. [*She slips into the shadows*]

David: [*Coming to*] What happened?

Becca: You just passed out. But you're okay.

David: Are you a doctor?

Becca: I'm pre-med, which is practically as good.

David: [*Taking her hands tenderly*] It's good enough for me.

[*Appropriate West Side Story music comes up.*]

Becca: My hands are cold.

David: Pardon?

Becca: I said I live in Hammerskjöld.

David: I live in Haus Mitt! [*Their eyes light up - they have a Germanic moment*] Weisst du, wie kann ich der Hauptbahnhof finden?

Becca: Natürlich, es ist neben des Hauses von der Grossen Hund. [*They laugh knowingly*]

David: [*Bubbly*] What's your name?

Becca: Rebecca. Becca.

David: Rebeccabecca. That's pretty. Can I walk you home?

Becca: [*taking his arm*] I think this is the beginning of a beautiful relationship! [*David and Becca exit*]

Stacy: We'll see about that! BWUH, HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

[*End of this particular scene.*]

Crossing the Line

[In front of red. David and Becca on the way to her dorm. There is a bush with legs on one side of the stage, behind which hides N.R.A. Those are his legs. Throughout the following dialogue he sneaks closer to David and Becca, occasionally picking up the bush and getting closer to them.]

David: Oh Becca, your eyes remind me of Lake Lag in Spring: brown and teeming with life.

Becca: Your hair is as shiny and silky as a scarf!

David: If I could have all the characters of 90210 over for a barbecue, or I could have you, I would totally pick you.

Becca: Me too. But David, we don't have to try to impress each other like this. We already *have* each other!

David: Wow. Well then--can I kiss you?

Becca: It's so nice to have someone who asks. My old boyfriend always tried to order me around. Let's mash.

[They mash. N.R.A. leaps out, still in bush suit]

N.R.A.: DETACH FACE! *[N.R.A. baffles David with a bunch of impressive judo moves, then puts him in a headlock.]*

David: Becca! I'm being attacked by a bush!

N.R.A.: I'm not a bush, fool, I'm your worst nightmare. *[Holds up his hand in front of David's face, with the other hand over his mouth]* You see this, boy? You're staring down the barrel of a first issue hand unit, a human weapon, a fine-tuned fightin' marine machine. Attention! Apology demanded! *[David has been trying to get N.R.A.'s hand off his mouth, doing petty torture, and then . . .]* I can stand your petty torture, even if you lick my hand! *[He screams]*

Becca: *[Who had been temporarily frozen in an "I'm being kissed" position, with a dreamy look on her face, snaps to attention]* Marine! Ten HUT! Cease torture on civilian!

N.R.A.: *[Totally whipped but still passionate]* Okay. Sorry, Becca, but this wimpy little piece of... *[Becca points at him menacingly]* I mean, sorry, I am really very sorry...

David: *[gasping for air]* You *know* this lunatic?

Becca: He's the ex-boyfriend I was telling you about.

David: You dated a bush? It must have hurt when you...

N.R.A.: Cease discussion of my after-hours ability! After all, you were just licking a man's hand . . . *[wipes his hand on his fatigues]*

Becca: Okay, let's all take a minute for an anti-testosterone exercise. Imagine cherry fro yo, soothing, cooling us down... [*N.R.A. breathes deeply, David's baffled*] Now. David, this is Raymond. Raymond, David.

David: How funny is that? Your last name is my first name.

N.R.A.: My old name is Raymond. I now demand to be called the New Residential Authority. That's N.R.A. for short.

Becca: [*To David, explaining*] Raymond just became an R.A. in Donner [*or frosh dorm with block tickets.*] The real RA... disappeared, so he took over. Raymond. You have to quit following me around. We broke up three years ago. Three, trois, tres, get it?

N.R.A.: Living without you takes a lot of getting used to. I should learn to live with it, but I don't want to. [*pause, as we let this sentiment sink in.*] Look, let me make it up to you two. At exactly 1900 hours I will be putting on that award winning program, Crossing the Line. I've made a few changes...why don't you come as my VIPs?

Becca: Well . . . maybe just to make peace.

N.R.A.: That's the spirit, private. [*turns to David*] Maybe you'll learn something, boy.

[*Curtains open to reveal a freshman dorm lounge, complete with Res Ed furniture and a bunch of happy frosh. Down the middle of the lounge is a big white line--maybe up the back wall too so that the audience can see it. Some little vamp in high heels starts playing the background - not too loud now. On the other side, N.R.A. is decked out in full paramilitary gear, possibly carrying a high-powered weapon.*]

Little frosh #1: [*stage left along with many of his/her fellow frosh*] Hey, are you going to the dorm program?

Little frosh #2: I don't know. I've got a lot of CIV reading. You know, CIV is a five unit class. Are you going?

LF #1: I've heard this program is really awesome and it allows us to look more sensitive than we really are. But I think N.R.A. made a few changes.

LF #2: N.R.A. Name kind of fits, huh?

LF #1: You said it brother [*Makes that pointing gesture like Isaac on Love Boat*] C'mon, let's check it out. [*They walk over and join their brethren/sisteren*]

N.R.A.: [*blows whistle, frosh come to attention*] All right, all you overly sensitive, Snapple drinking, Simpsons-watching, aerobicizing, CIV-readin' little runts! I understand you enjoyed last week's program, the lecture by Phil Zimbardo.

[*Frosh snap into zombie-like trance, hands in front of them.*]

All Frosh: Yes master. Zimbardo is our king and we are sworn to do his bidding. [*They all return to normal*]

N.R.A.: Very good. This week's program is Crossing the Line. Let me explain the rules: [*Reads from piece of paper*] Line up behind this piece of tape. [*frosh waffle*] I'm talking to you! [*they fall into line*] That's better. Now, I'll be making some statements here, and if one applies to you, you cross the line. If it doesn't apply, you don't cross it. [*in a mocking tone*] Everything is confidential and we will all accept each other. [*spits on paper and throws it down*] Any questions?

Freshman #12: Yeah, um, I have to go to my CIV section at 7, so do you think it'd be possible for me to leave--

N.R.A.: [*snaps back*] No! Drop and give me ten, and get back in line! Don't you see what I'm trying to do here? We're trying to build a community, a cohesive unit, a relentlessly efficient killing machine! We're going to...[*disgusted*] bond, and then we're going to go out there and kick some Branner ass! And if any of you fuck up, I'll sick Schwartzkopf on you! [*indicates Schwartzie, his dog, who very well may be played by a person*] Let the exercise begin!

[**SONG 2: "Crossing the Line"**]

N.R.A.: Here's an offering new for the dorm.

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

N.R.A.: I'm here to make sure you don't stray from the norm.

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

N.R.A.: They said that I'd never work for Res Ed

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

N.R.A.: And now they're all suspiciously dead.

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

N.R.A.: An R.A. they said I never could be

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

N.R.A.: Soon all of Res Ed will answer to ME!

Chorus: It's crossing the line, it's crossing the line.

¶*Return to dialogue, although music continues softly in the background.*¶

N.R.A.: All right, let's begin. First statement: `Anyone who cried at the end of "Sleepless in Seattle," CROSS THE LINE! [7-8 women and 1 man hesitatingly cross the line. N.R.A. gets in the guy's face]

You sissy boy

Get out of the room!

Put on a dress

And wear some perfume! [*shouts*] Out! Out!

¶*Pause, while guy leaves stage*¶

N.R.A.: OK, next statement. Anyone who has been to a fraternity party in the past two weeks, CROSS THE LINE!

[Freshmen hesitate, looking at each other, and when one finally starts to cross, all the others stampede forward, except for one girl.]

N.R.A.: YOU! What kind of a woman are you? *[sings]*

You study long
And avoid the crowd
Your uptight ways
Would make Sappho proud! OUT! OUT!
¶*She runs off stage, weeping.*¶

N.R.A.: All right, next statement. Anyone who has ever had a pet, CROSS THE LINE!

[Paranoid freshmen cross and uncross the line several times, looking to N.R.A. for some kind of response. Finally they all settle across the line.]

N.R.A.: All right. It's a good thing, when you're growing up, to have a pet. *[Cumulative sigh of relief, wiping of brows, etc.]*

[Frosh-Chorus starts machine-like dance while N.R.A. sings, and indiscriminately shoots down frosh one after another as David and Becca watch in abject horror.]

N.R.A.: Cross the Line if you've got the guts
Do that non-conformist deal
Then I'll shoot your ass - I'll kick your nuts
And we'll see just how brave you feel!
[next stanza sung at David - he's still picking off frosh]
I'm the police on this little highway
Follow my laws and you'll be fine
If you don't agree with doing things my way
Make my day! Just Cross the Line!
Cross the Line! Cross the Line!
¶*Song ends. Only one female frosh is left standing.*¶

N.R.A.: Well, it seems you are the only worthy frosh in this dorm. Report tomorrow, 0600 hours, for training. *[She leaves in tears]*

David: Raymond, I mean, N.R.A. - what the hell have you done?

N.R.A.: *[Pointing to scattered bodies]* They aren't really dead. Those were just tranquilizer darts I ordered from Soldier of Fortune magazine. They'll all be up in 8 to 12 hours, and they'll have learned a lesson. We won't be seeing any more deviant activity around here.

David: You contemptible piece of slime. I'm getting out of here, Becca. See you tomorrow at the Natural Hazards of Man midterm. [*storms off stage . Becca gives N.R.A. a "thanks a lot" look and leaves in the other direction*]

N.R.A.: I'll get that Axe Boy if it's the last thing I do! [*Lights out*]

Cheaters Never Win

[*N.R.A. does a voiceover as we see a pre-recorded scene projected on the back screen. It's as if we're looking through N.R.A.'s binoculars as he chases around campus looking for David: he trips over things, hits bikers and bollards ("ooh!"), zooms in on a black squirrel.*]

N.R.A. VO: [*speaking like Bill Murray in Caddyshack*] Ooh, I see you. I've got you now, David, right where I want you. You can run, but you can't hide, asshole. I know what you do every minute of the day, shit for brains. I've got your room bugged, I've got your phone tapped, I've broken into your axess code. I know your maiden name, buttface. When I finally catch you, it will all be over in a few painful seconds, if you'll just STAND STILL AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN, YOU POOPY HEAD!

[*Binocs finally zoom in on David and Becca taking a test. Lights come up and we see N.R.A. looking in through the back window, facing rows of students with their backs to the audience. Professor faces class in front of slide screen. There is a fully-habited nun standing next to him smacking a ruler in her open hand.*]

Professor: Hello class. Welcome to the midterm for Geophysics 4: Natural Hazards of Man. The first part of the exam will be slide identification. Identify the following hazards of man starting... now.

[*Slide 1: Tornado*]

Dolt: [*raises hand*] Um... Tornado?

Professor: Not out loud, you idiot! Write it down!

[*Slide 2: Hindenburg; Slide 3: Bike Accident; Slide 4: One man hitting another in the nuts with a sledgehammer; Slide 5: Person with shower cap on playing with a lite-brite; Slide 6: Wilbur Food Service Rep handing you a plate of flaming walnut balls; Slide 7: A'Cappella group.*]

Professor: Very good. The next part consists of one hundred multiple choice questions. This will be an un-proctored section of the exam [*He snaps the rubber glove which is on his hand*]. Now remember, you're on your own, you've signed the honor code, so please... no cheating.

[*Music starts. Students still have backs to the audience. They start passing notes behind their backs, then books, then a guy with a sign that says "I took this class last year," then some Grey Poupon.*]

[SONG 3: "CHEATING! YEAH!"]

Chorus: Number Seven is B - It's what? - It's B - It's what? - It's B - Oh, it's B! Number Twelve is C - It's what? - It's C [*this whispered chant continues as first cheater, Slicky, stands up, singing slow and jazzy.*]

Slicky: Cheating yeah
Got me where I am today
Offers for a thousand jobs
and a 4 point G.P.A.

Cheating yeah
From taxes to my S.A.T.
When I took my urine test
I used someone else's pee

¶*Four cheaters move downstage*¶

Boomer: Here's my blue book
Why don't you look
Down my pants there's a Math 42 book
Fanny: My answer's fine
Your answer's mine
Whoever wants to cheat with me get in line

Chorus: CHEATING! Everybody do it!
CHEATING! Honor code? Screw it!
CHEATING! Wouldn't have to if you knew it
But you don't.

Dolt: Look here girly
I'm dumb and burly
And I've got the answers 'cause I took the test early
Lippy: Screw this class
I only need a pass
and I wrote the answers on that guy's ass!

Chorus: CHEATING! Everybody do it!
CHEATING! Honor code? Screw it!
CHEATING! Wouldn't have to if you knew it
But you don't.

¶*Music stops suddenly and Nun sticks her head in - students have magically reassumed their seats and are working in silence.*¶

Nun: Just forgot my ruler! [*Starts to leave*] Don't fuckin' cheat, you little bastards! [*She leaves and song breaks our once more*]

Chorus: CHEATING! Everybody do it!
CHEATING! Honor code? Screw it!
CHEATING! Wouldn't have to if you knew it
But you don't.

¶*After the song ends, people continue cheating quietly amongst themselves. David and Becca have not been cheating during the entire song.*¶

Becca: [*Jumps up triumphantly.*] I did it! That was so easy! Bye David, I've got to go work at Green. Good luck. [*She exits.*]

David: [*Aside, and a little verklempt*] Done? I'm only on the essay.

[*Stacy starts moving sinuously up towards David, and every time she moves, the orchestra sax blows. Meanwhile, David is freaking out.*]

David: This question is so easy. I studied for hours. Why can't I think? It's so hot in here, dammit! [*Screams.*] I pay twenty thousand bucks a year, and there's no goddamn air conditioning. Can't someone turn on the fucking air?

Nun: [*Pops her head in the door*] No swearing!

David: Sorry. Get a grip, Dave. It's just a test. Okay. [*Reads*] "Explain why an earthquake might be considered a natural hazard." SHIT!

[*Stacy sidles up and sits on his desk. She speaks very breathily.*]

Stacy: Hi, I'm Stacy. You look like you're in trouble. I understand life-threatening situations.

David: Why, did you lose your asthma inhaler?

Stacy: No, I mean you look like you're having trouble with the test. You're taking it Pass/No Credit, right?

David: Why would anyone take a DR Pass/No Credit?

[*All the other students laugh*]

Stacy: Poor baby. Maybe I can help. I've got all the answers. Guess where they are? [*Leans in close to him*]

David: [*Flustered*] I've never teated on a chest before-- I mean, cheated on a test before.

Stacy: That's alright. [*N.R.A. is sneaking up behind them and overhears the following.*] There's a first time for everyone. I'm just glad it could be with me.

David: Are you sure no one will find out?

[N.R.A. jumps out of hiding and points megaphone at David.]

N.R.A.: That's it, soldier! Nobody cheats on Becca and gets away with it!

[All the students gasp. The professor and the nun run in (he's zipping his pants, she's fixing her habit), cops run in, sirens blare, etc.]

Voiceover: Attention. There is a cheater in the area. All exits have been cordoned off and the national guard will be here shortly. This is not a test. I mean, well, technically, it is a test, but it's not gonna count now, because somebody had to go and blow it!

Nun: *[falling to her knees]* Forgive me Father! I just wanted to relieve his nerves!

[Big mayhem scene freezes and goes black. Foreboding music is supplied by the orchestra as the first set of HEADLINES come up on the scrim or the wall:

HEADLINE ONE: (San Francisco Chronicle)

"Axe Boy Runs From Law: He IS Natural Hazard of Man"

HEADLINE TWO: (Stanford Review)

"Hoover Institute Decries Cheater: David is Liberal Immoral Pinko Commie Scum"

HEADLINE THREE: (Stanford Daily)

"Daily Staffers Vote Daily Best Daily"

Mastermind:

Membership has its Privileges

[Stacy gets in a phone booth in front of red. and calls the head man, the big cheese, the Grand Poobah, the Boss. He is a figure in black, a dark haunting Romeo in a juliet (yikes!)]

Stacy: *[After a few audible rings]* Hello boss. It's me, Stacy. I'm just calling in to report that things are going almost as we planned. I haven't gotten the Axe yet, but I'm getting closer.

Boss: Don't lie to me Agent 99. I know exactly what's been going on. KZSU news has been covering your every move. Luckily for us, no one listens to KZSU except for my henchpeople, and I had to *pay* them. You had a chance to get the Axe, and you screwed it up.

Stacy: *[In a bit of an insecure frenzy]* What do you mean, Boss? I can almost feel that pine-wood handle in my hot little hands. I'm doing good work. Right? Right?

Boss: Whoa! Down Simba. You may be getting close, but there is someone who is getting closer. Isn't there, Stacy?

Stacy: David's new girlfriend? Well, yes, but she shouldn't be a problem. David will be studying tonight in the Green Library South Stacks. Just the place where I can pounce.

Boss: Very well Stacy. I'm a bit concerned, so don't be surprised if I send in some back-up to secure our objective. This Becca is a threat to our mission. Proceed with caution and remember - the students of Cal are counting on you, and they can't count much past 100, so you've got to move quickly.

Stacy Got it. Over and out.

[Stacy hangs up and exits stage left, and back again even. Kidding - she's way gone.]

Boss: *[He hangs up but then dials again]* Mrs. Pennyworth. Send in two of my henchpeople. That's right, the best of what we have left.

[Two visibly incompetent (how do you say in your country? "bumbling") idiots, dressed in blue and gold, enter right below the juliet and look up for instruction.]

Boss: Beavis. Buttafuoco. You know David Hasseldorf?

Buttafuoco: Yeah. The Axe guy.

Beavis: Chop! Huh huh. Chop! Chop!

Boss: Right. David has a new girlfriend, and she's getting in the way of our plans. I want you to... get her out of the way.

Beavis: Right, huh. Where do you want us to put her?

Boss: Kill her, you idiot. Kill her.

Beavis and Buttafuoco: Right.

Boss: Open that trunk and you'll find your disguises. *[Beavis and Buttafuoco open conveniently placed onstage trunk and pull out Stanford police uniforms]*

Buttafuoco: Stanford Police uniforms? Where'd you get these?

Boss: I found them on the floor after last year's Exotic Erotic. I was there for... field research about the enemy.

Beavis: Cool. Huh huh. Erotic.

Boss: You'll find your target at Green Library. You'd better get moving. [*He disappears into darkness*]

It's Not Easy Bein' in Green

[*Becca is working at Green, checking people's bags. Throughout her dialogue with David, a long line of people passes the desk, opening their bags, taking out various wacky items-- firearms, chainsaws, six-packs, other inappropriate library objects, or just things that are specific to certain types of people (a Hippie-type brings in a small bird's nest, for example.) David enters.*]

David: Becca, I'm glad I found you.

Becca: How do you think you did on the test?

David: Actually, there was an incident, an accident. There were some hints and allegations, but--

Girl 1: [*To David.*] Hey, cheater. Great one!

Becca: [*Doesn't hear the girl, for she is dutifully checking her bag*] An incident? What do you mean?

Guy: Dude, heard about your scam! Work it.

Becca: What's he talking about, David? What happened?

David: There's something I need to tell you. . . I feel like such a clown.

[*Clown approaches. Whenever the clown enters a scene, that clown music plays. You know, that "doot doot doodle-oodle doot doot doo-doo" tune*]

Clown: [*Points to David*] You. I can't believe someone like you did what you did with all those people around. And when you and that girl . . .

Becca: [*watching the clown open his bag and pull out a rubber chicken, never-ending handkerchiefs, other small clowns, etc.*] What girl? What's going on? [*One person keeps hitting the service bell and she keeps saying "Hold on."*]

Clown: Whoa. Are you two together? And she doesn't know yet? Sorry. Me and my big mouth.

Becca: [*Spins around to face bellringer-- a hunchback who has been frantically ringing the bell*] WHAT??!!

Girl 2: [*During this part, Becca haggles with the hunchback-checking his hunch and his Notre Dame helmet, accusing him of hiding books in it, while he stares at her, innocent and confused. While haggling, Becca misses the following diatribe.*] Say, David, I just heard about how you went to take your Geophysics 4 Natural Hazards and Man midterm yesterday and you weren't

really cheating but everybody else was and there was this big dance number and then this sultry student who's not really a Stanford student but is actually an infiltrator hoping to obtain the Axe for Cal tried to seduce you and then that psycho paramilitary RA guy came in and accused you of cheating on Becca even though you weren't and then everyone on campus heard that you cheated and it became a huge scandal.

David: Yeah. So?

Girl 2: Sucks to be you. [*Leaves. Becca ceases haggling as hunchback leaves, turns back to David.*]

Becca: [*Speaking rapidly so David can't get a word in edgewise*] Now what were you trying to tell me, David? Oh, dammit! I just remembered I have a job to do. I have to shoot down to shelve several Shakespearean sonnets in the Stouth Shaks soon... DAMMIT! SOUTH STACKS!

David: Becca, we have to talk, but not here. After you get off work, what do you say we go out to dinner? Peach Pit? Shooters?

Becca: I'd rather have a nice, quiet dinner. How about Miyake's?

David: I'll see you there.

[*David crosses to stage right. Stacy comes on and bee-lines for him. Becca watches their conversation.*]

Stacy: David. Thank God you're here. I've been desperate to find you.

David: Look, Stacy, I've had enough trouble for one day.

Stacy: I feel a bit responsible for getting you caught up in that cheating scandal. But don't you worry, honey. I smoothed things over with some friends of mine on the Judiciary Committee. [*They freeze during following voiceover*]

Judiciary VO: So, Miss Campanille. You say you witnessed this entire incident?

Stacy VO: Yes, I did. It was David Hasseldorf. He engineered the whole thing.

Stacy: I stood by you when no one else would.

David: Thanks, Stacy! [*He hugs her. Becca sees this and leaves to the South Stacks*]. I should tell Becca right away. She went down to the South Stacks.

Stacy: I wouldn't want you to have to go down there alone. [*They exit to wherever The Love Stacks are found on stage. Lights come up on Becca, alone and confused.*]

N.R.A.: [*Springs out from under his shelf/book/card catalogue/ microfiche camouflage. His trusty dog Schwartzie is by his side.*] Aha! Cheating affirmative! Becca. Becca! I hope you witnessed that interaction upstairs between David and said sultry woman.

Becca: Stop following me, Raymond! Can't you leave me alone?! [*She crosses the stage in distress*]

N.R.A.: [*to himself and dog*] Okay , Schwartzie, let's keep an eye on that cheater. Split up, and meet back here at 2200 hours. Damn - what's that in dog years? [*They exit.*]

[*Weasel in trench coat approaches Becca*]

Weasel: What's the problem?

Becca: My old boyfriend is psychotic and I think my new boyfriend's cheating on me.

Weasel: I know what will make you feel better. Take a little nap in one of our comfy chairs. [*pause*] Can I come on your head?

Becca: What?!!

Weasel: I said, come on, you're not dead!

Becca: But I wish someone were.

Weasel: Come on, baby. The South Stacks are a place for loving, so loosen up. So you don't have a boyfriend. Be thankful you're here and pray you get some soon.

[**SONG 4: "Sex in the South Stacks"**]

Weasel: Do you get lonely late at night?
Studying alone and can't relax?
Ever wish for more excitement?
Take a trip to the Green South Stacks.

Did you come to learn? Want to learn to come?
Looking for something more than facts?
Keeping up in class won't get you some
But you'll get behind at the Green South Stacks.

(CHORUS)

You've got to research to defend your position!
In Sexuality you'll score above the mean
You've gotta have sex in the South Stacks of Green

All: We're not talkin' 'bout doin' research
Stuck in books up to your necks.
It's not about pick up lines or scammin'
We're talkin' 'bout good old-fashioned sex!

DANCE BREAK:

Weasel: Freud wanted to do it with his mom!
Catherine the Great did it with a horse.
Shakespeare did it in iambic verse.
That's intellectual intercourse!

All: I'm going to read much **FASTER!**
Make my research **DEEPER!**
My my papers **LONGER!**
I'm gonna study **HARDER!**

FASTER, DEEPER, LONGER, HARDER!
A little bit faster now, a little bit deeper now, a little bit longer, a little bit harder now!

All: Find a quiet carrel put our tactic to the test
It's a place of study more climactic than the rest
Matriculation's never been quite this obscene
(If you know what we mean)
In the South Stacks of Green!

¶ *After the dance, David and Stacy move off to the side, the pervert leaves and Becca starts pushing her bookcart off, when the Cal thugs enter. Cal thugs and Becca are on different side of the stage from David n' Stacy* ¶

Buttafuoco: [To Becca.] Hey, you. Have you seen a guy with an axe?

Becca: Yeah, he's with his new girlfriend. Probably showin' her his axe.

Beavis: His girlfriend, huh?

Buttafuoco: And she's goin' for his axe? [Beavis and Buttafuoco look at each other, They move away from Becca.] That must be the girl the boss wants us to kill.

Beavis: Killing, yeah. Chop. Chop. Like death.

Buttafuoco: [Hears something] Shut up. I think they're over there...

[David and Stacy and the axe are in silhouette in the South Stacks. Characters hide behind rows of books and listen to Stacy and David's dialogue]

Stacy: Can I touch it?

David: I'm sorry Stacy, I can't--

Stacy: But it's so long and hard and..dangerous! Please, let me hold it. After all I've done for you.

David: Stacy, I shouldn't, I...well, OK. [*Stacy grabs the Axe and bonks him on the head. He is unconscious.*]

Stacy: A-ha! At last I have the Axe! Cal has finally outwitted Stanford and we shall rule supreme! If I could just get this thing unchained!!

[*Suddenly, there's a blackout. A whole slew of sounds are heard, including N.R.A. shouting, a dog barking, Clown's horn [honk honk], Cal Cops yelling topped off with Stacy's blood curdling scream. Ominous music, like to chill the bones, rises from the pit.*]

Kibbles and Two Bits

[*After a brief interlude, lights come up again on a portion of Green in front of red, the murder's aftermath: cops, reporters, N.R.A., Beavis and Buttafuoco dressed as cops. It's mayhem.*]

Barni DiPurple: [*In a bright spot, as if on camera*] This is Barni DiPurple, reporting live for SCBN, from the scene of what has already come to be called "The Attack of the Axe in the Stacks." Possibly the most gruesome massacre to come down the Stanford pipe since the Notre Dame game. Let's get some thoughts from the man who first arrived on the scene.

N.R.A.: [*pushing his way into the camera's view*] It was David! David Hasseldorf! I saw him moving into the stacks for an unauthorized maneuver with that sexy civilian, Stacy! If I ever find him, it's going to be Operation Emasculation!

[*Captain Ralph, the authoritative head of the Stanford Police, moves downstage with his faithful sidekick, Judd.*]

Barni: Oh look, it's Stanford Police Captain Ralph Needamotor, and his faithful sidekick, Judd. Captain, is this true? Is David really a killer?

Captain Ralph: We don't want to be too hasty. If David was caught drinking, or biking without a light, it would be one thing. But right now all we have is Rambo here's testimony, and a body that's been chopped to kibbles and bits.

Judd: And two bits!!

[*Beavis and Buttafuoco enter surreptitiously, approaching Captain Ralph*]

Buttafuoco: Captain? Sergeant? Uh, Pig face?

Captain Ralph: What??

Beavis: We found this, huh, you know, huh, evidence. [*She holds up Stacy's blonde wig*]

N.R.A.: That is definitely Stacy hair! Full recognition of victim has been achieved!

Captain Ralph: Shut up. What's the situation, officers?

Buttafuoco: We were doing a patrol of the library --

Beavis: Yeah, huh. Patrol.

Buttafuoco: 'Cause you know we're Stanford cops and everything, not from Cal. We saw David running away with the axe. I think he's the killer, yeah. [*Beavis and Buttafuoco slink away*]

Captain Ralph: Are those two new? I haven't seen them around the station before. Judd, do those officers look familiar?

Judd: And two bits!!

Captain Ralph: Thank you, Judd, but I need an opinion from someone who knows what the word "familiar" means.

Barni: [*Doing a take at the camera*] There was much more than the cursory research and fornication this night at Green Library. First David was a cheater, now he's a killer too. The police mobilize for battle behind their fearless leader.

Captain Ralph: Alright everybody, gather round. [*Gathers cops around him, a la The Fugitive*] We got a fugitive on the loose, for approximately nine minutes now. Average foot speed in birkenstocks is five miles per hour. The suspect is five foot ten, dark hair. He enjoys parcheesi, waterskiing, and yoga. He's sensitive and responsible, but he's not afraid to have a little fun if you're in the mood. He's also chained to an Axe-shaped piece of metal that we like to call the Axe. Put an APB out to all cars, Sure Escort carts, and rollerbladers. We've got a psychopath on the loose.

[*Lights out.*]

The Haiiii! Court

[*Picture this: a restaurant. A Japanese restaurant, in fact, of the Miyake's variety even. There are little boats carrying sushi, and scattered tables featuring Pali High girls, postal workers, and yuppies. A chef slices and dices at a table in back. Twelve, maybe fifty waiters in matching rhinestone jackets run around frantically. Becca waits alone at a table. One of the Pali girls is standing on a chair preparing to do a sake bomb as her friends cheer her on.*]

Waiters: Eechee, nee, sai....Combine!!

Yuppie1: One California roll.

Waiters: California Roll. Haiii!!

Postalworker1: Waiter, another round of Sapporo.

Waiters: Sapporo...Haaiiiii!!

[Henry, the waiter who's everybody's best friend, comes up to Becca's table, trailed by a waiter-in-training, Carlos.]

Henry: Hello Becca. You want some drink?

Becca: Yeah, Henry. How `bout a kamikaze?

Henry: Kamikaze. Haiiii!! Becca... is something wrong?

Becca: Yes, Henry. I'm having man problems.

Henry: *[Turning to other waiters]* Dumping boyfriend!

Waiters: Poor shmuck! Haii!

Henry: *[Indicating Carlos]* This Carlos. He waiter in training.

Carlos: Hi. *[Henry hits Carlos in the balls]* Hiiiiiiii!!!

Henry: Better. Carlos not earned rhinestones yet. *[Strokes Carlos' jacket]* But soooooon. Verry, veryyyy soon.

Becca: Henry, could we talk... alone?

Henry: Of course. Carlos, vamonos! Go help Julio with the rice! *[Turns to Becca, loses his accent]* So what's the problem, babe?

Becca: David and I just started dating yesterday. Things were going great, we were everything the professor and Marianne could have been, but then tonight-

Henry: You caught him in the South Stacks, and he wasn't looking for any books, am I right?

Becca: How did you know?

Henry: I've been seduced into that den of fornication many a time by a young spritely coed. *[Looks over at Pali trollops (not the seafood) and waves, they squeal at him.]* Carlos, another round sake bomb for Table 6. *[Back to Becca]* You've gotta love those girls from Pali.

Waiters: Pali, Haiiii!

Henry: It's a world a' hurt, babe. Deal with it, dump his ass, and move on.

Becca: Thanks Henry.

[David enters, bewildered and bloody. The restaurant goes completely silent as everyone turns to watch the poor about-to-be-ex-boyfriend enter.]

Carlos: Haiiii! *[Gets smacked by Henry; David sits down with Becca.]*

Becca: *[to David]* You're late.

David: I'm sorry. Becca, I just ran here from Green. Something's happened --

Becca: Yeah, I've got a pretty good idea what it was.

David: I figured I had to tell someone--

Becca: Oh, and you thought you'd tell *me* all about it?

David: Well, yes, I --

Henry: Hate to interrupt, but the fish is getting cold. *[Laughs at his own joke. Hits Carlos. Carlos laughs.]* Anyway, are you ready to order some appetizers?

David: Just give us three take-a-mackee.

Henry: Excuse me? No comprende...

David: *[Like any American tourist who thinks that if they speak loudly and enunciate the person will understand them]* Threeee taakkkkke-aaa-maaaacckkeeeee!

Henry: Sarryy?

Becca: *[Taking the menu]* Give me that. I speak Hi. Two tekka-makki-roll, Haii! Two Miso soup, Haii! Two Cokes, haii! *[Henry takes menus and leaves]*

David: *[Turning back to Becca]* So, you... heard about Stacy?

Becca: Yes, I heard about you and that vixen, you cheap bastard. David, when we met at the rally, I thought you'd be different. But you're just like all the rest. You probably hide the "Girls of the Pac 10" issue of Playboy under your mattress. *[All men pause and look up, then guiltily resume eating]* So how is Stacy?

David: She's dead.

Becca: [*After a pause*] What do you mean by "dead"?

David: I mean, dead, deceased, lower the curtains, Castaño's social life, bring out the Shop-Vac, her roommate's getting straight A's this quarter. [*Looks around nervously*] Somehow, when Stacy and I were, um, talking, I got knocked out, and when I came to there were nothing but hacked-up bits on the floor! It looked like Flo Mo jumbelaya! And they're going to suspect *me*!

Becca: David?

David: Yes?

Becca: That is the lamest alibi I have ever heard. First you fool around on me. Then you don't even have the guts to tell me the truth.

David: Becca -

Becca: David. I'm breaking up with you.

Lounge Singer: Breakin' up is hard to dooooo-

David: SHUT UP! Becca, you've got to believe me! God, this has been the day from hell! How could things get any *worse*?

[*Things get worse. The cops burst in. Beavis and Buttafuoco, dressed as cops, are among them.*]

N.R.A.: There he is! Get him, boys!

Captain Ralph: Thought you could get away, huh punk? Well guess what....you've got something comin' your way...and it goes a little bit...like.....this.....HIT IT!

[**Song 5: "He Gave Her the Axe"**]

Captain Ralph: I was bustin' up some SAE's for stealing Hyatt sheets
Had to go back to the station, I tied up those Grecian geeks.
It seems there'd been a murder in the Green South Stacks,
A girl'd been hacked to pieces by someone with an axe.

Raymond here gave us the tip, that David was at Green
When Stacy bought the farm, if you know what I mean
You saw the two together, is that right?

Becca: Well yes, that's true.

Buttafuoco: [*to David*] Everything points to this fact: the murderer was you.

Chorus: He gave her the axe, the axe, the axe
Justice will be served

He gave her the axe, the axe, the axe
He'll get what he deserves

Bailiff/waiter: *[spoken]* **Haaiii Ye! Haiii Ye! All rice for the honorable judge Julio Akebono.**

[Pali High girls pair up with waiters for a song and dance number as Miyake's turns into a court room. The Sushi Chef transforms from a Sushi Chef to a judge. His sushi bar is rotated 180 degrees to reveal a judge's stand and a jury box. His chef's outfit is reversible, so it becomes a judge's robe. He takes off his chef's hat and colonial curls fall out. Cleaver is used as a gavel. Waiters become the jury, swearing in 1-by-1 with hand on the bible and "Haii!"]

Chorus: He gave her the axe, the axe, the axe
Sure as God's in heaven
He gave her the axe, the axe, and soon
He'll be chillin' in San Quentin.

Judge: *[spoken]* **Let me hear the testimony!**

[People supposed to be the a cappella group Testimony run out to center of stage, start singing some upbeat gospel number like "Spirit in the Sky," then are chased offstage.]

Buttafuoco: *[pointing at David]* This master of seduction
Wanted to study reproduction
He let Stacy fondle his mighty tool,
Though keeping it chained was an Axe Comm rule

David: I refused to unleash the mighty hatchet
Was worried she might accidentally scratch it
But before I knew it she bonked my head
Leaving *me* in the stacks for dead.
When I came to, all covered in goo
I didn't know what had passed
Axe chained to me, I had to flee
Now you've arrested my ass!

Judge: **Jury, have you reached a verdict?**

Jury #1: Guilty, haiiii!

Jury #2: String him up, haiii!

Jury #3: Deep-fry him, haiii!

Jury #4: Feed his entrails to narcoleptic dogs, haiii!

Chorus: He gave her the axe, the axe, the axe
He has no alibi

He gave her the axe, the axe, the axe
And now he's gonna fry
||Song ends||

Judge: So be it. This murderer is a disgrace, he is something rotten in Stanford's midst. He is no longer fit to keep Stanford's prized possession. Unchain the Axe!

[Ominous music plays as the Axe is ceremoniously removed the axe from David's wrist. David screams in agony like Arnold Schwarzenegger did in Total Recall when he was on Mars with no air- oh, sorry. As the big dance number continues, David escapes. The cops realize he's gone and turn to pursue him, and everything freezes as the curtain falls.]

END OF ACT I

ACT II

Under The Bridge Over Troubled Davids

[The curtain rises on the same tableau that we left in Act I: David is running from the cops, N.R.A. and the Cal thugs. While the "foreboding yet exciting" theme music plays and sirens wail, we see David running hither and thither across the stage. Meanwhile, the following HEADLINES appear on the wall:

HEADLINE ONE (Chronicle):

"Axe-Killer David on the Run: Res Ed Also Blames Him for Storage Crisis"

HEADLINE TWO (G-Spot):

"Testosterone Takes its Toll: Murderer Exhibits Typical Male Behavior"

HEADLINE THREE (Daily):

"Psychoblader, Qu'est-ce Que C'est?: Campus Celebrity Shares Favorite Casserole Recipes"]

David: *[Catching his breath]* I can't believe this is happening to me.

[Jerry Seinfeld enters stage right]

Jerry: It's a tough break, buddy.

David: Jerry Seinfeld? What are you doing here?

Jerry: So what's the deal? It's like you're on the run from the law, hunted down like an animal, you're an outcast, accused of a crime you didn't commit-- *[pause]* David, you're the A-Team!

David: Hey Jerry, where's the last place anyone would look for a Stanford student who's in severe emotional trauma?

[Lower sign: "The Bridge." Jerry motions to it, then disappears as lights come up on group of Bridge stressaholics. David walks in and sits down, unnoticed.]

Bridge leader: Welcome to Stressaholics Anonymous everyone. Are we ready for our warm-up exercises?

All: Yes.

Bridge leader: Okay. Let's recite our rules for a no-stress life. Repeat after me. My grade in Econ 1 is not equivalent to my inherent worth as a human being.

All: My grade in Econ 1 is not equivalent to my inherent worth as a human being.

Leader: Bitching to my roommate will not get my work done any faster.

All: Bitching to my roommate will not get my work done any faster.

Leader: On the night before a test, I will not consume ridiculous amounts of Mountain Dew, nor refer to that beverage as "The Nectar of the Gods."

Harold: *[raising his hand]* Um, excuse me, but I have to leave.

Leader: Why is that, Harold?

Harold: I have a lot of work. My ME 101 project is due, and--

Moon: That's nothing! I haven't changed my underwear since yesterday because I had a 15-page research paper due, and I didn't start writing it until 7 this morning!

Leader: Now people, settle down --

Roger: Oh yeah, well I've slept half an hour in the past three weeks and I had eight papers due yesterday plus five problem sets and four different meetings all scheduled at dinnertime!

Leader: Here we go again.

[Music kicks in: Stressers strut around, flaunting their stressedness, and point menacingly at each other on the "I'm more stressed" lines. They are: Harold, a techie, Moon, a fuzzy, Roger, a pre-med, and April, a resumé-packer.]

[SONG 6: "I'm More Stressed Than You"]

Harold: I've got two programs due next week
I'll never make it through

Four problem sets are due today

All: I'm more stressed than you!

Moon: Five hours to read War and Peace

And then write something new

Six meals to cook at Columbae

All: I'm much more stressed than you!

All: Stanford classes are a piece of cake,
But admitting it would be a big mistake
We love to brag about pulling all-nighters
We're tight-wound, crab-ass, fingernail biters

April: You lazy wimps, try being pre-med
and a double major, too

Forty-two units this quarter alone

All: I'm more stressed than you!

Roger: RA, TA, RCC

so many jobs to do

AA, DJ, S.O.B.

All: I'm much more stressed than you!

All: We whine and fret about being bombarded
By the piles of papers we haven't started
Puttin' off work until the last minute
Whining like babies when we have to begin it
You think you got it worse than me
Truth is you prob'ly do
But I won't quit 'til you agree
that I'm more stressed than you!

¶*song ends*¶

David: You're all think you're stressed? Well listen to this. Imagine the most terrifying situation that you could be in at Stanford.

Roger: You're an English major trying to get a job?

David: No... I've been accused of murdering someone. [*Stressers nod grudgingly - it's a close call*] And I've lost the axe I'm supposed to guard before Big Game.

Harold: Big what? [*pause*]

David: You guys don't get out much, do you?

Roger: Too much work.

David: I could use some back-up. Do you guys want to come along and help me get the Axe back?

[Stessers stammer and make excuses]

David: What, do you have to do homework or something?

[Stressers look at each other]

Stressers: We're with you.

THE ADMISSIONARY POSITION

[Becca is alone in front of red.]

Becca: *[Holding a flower and pulling petals off]* He's innocent... He's guilty... He's innocent.

[Spot up on Lounge Singer in juliet]

Lounge Singer: I ammmm an innocent ma-ha-ann! Oh yes I am!

Becca: Dammit! The guy I thought I was in love with may be an evil Axe murderer, and the only person I have to talk to is a stupid Lounge Singer.

Lounge Singer: Hey - watch who you're calling stupid. I graduated Stanford in '89. Double major in Feminist Studies and Anthro! But listen, when you find yourself in times of trouble, and people are stepping all over your blue suede shoes, there's only one person you can lean on, who'll be your friend, who'll help you carry on.

Becca: I know - I know. . . . you.

Lounge Singer: No, stupid! Jim Montoya. He's a great guy. Who do you think got me this job? Why don't you get on down to his office? No one knows the students of Stanford better than *he* does.

[Lights down on Lounge Singer, and a desk wheels in with Montoya is sitting behind it. He is working busily. Becca approaches.]

Becca: Hello? I'm sorry to bother you, your grace.

Montoya: A visitor! Come on in! My door is always open for you, Becca Wifflebatt.

Becca: How did you know my name?

Montoya: One fourteenth Native American, wrote your essay on taking long walks on rainy days. [*Becca is amazed.*] Am I right, or am I right? Right right right [*a la Groundhog Day. Another Bill Murray reference - yes!*]

Becca: You're right! I'm so glad I came to you. My boyfriend, David Hasseldorf, has been accused of murder. I didn't think he was the type of person who could do that, but --

Montoya: Let me allay your fears. This David of yours was his Spanish Club President. He sold candy to raise money for orphans. He had 1400 SAT's and was a former Eagle Scout. We know our kids like a mother knows her baby. Every application that comes along is scrutinized by me and my many dedicated assistants right in this very office. Here's one now.

[*An Oompa Loompa enters, fully garbed: the orange face, the elfin shoes, the whole bit. He/she hands Jim a quarter and holds up two applications*]

Montoya: Okay, heads, we take Jones, tails, we take Jonevich. [*Jim flips the coin, looks at it*] Heads! I knew Jones would make it in.

[*Jim takes the winning application and puts in on the top of a pile on his desk. Oompa crumples or cuts up the other one and throws it in the garbage, then disappears behind the curtain.*]

Becca: Wow. So this is where the magic of admissions happens?

Montoya: Yes. This is where the dreams of every high school teacher's pet become a reality, or a nightmare. Would you like to take a look? [*Becca nods excitedly*]

[*Spotlight on Montoya, as stage goes dark. He puts on top hat and holds a cane. Music starts. When the number gets going (after Montoya's opening solo) lights will come up on the Admissions nerve center. Dancing Oompas abound. There is a giant roulette wheel with names of states on it, a dart board, a bowl of ping pong balls for Bingo, and any other games of chance that budget will allow.*]

[**SONG 7: "Admissions Medley"**] [*"Pure Imagination" from Willy Wonka*]

Montoya: Come with me and you'll be
In the land of Stanford application
There's no place that you'll see
Like the land of Stanford application
You spent time, you took care
To prepare your Stanford application
You kicked ass, we could see
That we wanted you to be...

[*"Be Our Guest" from Beauty and the Beast*]

Oompas: ...Our... Guest
Be Our Guest
You've passed your achievement tests
So just hand us thirty grand and
let old Stanford do the rest
You were smart, you were swell
Shot the S.A.T.'s to hell
In four years you'll have your Stanford degree
And you'll try to forget how far you've gone in debt
You'll curse the day that you were let in by

[*"Tradition" from Fiddler on the Roof*]

Oompas: Admissions! . . Admissions!
Admissions! (repeat)
And who can we all trust
to pick the very best
to choose the upper crust
and say "See YA!" to the rest.

¶*Music stops. Montoya and Oompas are all in a big line. Oompa 1 takes ping pong ball out of container.*¶

Oompa 1: Iowa, 1370!

Montoya: BINGO!

[*Singing starts again*]

Oompas: Montoya! ...Admissions!
Admissions! (repeat)

[*"Let it Be"*] **Oompa 2:** If you find yourself in times of trouble
Thinkin' you can never win
Remember you're a Cardinal
You got in
If your Stanford life is going badly
Think how bad it could've been
At least you're not at Berkeley
You got in
All Oompas: You got in, You got in, You got in, You got in.
Might have been a lousy weenie
but you got in...

[*Jefferson's Theme*]

And now you're movin' on up (movin' on up)
To the Farm (movin' on up)
To a school with California charm
You're movin' on up (movin' on up)
Past Harvard and Yale (movin' on up)
To the place where there's no way for you to Fail

Oompa 3: Fry your skin in the sunshine

Fry your brain in CIV

Look at Kimball, it looks so fine

But that's not where you live

You'll never be the teacher's pet

Like you were back in high school

So just kick back, might as well have fun

While you study by the pool

All Oompas: Yeah you're movin' on up (movin' on up)

To the Farm (movin' on up)

At little Leland's University

You're movin' on up (movin' on up)

To the farm (movin' on up)

We know you'll love it here where you can be...

[at this point, it's a big old kickline]

Our Guest

Be our Guest

Hope your fears have been addressed

So let your life be full of harmony

You're a Stanford stud, So don't be such a dud

Just be our guest, be our guest

Be our guest!!

Montoya: So you see, David couldn't have been the murderer. If he was the killing kind he would *never* have made it through the arduous process of elimination to attend this fine institution.

Becca: If being a Stanford student is so great, then how come that Stacy Campanille got hacked to bits with Stanford's Axe?

Montoya: Stacy Campanille? I don't remember any Stacy Campanille at Stanford. What year was she?

Becca: Senior, I think. She seemed very... mature.

Montoya: No, we only have 48 Stacy's - one from every state except Alaska and Vermont. Now we have a guy named Stucco from Vermont, did very well on the verbal -

Becca: Dean Montoya, that's really interesting, but what you're saying is Stacy's not a student here. That's like... Julia Roberts marrying Lyle Lovett - it just doesn't make sense!

Montoya: Why don't we see what we can dig up in the Records Room?

Becca: Records room? Do you have the Beatles' White Album?

Montoya: Ha ha ha ha!

[As Becca and Montoya delve into the old records, lights go down.]

Why Axe Why?

[The following melee occurs completely in front of red. It should be a very fast-moving montage, requiring a maximum of two spotlights to be up at any one time. Our "foreboding yet exciting" theme music should be playing softly throughout. First spot up on Reporter Barni, stage right]

Barni: This is Barni DiPurple back live for SCBN, bringing you new developments the millisecond they occur in the alleged killing of student Stacy Campanille by Stanford Axe King David Hasseldorf. It's the biggest scandal to hit Stanford in- well, in the last few months, at least. And like vultures at a plane crash, we, inevitably, will be there. *[spot down on Barni]*

[Spot up on opposite side of the stage. Beavis and Buttafuoco are at a phone with a few Stanford policepeople bustling around them]

Buttafuoco: What's up, Boss. These outfits are working great. Nobody here at the station suspects a thing.

Beavis: And we get free donuts, huh huh. Jelly. Huh huh. Jelly jelly.

[Spotlight up on Boss. He's in the juliet directly above them, phone in hand.]

Boss: Listen to me, you insufferably moronic lumps of turd. I sent you in to kill Becca Wifflebatt, and you killed our infiltrator!!

Buttafuoco: Boss, uh, we didn't kill her.

Boss: What do you mean you didn't kill her? Oh, forget it. I don't care who killed who. David's getting blamed for everything, so it's not our problem. All I want is that Axe!! Now where is it?

Beavis: Well, huh, that's a slight problem, Boss. Huh.

Buttafuoco: They made us send it to the forensics lab for evidence. So this morning, we dropped it off at the post office.

[All the officers around them stop what they're doing and turn to them in amazement]

Officers: The Post Office!!

Captain Ralph: You idiots! It could be anywhere by now! How could you be so stupid? Are you guys from Berkeley or something?

Boss: *[on the phone]* What's goin on? What did they say?

Beavis: Nothing Boss, huh... nothing. Don't you worry your evil little head. We'll get that Axe for you. Chop chop. Huh huh. *[spots down on Boss and Buttafuoco/Beavis]*

[Spotlight back up on Barni]

Barni: This just in. Apparently, the police have misplaced the crucial piece of evidence in the Hasseldorf murder case. They are scouring the area for any sign of the infamous Axe, but it seems to have vanished, like shampoo in a dorm bathroom, into the oblivion of the Stanford Campus. *[spot down]*

[Spotlight up on small convenience counter. Sign behind: "TRESS EXPRESS." Long-haired dude is working behind the counter and Weasel in a Trenchcoat plops down a pile of stuff]

Weasel: Yeah. Gimme a pack of Marlboros, the jumbo Vaseline, and the second Axe from the right.

Long-haired dude who works at TressEx: That'll be thirteen eighty one. *[Apologies to Airplane for that gag. Spot down.]*

[Spot up on Boss - he's talking into a phone]

Boss: You know what I want, and you better give it to me, or I'm gonna have your ass!

[Other spot up on random woman on other end of the phone]

Random Woman: Justine doesn't live here anymore. And you're sick! *[Spot down on Random woman]*

Boss: The Axe! I was talking about the Axe! Where could it be??

[Spot up on a group of shirtless Sigma Chis, sitting and standing in a semicircle. A few are holding beers, a keg is on hand. The leader pulls a needle and thread through a piece of red material]

Sigmachi leader: So you just pull the needle through one more time, like so. Then you cut the thread --

[Another Sigmachi hands him the Axe. Leader severs the thread with it.]

Sigmachi leader: And you're done! Your very own monogrammed silk scarf!

[He holds up a scarf with [[Sigma]]X emblazoned on it. Other sigmachis applaud and nod approvingly. Spot down. Spot up on Captain Ralph, Judd, and N.R.A. - back at the police station set-up. There are two slabs with body bags on them.]

Captain Ralph: Thanks for coming down to the station, N.R.A.

N.R.A.: I have moved the capture of David Hasseldorf to my Code 1 priority. First he stole my girlfriend, then he converted that poor Stacy into a pile of shrapnel. So what can I do for you?

Captain Ralph: Have you... heard from your dog lately?

N.R.A.: Schwartzie? I haven't seen her since we were in Green. But her bein' in heat and all, I figured she took a little R&R over at Soto. *[Reminiscing]* She just won't give up on that statue in the lobby. Hard as a rock, she says.

Captain Ralph: Your dog talks to you?

N.R.A.: Anyway, we were supposed to reassemble at 2200 hours.

Captain Ralph: I got news for you. Schwartzie's never gonna reassemble again. We got the autopsy results back, and the victim, was...

N.R.A.: SCHWARTZIEEEEEEE!!!

Judd: And two bits!!

Captain Ralph: We just need you to identify the body. *[He pulls N.R.A. towards the body bags]* If you'll just step this way --

N.R.A.: *[In a rage]* David killed my Schwatrzie. His days are numbered. Dead or alive, hot or cold, crispy or chewy, it don't matter. Nobody is going to make this soldier look like a clown.

Clown: *[Sitting up out of one of the body bags]* Hello!

N.R.A., Captain Ralph, Judd, other cops: AGGH!!

[Spot down on police station. Spot up on Barni.]

Barni: SCBN news has learned that there is some confusion about the identity of the Axe victim. Try as they might, the diligent Stanford authorities have not been able to locate the fated Axe. *[spot down]*

[Spot up on Psychoblader, who we will commission to rollerblade across the stage at a high speed, holding the very sharp axe prop. Basically, the height of safety. Spot down. Spot up on Boss, face to face with Beavis and Buttafuoco.]

Boss: Listen you walking tumors. I'll be at the quad at midnight. You better find that axe, or the Varsity Hired Goon squad is going to have two fewer athletic scholarships to worry about.

[Spot down on Cal dorks. Spot up on the Stanford Jugglers - the real ones, not clumsy actors. They've juggling five pins and one - you guessed it - certain Axe-shaped Big Game trophy. Spot down.]

Double Indemnities, Hidden Identities, and Sparse Amenities (a.k.a. The Finale)

[David and the Stressaholics, who are decked out in tree disguises, are hangin out in front of that good ol' Quad setpiece. Becca enters in a huff]

David: Psst! *[or some other really bad signal]*

Becca: Who said that?

David: Over here! The Conifer in the corner!

Becca: David? Is that you? Nice outfit.

David: The Gap was having an autumn sale. Actually, it's our disguise.

Becca: Who are these guys, the Branch Davidians? *[Ha! Ha! Ha!]*

David: They're friends that I picked up over at The Bridge. They believe me. They didn't dump me in my time of greatest need.

Becca: David, I'm sorry about the break-up. *["Break up? Sorry to hear you've had a break-up..."]* I was... confused.

David: No, no. You hate me, just like everybody else. I'm an outcast, doomed to a life of angst-ridden ennui. I feel like a SLE student.

Becca: David, it's not that bad.

David: Yeah, you're right. But everyone still thinks that I killed Stacy.

Becca: David, listen. I know you're innocent, and I think I can prove it.

David: What? How?

Becca: It's a long story. All that matters now is that I love you. And no one can take that away from us.

David: Becca, that's the cheesiest thing I've ever heard.

Becca: I know, but it's time for a ballad.

[SONG 8: "We'll Fall in Love When We Have the Chance"]

[David and Becca singing leads, trees doing back-up ooh's and aah's]

Becca: I never thought I'd find someone who'd take my breath away
Who'd make me miss my 9 am and wreck my GPA

David: I never knew someone like you would want to be my own
No more nights spent in my little twin bed all alone

Becca: Lately things between us just haven't been the same
If we don't meet more often I might forget your name

David: A midterm or a murder--only one's a heinous crime
But both of them rip us apart and waste good nookie time

Both: There's dating here at Stanford, yes it's true
But we've both got a million things to do
Although we can't get credit for romance
Let's fall in love when we have the chance

David: We're going out

Becca: I'll pencil you in

David: Dinner at five?

Becca: I've got meetings 'til ten

David: Tomorrow's no good

Becca: I would if I could

Everyone (including Stressers/Tress): How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a wood chuck could chuck wood???

¶Trees have come forward into a line with Becca and David. They break into Nutcrackeresque ballet, with Becca as the snow queen. It's a really funny little number. The music swells into the final rousing chorus¶

Both: Sometimes I think we'll never make it through
But I can find a whole new world with you

Lounge Singer: Don't you *dare* close your eyes!

Both: With all these interruptions, I'll never get in your pants
Let's fall in love when we have the chance.

¶song ends¶

David: Oh Becca, you're a wonderful dancer.

Becca: You Wang a pretty mean Chung yourself, hombre. [*Noticing an approaching commotion*] David, look out!

[*A hefty Cal frat guy comes barreling into one of the stresser/trees, and starts pummeling him as everyone watches. Then four band members run in, beat the shit out of the Cal guy with their instruments, and drag him off stage.*]

David: Wow, that was close.

Harold: [*The pummeled stresser*] Hey, look what the tuba player left behind! [*He holds up THE AXE and hands it to David*]

Becca: He probably thought it was a bottle opener.

David: The Axe, back in my hands at last! Things are really starting to go my way.

[*At this point the bad guys enter from all sides: the trap door, the orchestra pit, whatever. Cal Boss, Beavis and Buttafuoco, N.R.A., Captain Ralph, and Judd. Music starts and the villains sing at David one by one.*]

[SONG 9: "You're Not a Hero" ("Hero Reprise")]

N.R.A.: There's nowhere to run, you're finally mine
You're the cheatin', stealin', dog-killing kind
Your tour of duty's complete!
You're not a hero
You're dead meat!

Captain Ralph: The game is up, your time is all gone
No one-armed man to blame this on
No more life of crime
You're not a hero

Judd: You're just slime!

Boss: I want this little hero dead so I can have the Axe!

Beavis and Buttafuoco: We want this little hero dead to get him off our backs!!

All Bad Guys: While you two cuddle lip to lip
Big Game's fallin' into Berkeley's grip
Stanford needs a hero
And David, you ain't it!

[song ends.]

Captain Ralph: Alright, David, just put down your weapon, and we won't hurt you.

David: I'm sorry Captain, I can't do that. I'm sworn to protect this Axe until my dying day.

N.R.A.: Well that's gonna be mighty soon, you.... committer of canicide! [*He breaks down sobbing*]

Captain Ralph: This guy's a clown!

[*Clown enters with that "doot doot doodle" thing that we know and love.*]

Lounge Singer: Send in the CLOWN!

Clown: Good morning boys and girls!! Couldn't help but overhear you talking, and I figured I'd come by and help out. You know what they say: if you can't figure out what to do with the Axe, just give it to the clown! [*He grapples with David for the Axe.*]

[*Casper enters. Mayhem.*]

Casper: Hold it right there, Mr. Clown. Or should I say Ms. Clown. [*He reaches over and pulls the wig off of Stacy! Yet another cast gasp.*]

Beavis: Stacy, I thought you were dead.

N.R.A.: We all did!

Becca: Now it all makes sense. [*pointing at Casper*] You were at Denny's for your nightly Moon Over My Hammy, when you overheard Stacy in the next booth telling the waitress that she had the perfect plan to steal Stanford's Axe. You trailed her to the Quad, where she changed into her clown suit.

Casper: I couldn't have said it better myself.

Boss: Dammit Stacy! All this time you've been going after the Axe for yourself! I've been double-crossed!

Casper: There's more crossing going on than you think.

Becca: That's right! [*To David*] Dean Montoya and I dug through some of the old admissions records, with the help of his faithful Oompa Loompas. [*Some of the Oompas enter behind Becca, to give her moral support*]

Oompa 1: You go girl!

Becca: We couldn't find a Stacy Campanille who ever attended or even applied to Stanford. But we did find another Campanille: [*to Stacy*] Isn't that right, Terrence?!

["Dum dum DUM!" Somehow, through the magic of Ram's Head (Maybe trap door action?), Stacy is revealed to be a huge hairy guy. N.R.A. faints.]

Lounge Singer: I know all there is to know about the Crying GAME!

Terrence: Oh, don't act so surprised.

David: Terrence here went to my high school. He always played second fiddle to me: grade-wise, on the volleyball team, even in the school orchestra. I was class President, and he was Class Clown. [*Terrence honks his clown horn for effect*]

Terrence: You got into Stanford, and I didn't. After four hellish years at Cal, never winning a Big Game, I found out you had the Axe. I knew I had to get even. I'd frame you for my own murder, and get the Axe for myself!

Captain Ralph: Can we quote you on that?

Terrence: Ah well, it was fun while it lasted. At least I got to mince up that stupid dog.

N.R.A.: [*Rousing from his stupor*] Schwarzie!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

David: And you might have gotten away with it, too, if I hadn't I figured you out so soon.

Terrence: What are you talking about? You were never on to me. You ran like a turkey on Thanksgiving from the moment you were accused of murder.

David: All part of the master plan! I knew who you were from the moment I smelled your cheesy cologne. Few women wear Brüt! But I played along, in hopes of catching all the Cal villains.

Judd: That's right! David and I serve on President Casper's secret security force. We planned everything: the cheating incident, his escape from the police--

David: Then we let the Axe fall into the hands of the general public, knowing that it would show up here at the very moment that Terrence and the Berkeley goons arrived to kill me.

Becca: After all, this is the finale.

Casper: Evil Cal Mastermind, you were destined to lose! There are only two ways anyone from Cal can get their hands on the axe: One, win Big Game. [*to audience*] Yeah right, and I'm Betty Crocker.

Boss: What's the second way?

Casper: Become President of Stanford, [*points at them, mocking*] But I beat you to it! [*Crowd goes nuts. David and Becca embrace in end-of-movie type hug. Cops start to take away The*

Boss, Buttafuoco, Beavis, and Terrence. Remaining cast members enter and break into jubilant song]

[Song 10: "Big Game Brouhaha"] *[to the tune of "Sex in the South Stacks"]*

Cast: Did you come to fight? YEAH! Then we'll fight to win!
Countin' on a Cardinal Victory
Berkeley's chances are looking thin
So get up and cheer with the tree

Cal will lose to STANFORD!
They know that we're GONNA
Find a way to BEAT 'EM!
'Cause they're only WEENIES!

STANFORD'S GONNA BEAT THEM WEENIES!
STANFORD'S GONNA BEAT THEM WEENIES!
We're gonna beat 'em now, we're gonna win it now,
C'mon let's win BIG GAME!

¶*Song ends. Barni and a cameraman move to the front of the pack with David and Becca.***¶**

Barni: This is Barni DiPurple, reporting from the Quad with Stanford heroes David Hasseldorf and Becca Wifflebatt. *[To David and Becca]* How does it feel to have this whole mess behind you?

Becca: I'm happy that it's finally just the two of us, with all the time in the world to fall in love.

David: And no one will ever interrupt us again. Especially no two-bit cross-dressers.

Becca: I'm not so sure about that, David!

[THE BAND, dressed as suggested above enters and madness ensues.]

THE END!