



GAIETIES 1995
THE AXE FILES
An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 15, 1995

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1995

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STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Gaieties 1995: The Axe Files

Scene I: THE MAUSOLEUM HOOTENANNY

(A wamma bamma opener with intro)

[Overture ends and the theater goes dark. I mean really, really dark. An eerie music begins to play, perhaps the very same eerie music that open that "The X Files" show everyone seems to like so much. Eerie lights flash as well.]

MAYNARD DOING AN EERIE NON-HICKISH VOICE OVER: University denies knowledge. Administration cover-up. Unexplained phenomena. The mysterious return of the 'F'. An enforced alcohol policy. Admission fees for sporting events. The Casa de Fruta cup flipper. What other things have we missed? What other mysteries are there? A certain four Stanford affiliates will soon find out all too much. *[A spotlight opens on each of them, one at a time. *KaNdeE* wears her dollie suit and a Peruvian tin miner hat; Jeremy is in a flannel and torn jeans; Myra, our idealistic wide-eyed frosh and Professor Hobart share a horse costume, though are now separated. They are all that is visible on stage.]* Enter *KaNdeE*, *[Okay.]* an Anthro major from Pocatello, Idaho -- also a ninja-dollie. Myra Dinkelspiel, an idealistic freshman, undeclared. Professor Don Hobart, your frosh dorm RF. And Jeremy, who really wishes he was from Seattle. Yes, for Stanford's sake we pray they will have the strength. The strength to uncover the mysteries of... THE AXE FILES. THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE... Really.... Honest... I swear to god.

[Curtain opens and we find our favorite four already positioned in what appears to be a very hip looking Mausoleum party. Speakers blare 'Angel is a Centerfold.' Many people are dancing, drinking and enjoying themselves.]

Clever costumes abound: such as Hoover tower, devils, witches, India, the Tree, a human liver, an uncooperative wheel of brie, the Dish, a box of cereal, a ghost, monkey and Death (you can't see his face, what with the hood and all), et cetera.]

Song One: **ON LELAND AND LELAND AND JANE!**

(OR AT THE MAUSOLEUM!, WHITE BOY'S VERSION)

MAN, CAN WE THROW A PARTY?!
WITH GHOSTS AND GHOULS AND DRESSED-UP FOOLS WHO DRANK TOO MUCH
BACARDI!
CAUTION HAS BEEN THROWN TO THE WIND
WHO KNOWS WHERE WE'RE GOIN'
AND WHO CARES WHERE WE'VE BEEN?

WE PUT AWAY THE PENCILS AND WE THREW AWAY THE BOOKS
FORGET ABOUT THE TEACHERS AND BRING ON THOSE DIRTY LOOKS
WHO NEEDS ISOMERS AND POLYMERS AND POLYSORBATE CHAINS?
LET'S GO DANCING!
ON LELAND AND LELAND AND JANE!

WHAT BETTER PLACE FOR CELEBRATION?
THESE THREE CORPSES HAVEN'T ROCK N' ROLLED FOR GENERATIONS
HEY, TIME FOR CARPE DIEM
END THAT NOOKIE DROUGHT TONIGHT AT THE MAUSOLEUM

IN CAMBRIDGE THEY'RE STILL STUDYIN', IN PRINCETON THEY'RE BEHAVIN'
THEY'RE LOCKED INSIDE THOSE IVY-COVERED GATES UP IN NEW HAVEN
WHO NEEDS SNOBBERY AND SHRUBBERY AND ALL THAT FROZEN RAIN?
LET'S GO DANCING!
ON LELAND AND LELAND AND JANE!

NOW, LET'S GET DOWN AND PLAY
IT'S A HEDONISTIC, MAUSOLISTIC, MUPPETATIONAL FRAY
GET CRAZY! CAUSE THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE!
FORGET YOUR SUID, JUST BRING YOUR ID AND A PAIR OF DANCING SHOES!

IN CAMBRIDGE THEY'RE STILL STUDYIN', IN PRINCETON THEY'RE BEHAVIN'
THEY'RE BORED OUT OF THEIR IVY-COVERED MINDS UP IN NEW HAVEN
WHO NEEDS READIN', WRITIN', 'RITHMETIC -- WE'VE ONE THING ON OUR BRAIN!
LET'S GO DANCING!
ON LELAND AND LELAND AND JANE!

(SONG ENDS)

[Huge ending. Crowd pees. While the singers are still in tableaux one of them -- wearing a strange looking button with the letters 'S.U.A.T.F.' on his or her lapel suddenly realizes that she or he is having way too much fun. She or he turns to his or her neighbor and say to him or her (damn, I hate this PC gender neutral shit!)...]

S/HE: Hey guys, it's 10:30.

POCAHANTAS: Already?

*[All of the people start trotting off to go study and shit, though the horse continues dancing.
KaNdeE notices the crowd's departure and challenges them.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Hey, where's everyone going?

LaTOYA: Sorry. Chem 31 midterm comin' up.

KaNdeE: Yeah, in three weeks?! *[To one group leaving.]* Come on guys, it's a party. They haven't even played "Hungry Like the Wolf" yet.

KATO KAELIN: But I have to section lead for Great Works. And whoah!, I still don't have that whole Plato cave thing down yet.

KaNdeE: You got to be kidding me. This is a party! Fuck Plato.

ERIC ESTRADA: Darn! I haven't checked my e-mail in two hours.

STAYPUFF MARSHMALLOW MAN (OR WOMAN): Yeah, and I'm screwed with 3 pages of Sappho to read.

PARAKEET: There's that research paper I'm doing on the emasculation of Asian males in Mortal Kombat.

KAREL: *[Assuming we actually have someone in a Karel costume -- see Mary for that cardboard box and tin foil.]* Oh, that's my beeper. Gotta run. *[To leave, Karel turns left then left, and then walks off.]*

OTHERS: *[Leaving and mumbling something on the lines of:]* Come on, let's go. Crap. Gotta go. Motor.

KaNdeE: Come back -- it's Halloween! The Great Pumpkin hasn't even come yet. Hey Linus, You're still with me aren'tcha?

*[Someone dressed as much like Charles Schultz's Linus as is possible without shaving anyone's head shakes his head 'No,' clutches his blanket and leaves. Only three figures remain: Myra and Hobart sharing a horse costume; *KaNdeE*; and Jeremy. The horse still dances wildly, like Mr. Ed on crack.]*

KaNdeE: *[To the horse.]* Can you believe this? Everyone's gone.

HORSE: *[Finally notices what's going on and stops dancing.]* What the hay?

[Rim Shot. Myra and Professor Hobart step out of the costume.]

MYRA: Oh no. But Professor Hobart, I thought this was the biggest party of the year.

HOBART: That was the biggest party of the year, Myra. But it used to be even better. In fact, back in the pre-alcohol policy Kennedy years we used have hot and cold running `shroom milkshakes at this party. One year I could have sworn I saw little Leland come out of that building right there and do the hustle. *[Trying to be cooler than he is.]* Those were the days, man. Back in the summer of `69... played until my fingers bled.

MYRA: I'm so disillusioned! My first Mausoleum party, and it's a disaster.

KaNdeE: Yeah, I was looking forward to my semi-annual walk of shame too. But everyone bailed.

MYRA: Oh my, I guess I'll have to `X' off the Mausoleum party. *[Consults and updates checklist.]* Well, it seems there are still a heap of wacky Stanford things I can do. OK, I've been to MuFuUnSun *[Knocking each item off with a proud check.]*, became a Stanford woman at Full Moon on the Quad, squeezed into a horse costume with my RF... Hmm... According to my Official Axe Comm Handbook, I still can play Frisbee golf, go fountain-hopping, scream primally and hey! We can explore the steam tunnels!

HOBART: Well, Myra, that sounds like a swell idea. Yessiree, downright fun.

KaNdeE: Yeah, that is a great idea. And luckily, I'm dressed as a Peruvian tin miner. *[Clicks on the little light on her little hat -- `ping.]* Let's boogie.

*[*KaNdeE* opens up a personhole cover (i.e. the trap door). Jeremy strolls out from behind a small rock or something.]*

JEREMY: Hey, what are you guys doing?

HOBART: *[Calls to Jeremy.]* Hey you.

JEREMY: Name's Jeremy.

HOBART: Okay, Jeremy -- would you like to come out with us?

JEREMY: You're gay?

HOBART: No, we're going down the steam tunnels.

JEREMY: Oh, cool, I guess so. *[Lines up with them, then notices they are alone.]* Whoa, where did everybody go?

MYRA: They all went home to study.

JEREMY: Stupid lemmings. They never suck the marrow from their diems. The overeducated fools. They just follow the paths beaten by their ex-hippie, hypocritical parents and never know what they're missing. Not me, man... I'm going spelunkin'!

KaNdeE: Alright everybody, follow me. Geronimoooooooooooo-- !

Scene II: DOWN THE TUNNELS

(Whoah, the imagery)

*[*KaNdeE* dives into the trap door followed by the rest of the crew. Hobart first, Myra, then Jeremy. Now, listen up:*

*By this time the stage has been cleared of all remnants of the Mausoleum party and the stage is now "the steam tunnels." (Drop black mid-stage maybe?) One by one, at the exact moment they drop into the trap door, each character magically reappears from upstage-right -- it's their body doubles! Cool, huh? They enter the stage in darkness (with *KaNdeE*'s Peruvian light leading the way) and they cross the stage. We hear echoes and drips and running water and basically all the nifty stuff that you might hear while steam tunneling.*

The following is a VOICE OVER, pre-recorded, unless of course the body doubles sound amazingly like our real characters. They walk and crawl across the stage once, dramatically acting out the dialogue as they go.]

HOBART: As long as we'll be spelunking together, let's play a fun get to know each other game, like "Crossing the line." So, any of you ever seen a grown man naked? *[silence]* No one? Well then, *[to *KaNdeE*]* how 'bout we just start with your name.

***KaNdeE*:** Mine's *KaNdeE*.

HOBART: Well *KaNdeE*, have you been down here before?

***KaNdeE*:** Of course Professor Hobart -- this is where Splinter taught me the way of the ninja.

HOBART: So you're a ninja and a Dollie?

***KaNdeE*:** I dumped Hum Bio core and had some free time.*[to Myra]* So who are you?

[They have crossed the stage once, and as each of them exits their corresponding characters walk in from the opposite side. This is all choreographed brilliantly.]

MYRA: *[perky]* My name's Myra. Myra Dinkelspiel.

JEREMY: Oh. So that's how you got in?

MYRA: I am not a legacy! *[All snotty.]* And what's your costume Jeremy? Ethan Hawke from "Reality Bites" or Matt Dillon in "Singles"?

JEREMY: *[Flails arms wildly as befitting someone who's acting out lines he's not really saying.]* Hey, man. That was my life up there on that screen. That's my generation. *[Poetically.]* "Oh Winona, wherefore whilst thou be mine own grunge queen." *[All proud.]* That's from a song I wrote. By myself.

MYRA: *[Looking perplexed.]* Um, guys, where are we?

***KaNdeE*:** Uhh... I've got it all under control. Really. My training forbids me from getting lost.

MYRA: They teach Dollies map reading?

***KaNdeE*:** No, dammit, my ninja training.

JEREMY: Whatever, man, whatever. *[Becoming increasingly panicked.]* I don't like being underground for too long, you know. I'm starting to get "Fraggle Rock" flashbacks. Oh my god! Is that a Dooser? *[Gasp.]* The Trash Heap!!

[They have crossed the stage again. At this point both sets of four back onto center stage where they, literally, bump into one another. The faux-four run off screaming. Voice over ends.]

BODY DOUBLES: Ahhhhh!

HOBART: Hey kids, let's see what's up there.

MYRA: Yeah, what is that, a light or something?

***KaNdeE*:** I've never been down this far.

JEREMY: Whoah, *[Pointing across the stage.]* what is that?

[A light appears over stage left, revealing "The Axe-Files" -- a shabby, hidden corner of nowhere filled with shelves and cabinets and, of course, files. Think of the library in "The Shawshank Redemption," that is, before Tim Robbins got the money from the government to renovate it.]

[At the desk of the Axe Files is Maynard, an ancient librarian upon whose face the sun has not shone in decades. When he does, he talks like an senile old hick. They approach the desk.]

MYRA: I don't know... Hello?

[Maynard doesn't notice them.]

MYRA: Hello! Mr. Man?

[He continues to be oblivious, the old fool. Hobart picks up note on librarian's desk and reads it.]

HOBART: Says here: "Ring bell for service." *[He rings the bell.]*

MAYNARD: *[The librarian suddenly springs to life.]* Stanford ID, please.

MYRA: Um, Sir?

MAYNARD: Maynard. My name, missy, is Maynard. How can I help ye'?

***KaNdeE*:** What is this place?

MAYNARD: You don't know? [*Uh-uh.*] Ahhh, novices. This, kiddos, is... [*Orchestra hit.*] THE AXE FILES. The hidden, mythic repository of everything you wanted to know about Stanford University. And ye' can't check out nuthin' without a valid, genuine student I.D.

***KaNdeE*:** Wait. What kind of stuff do you mean?

MAYNARD: Everything -- all them secrets that've been hidden from student ears for generations.

JEREMY: Damn administration.

HOBART: Wowsers. Let's take a look!

[They all pull out their Fall quarter SUIDs. Myra pulls out an enormous poster sized one -- covered with holograms -- which everyone looks at quizzically. Her full name is printed on it MYRA DINKELSPIEL from Greenbow, Alabama.]

***KaNdeE*:** What is that thing?

MYRA: It's the new universal SUID. [*Points.*] See? Laser printed picture.

MAYNARD: [*Sees '1995' on cards.*] 1995? Already? Ooh boy, I guess that Nancy Sinatra ain't as firm as she used to be. Let's see here. [*Looks at Myra's.*] Myra Dinkelspiel. Heh-heh, so's that how you got in here?

MYRA: I am not a legacy!

MAYNARD: Sure ya' ain't. [*They all go through and begin perusing the files.*] Go ahead, check 'em out, they're all here. All the books, all the files. Some hot titles are: [*Lifts them up as he lists.*] "Naked Lunch -- memoirs of a Synergy hasher"... got the floor plans for Memorial Synagogue... Ah, and here's my personal favorite: "The Best Little Whorehouse on Axess." [*Nudging Jeremy.*] I bet you always wondered why them sororities lost their houses!

JEREMY: I have a question. How come the Row houses only have parties one at a time rather than monstrous multi-house bacchanalian block parties? I mean Res Ed totally nixed my idea for the Sigma Chi/Muwekma "Trail of Tears" party.

MAYNARD: [*Yanks out another file.*] Why don't you take a gander at this baby: "The War of the Rowses" That should clear things up.

***KaNdeE*:** Look! It's a wartime diary. Hmm... "It was the cold winter of 1942. Tensions among the theme dorms ran high. The battle lines were drawn and for three long days we waited..."

Scene III: THE WAR OF THE ROWSES

[Alsace the Unknown Soldier climbs out of the pit, enveloped in dry ice. He sits up against the proscenium and pulls out a Powerbook. A plug lowers from the Juliet and he plugs in. We hear that "Welcome to Macintosh" sound. He begins typing, and strangely enough he speaks what he is typing out loud. In the background we hear gunfire.]

ALSACE: My Dearest Lorraine. It is I, Alsace. I am writing to you from the trenches of La Maison Française. The opposing troops are gathered along Mayfield. I don't know if this letter will reach you. Our lines of communication have been severed by Haus Mitt, and I have been unable to read my e-mail for hours. I pray every day for peace, but I'm beginning to think I may never return to your tiny Flo Mo single again. I do not know how much news you have been receiving from the Daily or KZSU... hmm... *[Backspacing]* from the Daily. Here is the story as I have seen it unfold. As tensions between the French and Germans began to mount, the ASSU sponsored an intense round of peace talks.

[Curtain opens on a long table at which are sitting representatives from each of the Row Houses, each dressed in stereotypical garb -- because stereotypes are funny: Amstud as Uncle Sam; Slav Dom as a caribou; Storey as Little Bo Peep; et cetera. Amstud, who may very well talk like Foghorn Leghorn, is the mediator. He is wearing a sweatshirt reading "I'm a Peace Talk Mediator, Silly!"]

AMSTUD: As the neutral representative from the American Studies Theme House, I'd like to welcome everyone to the peace talks between La Maison Francaise and Haus Mittleuropa. All right, are we ready to begin? Let's see... *[Looking at who's there]* Casa Italiana, Slavinski Dom, BOB, Muwekma-ta-Ruk, Xanadu... *[No one's in the Xanadu seat]* Hey, now where's the representative from Xanadu?

[Olivia Newton John rollerskates in. How do we know it's her, you ask? We thought you'd ask that.]

OLIVIA: *[With Australian accent.]* Sorry I'm late. I ran into Kinicki at the Drive In.

AM STUD: OK, OK. *[Checking list.]* Sigma Chi. Columbæ. Hey-who put 'Betas' on the list? *[Bernie raises his hand.]* Bernie, get the hell out of here.

BERNIE: But we've almost got enough pledges! We're getting our house back, I swear!

AM STUD: I've heard that one before. Take him away. *[Gerard Depardieu hustles him unceremoniously offstage.]* Now let's bring in the conflicting parties. First, the representatives from Haus Mitt.

[The German troops arrive, all bitter and hostile as they head towards the peace talks table. Dieter the RA is commanding his troops: six soldiers, ordered in descending height and dressed as the Von Trapp family.]

DIETER: *[Blows his whistle.]* Now is the time at Haus Mitt where we to count off.

LIESEL: My name is Liesel, Sir! Ja!

FRIEDRICH: Friedrich! Ja!

BRIGITTA: Brigitta! Ja!

KURT: Kurt! Ja!

LOUISA: Louisa! Ja!

MARTA: Marta! Ja!

GRETL: Gretl! Ja!

HEIDI: Heidi! Ja!

DIETER: Heidi! It is past your bedtime! Go to sleep!

HEIDI: *[Dragging herself up the stairs.]* The sun, has gone, to bed and so must I...

AMSTUD: And now, the representatives from La Maison Francaise.

[The French troops enter, led by NAPOLEON the RA. They wear berets and striped shirts, of course. One of them is in mime face paint.]

NAPOLEON: Attention, soldats! Ditez! Escargot!

ESCARGOT: Oui!

NAPOLEON: Bordeaux!

BORDEAUX: Oui!

NAPOLEON: Cousteaux!

JACQUES: Oui!

NAPOLEON: Otereaux!

OTEREAUX: Oui!

NAPOLEON: Flomeaux!

FLOMEAUX: Oui!

NAPOLEON: Marceaux!

[The mime one steps forward and says nothing loudly.]

DIETER: Sir, you will please note dat the French representatives have arrived late.

NAPOLEON: *[Throws a Daily on the table.]* Today's Once Around The Quad clearly states the peace talks begin at 12:30.

DIETER: You bastard. I demand satisfaction! *[Moves to slap him with his glove and is halted by Am Stud.]*

AMSTUD: Easy, now. Let's see if we can't get you all reconciled. Without shooting one another, that is. Dieter, Napoleon-- you may take your seats.

[The leaders take their seats at the heads of the table. Their respective troops crowd behind them.]

AMSTUD: We'll hear major complaints from the French House representative first. Napoleon?

NAPOLEON: Zeir muzik, it is too loud. All those tubas and accordions and their "Ja Ja's." It is enough to drive a man mad. Mad I says!

DIETER: Oh, unt your crowd ist so greaten. Your cheezes, dey smell up all of Mayfield. Und you are always taking up all de gut parking schpaces. Peugeot everywhere!

NAPOLEON: You did not invite us to your annual Oktoberfest party! *[To the other representatives.]* Do you know what it iz like to hear Fez! play and know that you are not welcomed?

DIETER: You held unt dorm program raiding our kitchen!

AMSTUD: Okay, okay. Settle down.

ALSACE: *[From side stage.]* For a few days we were hopeful. It looked as if everything would be resolved at the talks. Then, on the twenty-first day of the peace talks, the pizza arrived... P-day.

[Alan Diba from the SUATF Pizza Co. arrives causing a momentary silence.]

AMSTUD: And if ya'll just sign these treaties we can have just about everything settl--*[Notices a pizza guy.]* Hey... did someone order a pizza?

ALAN DIBA: I've got a large pizza here with escargots and sauerkraut.

[Everyone points their guns at him.]

ALAN DIBA: Look, I don't carry more than \$20 in cash!

NAPOLEON: Ze escargot! It is mine!

DIETER: Nein, das sauerkraut iz mien!

NAPOLEON: Sacre bleu! I have ze coupon from ze Guide to Ze Good Life.

DIETER: Ach, scheisse!

NAPOLEON: C'est a moi! [*A warcry.*] Death before sauerkraut!

[The battle begins and the Row becomes wartorn. Barbed wired and sandbags fly everywhere. There are slow-motion fights in the trenches; guns are hurled back and forth; everything is covered in bodies, croissants, huge bottles of Dijon Mustard, Cheetos, and a barricade of bicycles. People keep riding over land mines on bikes and exploding. Alsace types while the slo-mo continues in the background.]

ALSACE: And so the battle began. It has lasted for two months now. If the fighting continues we will all be forced to pay Summer Quarter room and board. My dearest Lorraine, I am sorry to say that this will be the last letter you will receive from me. I must go into hiding, for I have joined La Resistance. I cannot reveal any more -- perhaps I have said too much already. Farewell, my love. [*Closes Powerbook.*]

[The battle goes fast-mo now, and each side advances alternately. When the French advance, a French song (Marseillaise/Alouette/Frere Jacques/CanCan/Do You Hear the People Sing) plays, and when the Germans advance a German song plays. There is no clear winner-- it's a back-and-forth struggle. Alsace joins the fray." Alsace spray paints "Wolverines" on a tank, then gets shot.]

ALSACE: [*To himself*] Merde! Perhaps La Maison shall be liberated, but I shall not live to see freedom shine upon its lounge. I only regret that I have but one life to give for my theme dorm. I have paid dearly for my priority. [*Looking upwards.*] Always remember your dearest Alsace, Lorraine. And pray that heaven has in-room connections.

[He dies, spitting up blood and rolling into the pit. Lights down, and curtain.]

Scene III(b): THE WAR to SPOKESRIVAL

[In front of red, coming back from the War of the Rowses.]

HOBART: So what happened after that?

MYRA: [*Reading*] It says here that it took years for the houses to trust each other again. After the war, Haus Mitt was forced to pay all of their ASSU special fees. And up until the 1980's it

was divided in half so that it would never be able to steal the paté away from La Maison Francaise again.

HOBART: I remember the parties in the western half of the house... grooving to the sounds of that guy from Knight Rider... while the other half of the house lived a dreary and moribund existence.

JEREMY: Sort of like Flo Mo. *[Rim shot.]*

HOBART: What a day that was when the wall came a tumblin' down. *[Light goes on inside cranium.]* Not unlike the Berlin Wall.

MAYNARD: What's that about the wall? It's down?

***KaNdeE*:** How long have you been down here, anyway?

MAYNARD: Since 1895... *[Reminiscing]* Ah... the glory days. Back then, tailgating out by the Branner Swamp... we won the Big Game that year 103 ta' nuthin'. Course that's not all that impressive, since there was no opposing team. *[They don't get it.]* You see that was way back before Cal was our rival.

MYRA: What? You mean Cal wasn't always our rival?

MAYNARD: Don'tcha think it strange that a place like Stanford got stuck with a second-rate state school like Cal for competition?

JEREMY: I never thought of it that way. Yeah, how did they get to be our rival?

MAYNARD : There's a file on that right over here. *[Funny that.]* Yep, back then we always won Big Game. Course we weren't playing football, it was a greased-pig catchin' contest. Why I remember this one pig, name o' Willy... best damn rump I ever see--

***KaNdeE*:** *[Reading file, cutting him off.]* Hey, it says right here that Cal wasn't our rival until 1956, when Congress passed the Greased Pig Protection Act, and Stanford had to find a new sport to play. Luckily about that time, a new sport was sweeping the nation: "football." But for that game, Stanford needed a rival.

[Open curtain on pageant.]

Scene IV: A FEW GOOD RIVALS

[Lights out. Blackness. Red opens and spotlights swirl. Wow, what drama. A game show cheese theme plays in the darkness (i.e., duh nana nuh nuh nana nuh-nuh) and ends with a big drum roll and cymbal smash!

Pstsshshcchhh!

A spotlight lands on Guy and Gal Smiley standing in their evening attire holding microphones. The stage is set for a beauty pageant.]

GUY SMILEY: Hello everybody, this is Guy Smiley!

GAL SMILEY: And this is Gal Smiley, welcome back to our pageant!

GUY: We're now down to five finalists! But only one will gain the prestigious title of...

[Drum roll plays. A huge, expensive, flashing sign that says "Spokesrival Competition" lights up.]

BOTH: ... Stanford University's Spokesrival!

[Much canned applause with abrupt ending.]

GAL: For those of you just joining us, here are the highlights of last night's evening gown competition. Prepare to be amazed by the poise and elegance of our finalists as they show us how they spend a night on the town.

[Slides of evening gown competition appear overhead. The Smileys describe each contestant as each slide is shown. Note: the contestants are not all female (adjust spoken pronouns as necessary) however, they all do wear their respective evening gowns.]

The first slide is of M.I.T. contestant -- it shows her at Miyake's in a naughty dress and weird ass necklace. She's posing at the sushi bar.]

GUY: M.I.T. wows the head chef at Miyake's with a saucy prêt-à-porter naughty number. Being the well accessorized *femme fatale* that she is, M.I.T. combines form and fashion with her double helix necklace. Folks, don't be fooled. Underneath those bulletproof glasses is one sassy dame.

[Second slide: Harvard contestant.]

GAL: Harvard orders a Perrier on the rocks at *Il Fornaio* in a stuffy gray woolen number. The fact that her date never showed up doesn't bother her. She's a smart, independent woman with an attitude, a legacy, and a vibrator.

[Third slide: Berkeley contestant. Guy Smiley is disgusted at Berkeley's presence and rushes through the description.]

GUY: Berkeley... rummages through a dumpster in a ratty polyester moo-moo? She's found a... hey!... that's my trashcan! That's my...

[The next slide is immediately shown: Sally Struther's Correspondence School.]

GAL: Chill, Guy. Sally Struther's Correspondence School is waiting for take-out in a mail order jumpsuit from Sears. Her look is chic. She's flirtatious, but not to be messed with.... thanks to her advanced degree in Gun Repair.

[Final slide: a Klansman, painting 'KKK' on a wall.]

GUY: This Klansman, dressed from head to toe in virgin white, is out to paint the town red. Look at how that sheet falls -- 100% southern cotton.

[End of slide show.]

GAL: Now, are you ready for the swimsuit competition? *[crowd cheers]* You should know that the swimsuit competition continues due to your interest. A campus wide poll was taken to see how you felt about the swimsuit competition... and here are the results: *[Slide: A mock-up of Stanford Snapshots, a la Diversions, reading, "BUTT WHAT DO YOU THINK?: A scant 17% of Stanford students said they'd rather not see the Spokesrivals contestants scantily clad in the swimsuit competition." Appropriate graphic included, of course.]* So Yes! Come on out girls! And let's hear it for the Stanford Spokesrival finalists!

[Canned applause plays. The contestants walk out, wearing name tags if necessary. M.I.T is in some silver cyber-swimsuit; Harvard is in a granny suit; Berkeley is naked (a bandanna?); Sally Struther's Correspondence School is in a flashy Pamela Anderson-esque thong thing; and, Klansman is in the same sheet (a Holiday Inn logo is clearly recognizable on it). They parade about.]

GAL: And now, the final round: The Interview. We invite one of our very special guest judges, Hugh Grant, to bring in the interview question. Welcome Hugh!

[Hugh Grant comes out -- He's gay? -- and zips up his fly. He stammers and blinks throughout his speech.]

HUGH: H-H-Hello. I just blew in from Engl-- Oh bugger! Damn. I-I didn't mean to offend, but I really needed the job. Oh bugger! I-I'm sorry, I-I'm really just trying to get ahead here. Damn! Bugger. Bloody bollocks. B-b-but I do have this question, I-I suppose I should just go ahead and come out with it. Oh, bugger! Bugger! Alright, fine! I did it! I paid for it and I'd do it again. Hurley wasn't doing me right! Best forty bucks I ever spent!

[He storms off. Someone holds up a sign saying, "I'd do it for free Hugh!"]

GUY: Err, thank you Hugh. And the interview question is...

[Drum roll.]

GAL: If a hot momma asked you out on Friday to go to a movie on Sunday but your 'Sassy' magazine horoscope said you should stay in all weekend, what's the capital of Peru?

[Cymbal crash. Ptshshcchhhhh! Jeopardy music plays as contestants search for the right answer. They write their answers down.]

GAL: Time's up. M.I.T., your answer please?

M.I.T.: *[Holds up card and answers.]* The natural log of X-squared.

GAL: Ooh. I'm sorry. Sally Struthers Correspondence School? Your answer please?

SALLY: Sorry. I only read 'Bop.' I canceled my 'Sassy' subscription in the 12th grade.

GAL: Better luck next time. Berkeley? Your answer?

[Berkeley raises card... there's nothing on it.]

GUY: Okay... *[Gives Berkeley a weird yet wacky look.]* Harvard?

HARVARD: *[Holds up card.]* What is... Lima?

GAL: Yes, that's right! And let's see what our last contestant has. You, in the white, your answer please.

[Klansmen holds up card. It says "Burn in Hell."]

GAL: Ooh. Good answer.

GAL: Judges, can we accept the Klansman's answer?

HUGH: *[Yells from offstage.]* Bugger!

GAL: Well, the answer is actually Lima but "Burn in Hell" is a much more detestable answer! Congratulations! You've won the interview round! Looks like we might have our winner, eh Guy?

HARVARD: Dammit! I'll kill her!

[Harvard pulls out a knife and gesticulates wildly. She is restrained and carried off stage.]

GAL: *[As if reading from cue card.]* I'd hate to be her roommate tonight.

GUY: *[Also contrived.]* Yeah, what's her hang up? *[Rim shot]* Now, as the judges tabulate the scores, enjoy the following musical number that the girls and I have been preparing all week... "The Rivalry Revelry." Maestro!

[The music begins. More contestants walk on stage in cheesy formation.]

Song Two: **THE RIVALRY REVELRY: (OR "WHO WILL IT BE?)**

GUY

SO MANY BEAUTIFUL CHOICES, GRACEFUL AND PURE

DELICATE, DEFT AND DEMURE

SUCH BEAUTY!

WHAT A COLLECTION OF PASSION AND POISE

UTTER PERFECTION AND WIT!

WHY ARE THE WORDS TO THIS SONG SUCH TOTAL BULLSHIT?

CHORUS

WHO WILL SHE BE?

COULD IT BE YOU OR YOU OR ME?

A SCHOOL THAT'S

WORTHY OF YOUR DISTASTE

WHO, LIKE RADIOACTIVE WASTE,

JUST SITS THERE GUSHING WITH PASTY PRIMORDIAL OOZE!

GAL

TO PICK JUST ONE

TO THRASH AT SPORTING EVENTS FOR FUN

SELECT THE NOTABLY HATABLE CREW

TO TRASH LIKE A DIRTY OLD SHOE

A RIVAL TO HATE THROUGH AND THROUGH--WHO WILL YOU CHOOSE?

WHO WILL SHE BE?

GUY: Throughout the years there have been rivalries aplenty. The Hatfields and the McCoys. The Montagues and the Capulets. The Autobots and the Decepticons. Tonight, a rival will be

chosen, and Stanford will be able to take its proper place in history beside these infamous pairs. Ooh, I'm so excited.

[For each rival pair here mentioned, one of the contestants walks diagonally across the front of the stage with the name of the first on a card and speaks the name aloud. A second crosses the opposite way and reads the corresponding rival. Get it?]

WHO WILL SHE BE?

He-man/Skeletor

Pine/Elm

Johnnie Cochran/Marsha Clark

Spaceley's Sprockets/Cogswell's Cogs

Cheers/Gary's Ol' Towne Tavern

Bayside/Valley

The Lumberjacks/The Spotted Owls

THE SEARCH FOR THE RIGHT RIVALRY--WHO WILL SHE BE?

[A huge sign saying 'STANFORD vs. ???' drops with the end of the song.]

(SONG ENDS)

GAL: Oh... Thank you so much. Really, you're beautiful.

GUY: The scores are in. I have the envelope right here. Oh, the excitement is killing me... *[Looks disturbed.]* Is there a bathroom around here?

GAL: Guy!

GUY: OK, OK... And the winner is...

[The drumroll plays. Suddenly, someone in a tuxedo (and a SUATF button) runs onto the stage. He whispers into Guy's ear, hands him a new envelope, and then leaves with the old one.]

GUY: Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that there has been a disqualification. According to pageant by-laws that I have just been informed of, all contestants are required to reveal their identities or else be disqualified from the competition. *[Looks over at the Klansman.]* Sorry. *[Guy looks back at audience.]* Ladies and Gentleman, the winner, the new Stanford University Spokesrival is.... *[More drum rolls.]* Cal!?!?

[There's no applause. Cal is crowned and cries -- there's mascara everywhere, like that chick on the cover of that Hole album. Everyone stands dumbstruck that Cal should have won.]

Scene IVb: RIVALS TO CANADA

***KaNdeE*:** *[Still reading.]* And even though everyone was flabbergasted at the time, the Stanford-Cal rivalry became one of the most fiercely fought in history, comparable only to Bud Bowl 4.

MAYNARD: Yep, but I sure `nuff miss them piggies.

MYRA: *[Leafing through handbook.]* But according to my Axe Comm Handbook, Cal has been our rival since 1891!

JEREMY: Damn publication. That's what they'd like you to think! Now we know the truth! We have to bring this knowledge to the rest of Stanford!

MAYNARD: Whoa there -- I don't reckon that's such a good idea.

JEREMY: Why not?

MAYNARD: Well, the last folks who tried to spread the word about classified information, they... well, you'd better just read for yourself. *[Hands them file with big maple leaf thingy on it.]*

MYRA: It's about a semester abroad program.

JEREMY: A semester a broad? A broad a semester? That's not a bad average at all. *[Nudges *KaNdeE*]* Especially on a quarter system.

***KaNdeE*:** *[She flicks his nose.]* What's it say Myra?

MYRA: Well... *[Reading to himself.]* Wow! In 1967, Stanford opened an experimental overseas center. Their mission statement read: *[Reads stiffly from the file.]* "In order to draw students away from the more popular overseas programs and to explore our continent more fully, we intend to absorb Stanford students into a truly unique, new and often underappreciated culture." Fourteen students found themselves on a run for the border.

JEREMY: Taco Bell?

MYRA: *[Shocked at what she's reading.]* No. The other border....

Scene V: THIS PROVINCIAL LIFE

(Provinces. . . get it?)

[In front of red. Monty the Mountie, our program leader with a thick Canadian accent, is on horseback. He is speaking to a group of Stanford students who are all sitting with their luggage: Susan, Shawna, Moe, Yertle and Puck (Puck has closely cropped bleached-blond hair with a blue streak.) To avoid confusion, all the students should all be wearing Stanford apparel.]

MONTY: So, how was everyone's first day in the Neighbor to the North?

MOE: Yeah, it's okay.

SUSAN: So-so.

SHAWNA: I've seen better.

YERTLE: Me too.

PUCK: Kinda blows.

[Myra continues reading from the Files corner.]

MYRA: An experiment that went awry -- The Stanford program in Canada.

JEREMY: *[Amazed.]* The first overseas program in North America.

[The curtain rises and wallah! -- we're in Canada! A backdrop of mountains and trees. A moose drinks delicately from a brook which runs across the stage. A huge sign reading STANFORD IN SASKATCHEWAN, EH looms overhead.]

MONTY: Well, remember kids, it's going to take some getting used to. It's a whole different culture here, eh? New rules, new attitudes, practically a new language. You're a long way from Palo Alto. This is the real world -- where people stop being polite and start getting real. Right Puck?

PUCK: Yeah. Sure. Excuse me, Mr. um...

MONTY: You can call me Monty. *[Dismounts dramatically.]* Monty the Mountie.

PUCK: OK. Monty. So uhh... how could Canada be so different?

SUSAN: Yeah, I always thought it was that state under North Dakota.

[Everyone nods in agreement.]

YERTLE: And what did you mean by "practically a new language?"

MONTY: Well, let me explain it to you. We know how you see us, but Canada is a great country all on its own. We're not simply the Jan Brady of the North American family... the

jealous, less talented younger sibling, always hidden in the shadow of her prettier, more heavily armed older sister.

[From stage left runs on a teary eyed, whiney fourteen-year-old blond girl with glasses, freckles and a maple leaf dress.]

JAN: It's always America! America! America! *[Exits.]*

MONTY: *[Unaffected.]* You see, we're a prideful people here. We love every centimeter of our nation, despite what the population density statistics say. It's our proud home. *[Strikes a pose.]* Canada, love it or leave it.

[The students shrug at one another and then, taking Monty's advice, begin to leave.]

MONTY: Whoah there. *[Stops them.]* You got to give us a chance. Canada may not seem exotic now, but we do have our own special ways. *[Strikes another pose.]*

Song three: THIS PROVINCIAL LIFE (Provinces... get it?)

CANADIANS

BONJOUR! (PARDON!) GOOD DAY! (ME OUI!) *[To the tune of HOW IS YOUR SAW MILL? `This Provincial*

TAKE OFF! (GOT BEER?) HOSER! (GOT BEER?) *Life.'*

WE WANT SOME BEER!

ICE FISH? (GOT BEER?) TRAP FUR? (NO BUD!)

DO YOU PLAY HOCKEY?

THERE'S NOTHING MORE THAN THIS PROVINCIAL LIFE!

WE BUY OUR BEER WITH FUNNY-COLORED MONEY!

AND AT AGE TWO WE LEARN TO SKATE!

AND AT EACH KILOMETER,

WE ICE FISH AND TRAP FUR

ALL THROUGHOUT THE FIFTY-FIRST STATE!

[vamp under monologue]

MOE: *[As Moe writes letter home]* Dear Mom. Canada is wonderful. Thank you for the money you sent. Too bad I can't use it because -- get this, Mom! -- Canadian money is different! It has colorful pictures, and they still use 2-dollar bills! Monty the Mountie is treating us awfully well. I'll write again soon... if I can ever figure out this crazy Canadian postal system!

[Music shifts. Someone dressed in pretentious black holds a stack of cue cards -- each with the quirky spellings of the words to be sung -- and drops each one in Dylan/INXS form as the song suggests.]

MONTY

YOU SAY COLOR, AND I SAY COLOUR. *[To the tune of 'Let's*

SUSAN *Call the Whole*

YOU SAY CENTER, AND I SAY CENTRE. *Thing Off'.]*

MONTY

COLOUR!

SUSAN

COLOR!

MONTY

CENTER!

SUSAN

CENTRE!

BOTH

LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING...

CHORUS

CANADA!!!

[Again vamp under monologue.]

YERTLE: *[Also writing a letter.]* My once-Pookie Dennis. This overseas program is changing my life! I've never been so *[ouch]* independent before. I wish you could meet my new, err... friend, Jean-Pierre. He has been teaching me so much about the Commonwealth. He's so... so...

Canadian! And he even helps me convert to the metric system! We can still be friends, eh? I'll send you another pelt when beaver season resumes.

CANADIAN CHORUS

WE CAN'T DECIDE IF WE SPEAK FRENCH OR ENGLISH [*Borrowing from*

WE'VE GOT A DOPEY LEAF UPON OUR FLAG! '*Camelot.*']

WE EVEN LOVE TO TRY OUR HANDS AT CURLING

IN CANADA!

CANADA! CANADA! I KNOW IT SOUNDS A BIT BIZARRE!

BUT IN CANADA! CANADA! THAT'S WHAT OUR TRADITIONS ARE!

WE DON'T HAVE WACKY FOODS LIKE CHIMICHANGAS

ALL WE HAVE IS HOCKEY, MOOSE AND BEER!

IN SHORT THERE'S SIMPLY NOT!

A MORE CONGENIAL SPOT

FOR HAPPILY-EVER-AFTERING THAN

HERE IN CANADA!

[Yup, more vamping.]

PUCK AND SUSAN: Dear Editor of the Stanford Daily. We're writing to spread the joys of Canada to the entire Stanford campus. Stanford in Saskatchewan has been the best part of our college -- or should we say, university -- experience. We're sending a picture of us outside the Skydome. [*A group of students hold a one-letter-at-a-time sign that says "BEAT CAL, EH!" Someone snaps a photo.*] Thank you, Stanford! And thank you, Canada!

EVERYBODY

THERE'S NOTHING MORE THAN THIS PROVINCIAL---

[Music stops.]

YERTLE: Oh, I get it! Provincial... province. Provincial -- get it? It's Canada!

[Music jumps back in.]

EVERYBODY

WE'RE NOT THAT DIFFERENT THOUGH WE MIGHT TALK FUNNY

DEEP DOWN YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL THE SAME

A U.S. ATTITUDE

AT A HIGHER LATITUDE

BUT CANADA'S A SLIGHTLY SHORTER NAME....

[As we break into the Canadian National Anthem (which no one actually knows the words to) a banner is pulled out which provides the garbled lyrics. A bouncing ball lets the audience know which word we're on.]

OH CANADA! CANADA!

CANADA, NA NA NA NA NA NA NA!!!

CANADA, NA NA NA NA NA NA NA!!!

(SONG ENDS)

[We are now in the dining hall of the SIS center, where a bunch of students are sitting around eating breakfast. They're all wearing red and white and holding Canadian flags and stuff.]

JAKE: Well, another day another Canadian dollar.

YERTLE: Yep! I'm loving this country more and more every day!

[Everyone nods and agrees. Suddenly we hear "Born in the U.S.A." blaring from offstage.]

MIDGE: Oh, is that Mary Hoffring again?

JAKE: She's always playing that -- American music. She's not even trying to assimilate to the Canadian way of life.

YERTLE: Gosh, she's such a hoser, eh. She just complains about everything.

MIDGE: She never comes out drinking with us -- she insists on that watered-down American beer.

JAKE: Yeah, and she always changes the channel to 90210 whenever we're watching DeGrassi Junior High.

MIDGE: Sometimes I wish she'd just make like Quebec and succeed.

YERTLE: Shh! Here she comes.

[Mary Hoffring enters, carrying a tray. She's wearing all black, with a subtle SUATF emblem on her shirt. She slams down her tray at the table.]

MIDGE: Good morning, Mary.

MARY: Blow it out your ass, punk. I'm eating. *[Looks down at tray.]* What?! What the hell is this?! I ordered Canadian bacon! This isn't bacon! It's ham! Aargh -- I hate all of you! *[She pulls out a very large set of pliers.]* OK, I have to go to... umm... work. *[She storms out. Everyone takes a deep breath (one each).]*

JAKE: Whoa. I think she's a couple pucks short of a hat trick -- wouldn't you say?

YERTLE: Yeah, I'm not sure her zamboni goes all the way to the blue line, if you know what I mean.

MONTY: Noow, noow, kids, cut that out.

[Herb runs on frantically.]

HERB: Hey, has anyone tried to open their e-mail account lately? Mine seems to have been frozen!

[General concerned hubbub. Postman enters.]

POSTMAN: Hey kids, I've got the mail. *[Hands Yertle a stack of letters.]*

YERTLE: Oh Great! Wait -- these letters are all being returned to sender!

[Louder general concerned hubbub.]

MONTY: Now calm dooown, everybody. I'll just call over to the Administrative office and see what's going-- *[He picks up phone.]* My God! The line has gone dead!

[And, as in life, the curtain drops on Canada.]

Scene Vb: Transition Three: CANADA TO MONTROYA

[Back at the Files room in front of red. They are all lying around, lazily reading from different files.]

MYRA: *[Finishing aloud.]* And they were never heard from again...

MAYNARD: Yup, them students at that center vanished like a new bike locked to itself. So you guys better think twice before spreading this stuff all over campus.

***KaNdeE*:** *[Refers to what she was reading.]* Check this out. I found something about the cancellation of The Masturbation Theme House in 1991. They said it created an antisocial dorm atmosphere: Everyone had a single; all the furniture had slip covers; the lines for the tub room ran around the corner; and no one could ever find any of the TAs... But then when someone lost the dorm squeegee they finally had to yank it. *[Rim Shot.]*

JEREMY: I never heard of that -- what kind of house was it?

***KaNdeE*:** A self-op. *[Rim shot.]*

JEREMY: *[Teasing]* Look here... A file on legacies. Hey, Myra it says that people like you don't even have to take the SATs to get in. Is that--

MYRA: I am NOT a legacy! Won't anyone believe me!!?

[Jim Montoya appears. Crowd goes nuts thinking this is his only part.]

MONTOYA: Actually, I can verify that tidbit. Everyone listen: *[They gather round.]* This Myra Dinkelspiel is from the Vermont Dinkelspiels. Of no relation at all to our beloved benefactors. Nope. Nothing but hard work and a proof-read essay got this girl in. Got it? *[They nod. He looks to Jeremy.]* You? *[Jeremy nods.]* Good. Bye! *[Exits, but not before exchanging a surreptitious wink or thumbs up with Myra.]*

[Everyone goes back to their reading. Once the crowd quiets down:]

HOBART: Wait! Wait just a minute! This file is all about a student I once had!

***KaNdeE*:** Who was it?

HOBART: He was one of those morons who constantly raised his hand in section and then said really idiotic things.

***KaNdeE*:** Wow. I think he was in my CIV section.

JEREMY: Mine too.

MYRA: And mine!

HOBART: Yet somehow, I always felt compelled to simply smile and nod and agree with everything he said. I think I gave him an 'A.' I always had a bad feeling about that kid. His name was Fred. Let's see here. *[Reads.]* It begins late night on December 14th of his senior year -- much much too late to start a Stanford Application, that's for sure...

Scene VI: MONTOYA'S INFERNO

(or "How did that schmuck get into Stanford?")

[Curtain opens on a room with a desk and other furnishings, towards the front of the stage. Fred is working at desk, filling in the application using a giant crayon -- preferably burnt sienna.]

FRED: Let me check this over... "Name"... Fred. Got that. Cool. "Activities"... BMX Club Secretary, Hall Monitor, 4th grade. What else? "Awards"... fifteenth caller KOMÉ. Captain of the dodgeball team. Voted all-schoolyard for gleeking. Aha! *[Scribbles it down.]* President, "Gleek Club." That should just about finish it. *[Turns page over.]* "Essay".... Essay?! Damn. No one ever said anything about writing! "Jot down a note to your future roommate." Oh, I'll never get in. But I'd give anything to be a Stanford student!

[In a flash of cool lighting and a poof of sanguine smoke, Dean Montoya appears. He is wearing the traditional garb of the infernal one, the Devil: goat hooves, horns, khakis etc. He wears a button that says `FAUST' -- its an anagram, get it?]

MONTOYA: Bonjour, kiddo... you called?

FRED: *[Startled.]* Who are you?

MONTOYA: People like to call me Satan, Lucifer, the Adversary, the Anti-Christ, Mephistopheles... but you can call me Jim. Enough about me. I see you are having, er, difficulties with your Stanford application.

FRED: Well, um, I...

MONTOYA: Let me just take a look Fred. *[Pulls application off of desk and reads., all the while pacing and wagging a cigar.]* Okay, okay. Let's see... activities... ooh. Scores... oh. Hmph, this is quite a challenge.

FRED: But look, I've gotta get in. I'd do anything!

MONTOYA: Anything?

FRED: Really. Anything!

[A handful of grotesque brimstone-lackeys appear in smoke and fake Pirate-of-the-Caribbean-cellophane-fire. Montoya turns to them and speaks in tongues, saying something really funny. They laugh.]

MONTOYA: Well in that case, I suppose we could work something out.

[Montoya again speaks in tongues to his brimstone-lackeys. He hands them Fred's application and commands them to start working on it. The lackeys align at a row of typewriters and get to work on it, assembly-line style. Montoya then whips out a form in triplicate and says:]

MONTOYA: Sign here and I can change your life.

FRED: What's the catch?

MONTOYA: No catch my friend, to pay this toll. It's a paltry sum, just your soul!

FRED: *[Petrified.]* My soul?!

MONTOYA: Ahh, but look what you'll get... May I have the envelope, please. One of the large envelopes...

[The last lackey on the assembly line hands Montoya a large, huge, tremendous envelope. It is all bedecked with warm words of welcome: "You Got In!" "Welcome!" "Congratulations!" "Fuck Yeah!"]

MONTOYA: *[Cheesy announcer voice.]* Now, Fred, let's see what's inside envelope number one... *[He removes large golden application from the envelope and flaunts it.]*

Song four: SOLD YER' SOUL TRAIN

(OR, "I'VE GOT A GOLDEN APPLICATION")

MONTOYA

OH WE CAN GIVE YOU ANYTHING

YOUR HUNGRY HEART DESIRES

EVERY LITTLE THING TO WHICH

A SUB FROSH SCHMUCK ASPIRES

YOU USED TO BE A MAJOR DORK,

BUT I CAN TAKE YOU FAR

ONCE YOU WERE A HIGH SCHOOL GEEK,

NOW THE COLLEGE STAR.

... ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS SIGN.

[Fred signs eagerly. As he does he sings the scales part from 'The Little Mermaid.' And now we see Fred's joyous celebratory polka of a Stanford career in fast-forward. During the following, Montoya stands off to one side of the stage while the scenes are acted out on center stage.]

MONTOYA: Keep singing! Keep singing!

Han SOLO 1: GINGER, THE HUM SEX TA

WHEN YOU ARRIVE UPON THE FARM

WE'LL PLACE YOU OUT OF CIV.

FORGET ABOUT JUNIPERO,

YOU KNOW THE ROW'S THE PLACE TO LIVE.

YOU'LL HAVE A DATE MOST EVERY NIGHT

AND BIDS FROM EVERY FRAT. *[He gets a bunch of big cards with greek letters.]*

WE'LL OFF YOUR ROOMMATE AND GIVE YOU A'S *[Bloody death stage left.]*

WHADAYA' THINK OF THAT?

SOLO man 2

NOW IT'S SOPHOMORE YEAR,

AND OTHER PRE-MEDS DROP LIKE FLIES.

YOU'RE DONE WITH YOUR FIRST MAJOR

AND YOU'VE WON THE HIGHEST PRIZE. *[Fred gets a prize.]*

YOU'VE GOT A DAILY COLUMN NOW

YOU'RE EVEN STANFORD'S TREE.

MADE A FORTUNE GIVING SPERM

AND ROAD TRIPPED TO HAWAII. *[Put a lei around Fred's neck.]*

o SOLO mio 3

OH JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD YOU TANNED

AT STANFORD IN TAHITI.
HAD A HOT HUM SEX TA
NOW GUESS WHO IS YOUR SWEETIE?
GOT A MAJOR URO
TO TREK TO EURODISNEY
RODE SPACE MOUNTAIN SIXTY TIMES
AND DID IT ALL FOR FREE.

SOLOeroticism 4

CONGRATULATIONS, FREDDIE BOY,
IT'S NOW YOUR SENIOR YEAR.
YOU'RE HIRED AS A ROTH RA
AND DRINK A LOT OF BEER. *[Someone brings him a goofy beer hat.]*
NOW IT'S TIME TO GRADUATE
THE OFFERS COME IN GROVES
SPIELBERG AND BILL GATES ENSURE
THAT YOUR FORTUNE GROWS.
A LICK OF WORK YOU'LL NEVER DO
AS YOUR FORTUNE GROWS. *[He gets a bunch of bags of money.]*

[tempo/meter change: modulate major to minor X2.]

FRED: *[Nervous.]* Come on. Happy dance!

MONTOYA *[Now dolled up in a fairy godmother outfit.]*

WAIT MY FRIEND
THIS JOY MUST END

IT'S TIME TO PAY YOUR DUES

THE HUNDRED THOU

MEANS NOTHING NOW

THAT'S IT! KAPUT! YOU LOSE! *[Everything gets taken away from Fred.]*

I MUST COLLECT

YOUR INTELLECT

YOU INSIGNIFICANT FOOL.

DON'T YOU KNOW

IT'S OFF YOU GO

SIX YEARS OF GRADUATE SCHOOL!

BWA-HA-HAH!!!

[The ever-so-cool Fred is surrounded by the brimstone-lackeys. so that we can't see him. The lights swirl and the smoke fills the stage.]

When he is revealed we see him transformed, having been imbued with all the trappings of a Grad student: bike helmet, flashing red bike light, bad eyesight, cup clips, reflector band, etc.]

FRED: NOOOOoooo!!!

[Flames leap up around him as Montoya laughs insanely and disappears in a puff of smoke. Red closes and wacky lights flash. The two grad students in the audience open up their Powerbooks and begin typing letters of protest to the Daily.]

Scene VII: HEY WHAT'S THIS?

[Back to the Axe Files room where the four looked stunned at the horror they have just witnessed.]

HOBART: So that's why I gave him an 'A.' And a four month extension. And the keys to my wife.

***KaNdeE*:** Sold his soul to get in and be cool. And now we have to put up with all those cantankerous, socially maladjusted Grad students to boot.

JEREMY: *[A la Joey Lawrence.]* Whoah!

MYRA: You know, Jeremy is totally right. It seems that Stanford isn't the proud, glorious, grade-inflated, over-priced haven I thought it would be. There's just something wrong about this place.

HOBART: You've got a point there Myra. Things just haven't been the same around Stanford lately. Things used to be so... so fun. God the Carter years were great! And being a grad student was never anything to be ashamed of. We weren't dorks at all. We were downright hip. Nope, you'd never see me tucking my afro into any bike helmet. How sad.

MYRA: Not as sad as those poor students stranded in Saskatchewan. How could they just leave them there? In Canada of all places.

JEREMY: Hey! Canada's not so bad. They've got Kentucky Fried Chicken. And besides, Douglas Coupland's from Canada. He's my idol, my hero, my avatar, my Buddha, my--

***KaNdeE*:** Oh give it up. That's so passé. Slacker idolization went out with pseudo-Sappho-post-post-neo-modernism.

HOBART: And that other file, about that war. Imagine the Epcot Showcase dreamworld this place would be if all the Row were united. Damn that pizza man. He never gets your order right. Or delivers on time. Or accepts competitors' coupons. *[A little excited.]* Fie! Fie on him!

***KaNdeE*:** And that awful contest. Having Cal as a rival makes life hell for those Yell Leaders. Do you know how hard it is for those ditzes to come up with cheers that rhyme with 'Berkeley'? If we had the KKK as a rival everything would be so much easier for them. 'Fan,' 'can,' 'ran,' 'tan,' 'ban'... it's so easy.

[A flock of Yell Leaders quickly run onstage.]

YELL LEADERS: "Block that kick! Sack that man! That's the way to beat the Klan!" *[Exit.]*

HOBART: What we need is some analysis here folks! Some practical application of those ivory tower educations you guys are paying me for.

MYRA: *[Excited by his enthusiasm and knowledge of fine coffees.]* Yes, analysis! Something over-arching and all-encompassing. Something that can pull all those loose, flabby bits together.

***KaNdeE*:** Like Spandexreg.? *[Rim shot.]*

MYRA: We need more information. What about that librarian?

JEREMY: I thought they only check ID's and backpacks.

MYRA: We can always try! Maynard? Yoo hoo, Maynard! Can you help us?

MAYNARD: *[Reactivated.]* What? Oh, I'm sorry, I only check ID's and backpacks.

JEREMY: Damn administration.

MAYNARD: But... I do have something you might be interested in. Unfortunately, it's on reserve.

[He hands them a heavy, thick, information laden secret file. It is, of course, day-glo yellow and encased in nuclear safe lead armament with red flashing warning lights. There's no way our heroes are getting into this bad boy. Oh, and it has a huge ass, legible-from-the-balcony SUATF emblem emblazed across the cover. They are stunned by it.]

JEREMY: Christ! That thing's locked like a chastity belt. How can we open it?

[The Mentos Man appears on stage -- Doo, doobie doo-wahhhh! He offers Mentos to the file, and it pops open! Yey!]

MENTOS MAN: *[Big thumbs up.]* Mentos! The freshmaker! *[Exits.]*

HOBART: Well... what does it say?

***KaNdeE*:** Oh my goodness... it's called, "S.U.A.T.F." *[Looks up.]* Suck Up All The Fun! "The Final Solution to the Stanford Problem. Last updated October 1995."

MYRA: It's huge.

JEREMY: Then just read the abstract.

HOBART: "After decades of effort our plan is reaching its climax. Our objective: sucking the fun out of Stanford. Several stages have been completed successfully thus far, namely: plaguing Stanford with an unworthy rival; reviving the 'F'; starting and maintaining the War of the Rowses; infesting the campus with acerbic and unsightly graduate students; the cancellation of the Bonfire tradition for the sake of a salamander species which has been extinct since 1856; the continuous rain of Spring '95; *et cetera*. Several failures have been experienced as well, most notably: the," quote, "improved graduation procession, and The Stanford in Canada programme. Though the Canada programme was established to provide a fail-safe fun-free overseas environment, the members of Stanford in Canada had," quote, "a rockin' good time." Ergo, the programme was terminated."

MYRA: Wait. They wanted them to have a bad time? I don't--

***KaNdeE*:** There's more here. "The all encompassing final phase of the SUATF program will take place in November of 1995" -- *<gasp>* -- "Big Game Week. It ensures that all fun will be sucked out of Stanford once and for all. As of this time, no more Stanford students will be admitted to Pali High Senior Proms, we will have removed all grape Fruit Loops from Dining Services, and all fonts to be replaced with Helvetica. Most importantly, all" quote, "fun Big Game Week activities will be disrupted, culminating in the cancellation of Big Game itself."

HOBART: That sucks.

MYRA: And that emblem on the cover... we've seen that somewhere before.

JEREMY: Yeah, doesn't Lenny Kravitz have a tattoo just like it?

***KaNdeE*:** No! *[Suddenly makes the connection.]* It's like the iron-on logo from the pizza guy at the War of the Rowses peace talks! Remember?

[Alan Diba steps into a spotlight on stage right -- this time wearing a laughably huge, legible-from-the-balcony, SUATF emblem on his lapel -- and re-recites his line from previous scene.]

ALAN DIBA: I've got a large pizza here with escargots and sauerkraut.

[Organ plays and the cast gasps.]

JEREMY: And that guy from the rivals pageant.

[Recreate the pageant envelope moment, only this time exaggerating it all: whoever is responsible turns around to show a monstrous SUATF symbol on their back that you couldn't have possibly missed before. Another organ riff.]

HOBART: And that rotten girl from the Canada programme.

[Mary Hoffring steps out with a similarly huge button.]

MARY: Blow it out your ass punk! *[Brandishes big pliers.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Even that nice Dean Montoya is in with them.

[Montoya steps out, also with a big button.]

MONTOYA: Blow it out your ass punk!

MYRA: Oh no. They can't do this! I'm only a freshman -- my idealism has not yet been squelched by the rising tides of bureaucracy.

JEREMY: Damn administration! Who'd of thought Lenny Kravitz would go their way?

[An wild alarm sounds. Cop lights flash.]

***KaNdeE*:** What is that?

MAYNARD: Oh, that file was on two-and-a-half-minute *[Or whatever]* reserve. You must have tripped the alarm. Now THEY know you've got it.

ALL: THEY???

[There is a blackout. Many lights flash and there are more sirens. The sound of a hundred footsoldiers is heard, then a crash of glass, a scream and a cat's "I'm being stepped on" cry. A drop falls with a monstrous "SUATF" logo on it (it can be projected a la the Bat signal if need be). The house lights come up.]

ACT II

Scene VIII: PLEASE SIR, I WANT SOME. . . MORE

(or, The Dungeon Scene)

*[From Juliet. *KaNdeE* in a large plush armchair. She pushes some buttons on the armrest and says:]*

***KaNdeE*:** Dollie's log. Stardate 94305. I've been separated from the crew for hours now. I haven't seen Myra, Jeremy or Professor Hobart since the attack at The Axe Files room. When I heard that first crash my ninja-dollie instincts took over. The lights went out and I hurled myself upward, grasping a steam pipe thirty feet above. I ignored the searing pain, but now I bear the mark of my enemy. *[*KaNdeE* puts up her right hand to show the SUATF insignia branded on her palm.]* After hours of crawling I found my way to the surface. I have not yet found the away team, but I **do** have a clue. *[Picks up Jeremy's flannel shirt and inhales its aroma deeply.]* *KaNdeE*. Logout.

*[*KaNdeE* sniffs the air, does a ninja flip from juliet to the stage and stalks off.]*

The curtain opens to reveal a morbid dungeon/torture chamber. Several characters from the Axe File stories -- Monty the Mountie, Dieter, Napoleon, Ginger, Gal Smiley -- are all shackled, racked, bamboosed, semi-submerged, drugged-up, electroded, and iron maidenized around the perimeter of the stage. To ensure recognition, they are accessorized distinctively (i.e., Monty has his coat; Napoleon has his hat...).

Myra, Jeremy, and Professor Hobart are there as well, tied together, semi-conscious, on center stage. They are clearly suffering in a state of overdone bondage.]

MYRA: What happened?

JEREMY: Oh my head.

HOBART: Someone drooled on me... Where are we?

GAL: Hullo down there. Did you have a nice nap?

MYRA: Who are you guys?

MONTY: I'm Montgomery A. MacKenzie, twelfth generation Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

GAL: And I'm Gal Smiley. You might recognize me from such classic television game shows as Swallow that Sausage, Punch the Clown, and Retching for Dollars.

NAPOLEON: Napoleon Bonaparte, mon ami.

GINGER: And I'm Ginger. I'm a Hum Bio major from Baltimore, and...and... *[Breaking out in tears.]* I miss my boyfriend...

JEREMY: Your boyfriend?

GINGER: *[Romantic music flurries in background.]*... Yes, my Fred!

HOBART: Your boyfriend's name again -- Fred...there's just something familiar... *[muses for a sec]* Fred *[The Wonder Years theme]* No! Not that doofus! *[The Flintstones theme]* No not that one either... Wait a minute! Fred...The grad student....Dean Montoya....That's it! We read about you in the files!

GINGER: *[Melodramatically]* Yes. When my Fred turned into a quivering gelatinous mass of grad student my heart was broken. I tried to convince him to take some time to see this great big world, to try and make some sort of difference, to save the burning orphans! But all he wanted to do was ride around on his Schwinn with his pants tucked into his socks. I tried to get him help, so I went to the Admissions Office. I figured Dean Montoya could do something. But when I knocked on his door, everything went black. When I awoke, I was shackled to this wall. I've been here ever since.

MYRA: *[Pointing to Monty]* And weren't you with Stanford in Saskatchewan... *[Nods yes.]* And, wait... Who's that freak in black?

NAPOLEON: That is Dieter.

DIETER: Oooh, oooh, oooh... *[He moves his hand out of the shackle and smacks himself on the face, then slips his hand back in when they mention his name.]*

JEREMY: *[Pointing to Napoleon and Dieter.]* That's right. You guys used to live on the Row.

HOBART: *[Pointing to Gal.]* And you tried to help Stanford find a rival!

MYRA: So this is what happened!

NAPOLEON: Oui, we have all tried to rise up against the forces of the SUATF... and we have all been their prisoners ever since.

JEREMY: Damn incarceration!

[Organ plays Fugue in D-minor, by Bach. A huge door creaks open. The Rather Short Hunchbacked Phantom of Mem Chu enters pushing a wheel barrow full of slop. He talks somewhat like a British Rip Taylor.]

MONTY: He's coming back!

OTHERS: Fear!

HUNCHBACK: Wakey wakey!! Dinnertime, ladies and gentlemen. Everybody hungry? *[Drags a tin plate across the bars of the cell.]* Come on, come on! Who's hungry?

HOBART: Where are we?

HUNCHBACK: We're in the secret dungeon of Memorial Church.

MYRA: Memorial Church? With the redwood ceilings, the derivative artwork, and the 7,777 organ pipes? *[Everyone stares at her.]* Sorry, I took the tour.

HOBART: If we're in Mem Chu, that makes you...?

HUNCHBACK: Yes! *[Dramatic cheese]* I am The Rather Short Hunchbacked Phantom of Memorial Church. And I take my job quite seriously.

ALL: What are you going to do to us?

HUNCHBACK: You're scheduled for about eight years of heinous torture at my able, albeit shaky hands. *[Waves hands at audience -- they pee.]*

HOBART: Eight years!? I'm up for tenure in three.

HUNCHBACK: Oh, shut up.

DIETER: You down there! It's time for my beating!

HUNCHBACK: I just beat you this morning.

[Dieter continues moaning, sad because he didn't get beaten again.]

JEREMY: You can't do this to me! My roommate's parents are on the Supreme Court.

HUNCHBACK: Hey! I didn't choose to do this! Look at me... I'm a phantom and I'm a hunchback. I have a huge lump on my back and I hide in old buildings where I scare people! What else am I going to do for a living, management consulting? SUATF hires me... I torture. I'm happy. They even got dental *[He smiles (ding!) and even though he's hideous he does happen to have nice teeth.]* Now it's time to get to work. Here's a nice little torture I picked up from the Shining Path. Hmm... where did I leave that Karaoke machine? Ah, over here.

[The Hunchback selects a song and moseys centerstage with a microphone. The first few bars of "Islands in the Stream" begin to play. The record scratches and much hipper 50's doo-wop starts up.

The floor lights up like in the "Billie Jean" video... heck, pull down a disco ball. The Hunchback's huge shadow dances on the wall of the dungeon though he remains still. When he sings those shackled to the wall become our lil' doo-wop background singers that, get this, dance while stuck to the wall -- hilarity is ours!!]

HUNCHBACK: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for being here this evening. You're beautiful... Welcome to my little Loungeroom of Torture... Here's a little number I like to call "A Whole Lotta Chafin' Going On."

Song five: **A WHOLE LOTTA CHAFIN' GOING ON**

THE FIRST THING THAT I'LL DO

WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU

IS STRETCH YOUR PUNY ASS OUT ON MY RACK.

THEN I'LL SLICE YOU UP WITH PAPER CUTS

AND POUR LEMON JUICE ON YOUR BUTTS

AND STOMP ON YOU UNTIL YOUR FEMURS CRACK.*[snaps his whip]*

SING!!

[The shackled folks begin doo-wopping -- choreography amusingly restrained.]

CHORUS

WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH OOOOOOOOOO...

HUNCHBACK

I LOVE TO TEST MY SKILLS

WITH MY MANY DENTAL DRILLS

'TIS A RIGHT BIT BLOODY RUBRIC FOR DISASTER.

I'LL SHOVE MY BICYCLE DOWN YOUR THROAT

AND IF THAT DON'T GET YOUR GOAT.

I'LL STRETCH APART YOUR JAWS WITH MY THIGHMASTER.

CHORUS

WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH OOOOOOOOOO...

YOU'RE SO EVIL MR. HUNCHBACK

YOU'VE GOT US FEELING BLACK AND BLUE

YOU 'RE SUCH AN EVIL, EVIL HUNCHBACK

WHAT WOULD QUASIMODO THINK OF YOU?

HUNCHBACK

BURN YOUR EYEBALLS WITH MY HALOGEN

FREEZE YOUR 'NADS IN LIQUID NITROGEN

PAIN THAT SPREADS ACROSS THE TORTURE SPECTRUM.

FEED SOME SHARDS OF BROKEN GLASS

TO SOME HUNGRY RABID RATS

THEN PLACE THEM OH-SO-GENTLY UP YOUR RECTUM.

CHORUS

YOU'RE SO EVIL MR. HUNCHBACK

A MEANIE WITH A BIG-OL'-CAPITAL "M"

YOU'RE SUCH AN EVIL, EVIL HUNCHBACK

WE WISH YOU'D CHOKE AND DIE ON YOUR OWN PHLEGM

HUNCHBACK *[Spoken a la Barry White.]*

Oh baby, let me tell you what I'm gonna do. Not only am I gonna rip out your intestines and whip your duodenum into a nice little puree, but I'm gonna make you drink it -- Juice Club-Style. Would you like any additions with that? Ginseng maybe? You would, wouldn't you? I knew you would. Now where did I put that Garden Weasel...

CHORUS

YOU'RE SO EVIL MR. HUNCHBACK

WE REALLY, REALLY, REALLY DON'T LIKE YOU

YOU'RE SUCH AN EVIL, EVIL HUNCHBACK

YOU LOOK LIKE A HUNCHBACK...

AND YOU SMELL LIKE ONE TOO!

WAH WAH WAH OOOOOO-OOOOO!!!!!!

(SONG ENDS)

HUNCHBACK: Now, the best part of it all is that while you are stuck here enjoying my unadulterated sadism, the final plan of the SUATF is being implemented throughout the Stanford Campus! Haha! Ha! The lingering remnants of fun are being eradicated -- White Plaza is being Pollianified as we speak. There will be no more fun, no more frolicking, and no more Bigamy! Oh, is that right? *[Pulls out a note card and checks it.]* I mean, no more Big Game! Does that hurt? Does it! Good! No more Big Game! Big Game!

*[As he is rubbing his mirth in their faces a immense warcry is heard. It is *KaNdeE* coming to save them. She bursts through a wall.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Aiiiiiiyyyyyyyyyyyyeeeeeee!!!

[She disposes of the Hunchback (a little karate, [[questiondown]]no?) and opens the cage by pulling the bars off with her bare hands.]

JEREMY: *KaNdeE*! Thank God you here.

MYRA: How did you find us?

***KaNdeE*:** I followed the scent of Camel Lites and Drakaar. *[Throws Jeremy a flannel].* Here's your shirt. We must tell everyone about the evil SUATF's evil plans!

MYRA: But where can we find a large group of Stanford students who are willing to listen to anyone?

EVERYONE: WHITE PLAZA!

***KaNdeE*:** Yes! Hurry now! You guys go and tell the campus what's going on. I'll free the others!

*[The three quickly hurry offstage and *KaNdeE* unshackles everyone else with the Hunchback's keys. Dieter is not too happy...]*

DIETER: *[Trying to climb back up on the wall.]* No! I want to stay!

***KaNdeE*:** Quiet! We have no time for this foolishness... *[There is murmuring from the others, and a bit of stretching -- heck, they've been up there for years.]* Shh, listen! *[We hear footsteps which makes everyone very nervous, as footsteps in drama tend to do.]* Let's go!

[They exit stage left, frantically. Just after they exit, in strides Leezza with five uniformed troops. They all wear SUATF garb, and are clearly bad guys.]

LEEZZA: *[Surveys the scene for a moment.]* Gerhard will be most displeasèd.

[The SUATFers leave and Dieter is left kneeling next to the knocked out body of the Hunchback.]

DIETER: Whip me again. *[Picks up someone's half-empty bowl of slop and starts licking it -- he crawls to the hunchback's body.]* Please, sir, I want some... more.

[Curtain falls.]

Scene IX: ENTER THE DOLLIE

(Ninja-dollie Training)

[Back in the Steam Tunnels. Gal, Monty, Napoleon and Ginger appear on stage, looking lost.]

MONTY: Hey, where did she go?

GINGER: Yeah, she was just here a moment ago.

NAPOLEON: Merde! Zose ninja-dollies....

*[From off-stage we hear a fear-inducing roar -- a *KaNdeE* body double flips all the way across the stage to the other side. *KaNdeE* emerges from off-stage, undaunted. During this scene she keeps switching her accents between normal *KaNdeE*-speak and Mr. Miyagi syntax.]*

***KaNdeE*:** *[In military tone.]* All right troops, line up. I'm gonna get your flimsy asses in shape. Hit it.

*[That obnoxious techno song "Twilight Zone" plays for eight bars: for the first four bars, *KaNdeE*'s entourage of assistant ninja-dollies come out with Reebok step-platforms and nunchucks and set them down; for the next four bars, the same assistants do an impressive choreographed dance routine using the step platforms and nunchucks. In the meantime, Ginger et al. are desperately trying to mimic their dance moves. Of course, they look très pathétique.]*

The music ends abruptly. The ninja-dollies run off, leaving nunchucks and platforms behind.]

MONTY: Where did they learn that?

***KaNdeE*:** *[Really smug.]* Former students.

GAL: Teach us!

NAPOLEON: Show us zee way!

***KaNdeE*:** Yes. There is a war approaching and you must be prepared. I will show you the way of the three toed yellow bellied monkey dragon. I will show you the way of the ginsu-katana-Lantana-samurai. I will teach you to manifest your Theta Chi. *[Pronounced `chee.]* Okay, kiddos, let's count off. *[Blows her gym class whistle.]*

GAL: Smiley, Gal.

GINGER: Ginger

MONTY: Mountie. Monty The, eh.

NAPOLEON: Bonaparte, Napoleon. Emperor. Conqueror. Lover. Epicurean enthusiast of fine cheeses.

***KaNdeE*:** Good. Now... *[Calls to Dollie offstage.]* Dollie-san. Bring me bucket and paint brush. *[To Ginger et al.]* I will now teach you Ninja technique... *[Changes accent back to normal.]* through the guise of ordinary everyday household labor.

*[Dollie-san I brings the bucket and paintbrush to *KaNdeE* and then scurries off. *KaNdeE* takes the paint brush and cans and hands them to Napoleon and Ginger. She leads them away from the group into a spotlight on the other side of the stage.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Concentrate! Alright students, paint the fence!

[Ginger and Napoleon look around, looking lost and perplexed with paintbrushes in hand.]

GINGER: What fence?

***KaNdeE*:** Ginger-san, fence not here *[Points at her eyes.]*, fence here. *[Points at heart -- Ginger looks like she doesn't get it.]*

NAPOLEON: You see, zee fence not here *[Points at eyes.]*, fence eez here. *[Points at heart.]*

GINGER: Guys, I still don't get it.

NAPOLEON: Curtain not here *[Points at eyes.]*, curtain zere. *[Points at curtain.]* Audience not here *[Points at stage.]*, audience zere. *[Points at audience.]* Good seats here *[Points at front row.]*, crappy seats are all the way back zere. *[Points at Mezzanine.]*

GINGER: Oh! I get it, sansei.

***KaNdeE*:** Good. Take brush. Paint wall.

*[*KaNdeE* leaves, the spotlight follows her to Monty, and Gal.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Okay, gang. Hit the tires.

[Monty and Gal do that silly tire-exercise thing for a beat, then stop, totally panting.]

***KaNdeE*:** You're not done yet. Pushups! *[They do pushups for a beat.]*

Sit-ups! *[They do sit-ups for a beat.]* Step aerobics with nunchucks! *[They do step aerobics with nunchucks.]* Rub your tummy and pat the top of your head! *[Gal can do it, but Monty has some difficulty.]*

MONTY: I can't. But can you do this?

[Monty does the Orkian hello. (nanoo nanoo) Gal tries it.]

GAL: OK, but can you do this?

[Gal does the upside-down-face-glass-fingers-thing and sticks her tongue out. Monty mimics.]

***KaNdeE*:** *[Blows her whistle.]* Focus! Focus! You can do the tires and the pushups and the sit-ups and the nanoo nanoo *[She does the hand trick.]* But I dare you to walk on the hot coals.

MONTY: Ooooh. Gal, I double dare you to walk on the hot coals.

[They look at each other.]

MONTY AND GAL: *[Clapping hands with Nickelodeon-kid zeal.]* We'll take the physical challenge!

[They take off their shoes and jump on the bed of hot coals. We hear chord from orchestra.]

MONTY AND GAL: Ooh!

[Another chord.]

MONTY AND GAL: Ooh! Ooh!

[The repeats (ooh! ooh!) and then we move focus over to the other side of the stage where Nappy and Ginger are still painting -- sloppily.]

KaNdeE: No my turtle doves, paint with honor and fury. Remember, we do it all for the glory of love.

NAPOLEON: What eez ze propèr way to paint zee wall?

KaNdeE: Take brush and stroke up! *[Demonstrates and they do)* Stroke down! *[They do.]* Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

[As she calls "Stroke!" Hugh Grant returns to the stage.]

HUGH: Did someone say stroke? Oh bugger! *[Exuent.]*

GINGER: We've got it, sansei! We've got it!

NAPOLEON: Ahhh! *[Sighs.]* Finalement. Zee end.

KaNdeE: No... must paint all Mem Aud.

GINGER: What?!

[A chord.]

KaNdeE: Stroke! Stroke up!

NAPOLEON: Qu'est-ce que c'est?

[Another chord.]

KaNdeE: Strokeystroke down.

[Napoleon and Ginger continue once more, this time just "Ooh! Stroke up!" and "Ooh ooh! strokeystroke down." The lights come back up on Monty and Gal with their "Ooh!" and "Ooh! Ooh!"s and we get a funkalicious, eighties groove "Mickey" rythm goin down. The orchestra joins and the ninja-dollie trainers come running back on stage.]

Song Five and-a-half: **STROKEY YOUR BUTT IN GEAR**

KaNdeE: NOW TELL ME, KIDDOS WHY YOU HERE?

WE GONNA GET THOSE BUTTS IN GEAR!

ALL: OOH! STROKE UP! OOH OOH! STROKEYSTROKE DOWN!

KaNdeE: NINJA DOLLIE'S ON THE SCENE

TO BUILD HERSELF A FIGHTING MACHINE!

ALL: OOH! STROKE UP! OOH OOH! STROKEYSTROKE DOWN!

***KaNdeE*:** THE TOUGHEST TEAM IN SILICON VALLEY

FOR THE BIG FIGHT SCENE IN THE FINALE!

ALL: OOH! STROKE UP! OOH OOH! STROKEYSTROKE DOWN!

***KaNdeE*:** SHOW ME WHAT I'VE SHOWN TO YOU!

CUT THE LIGHTS--WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

(SONG ENDS)

Scene X: WHITE PLAZA WATCH

(A Little too True for Us)

[Open curtain on an exact replica of White Plaza. SUATF troop members are in the process of transforming it into their haven of ennui. They place signs on the Claw that read: "Do not touch the water," "No Swimming," "No Wading," "No Loitering," and "No." Other signs of boring parties replace the cool ones (i.e., `Stereogram party at the Zeta Psi house!). Another one advertises a Zamfir, Master of the Pan Flute concert.

An SUATF worker hands out tweed jackets with leather elbow patches to the many casually dressed students milling about. Another is hanging ivy off the Bird Cage. A Flicks poster advertising "Badman Forever" is replaced with one that says "Ishtar."

Jeremy, Myra, and Hobart enter the scene through the trap door and climb out right in front of the Post Office. A huge line winds around outside. They overhear the conversation of Sandy and Randy who talk like Myra would if she weren't so busy being disillusioned.]

RANDY: Nothing like waiting in line two days for your overnight mail, huh Sandy?

SANDY: I know what you mean Randy. I have the time to reflect on just how lucky we are to have our very own post office -- right here on campus!

RANDY: You're tellin' it how it is, sister. You know, some people don't appreciate the U.S. Postal Service, but not us here at Stanford. The friendly service, the grunted staff -- raise the stamp prices higher, I say!

SANDY: But I would like to get home soon and rest. I'm still so zonked from that Mausoleum party. I didn't leave till 10:45. And I had a whole beer too.

JEREMY: Myra, does something seem strange here?

MYRA: I'll say. Where are all the hackey sackers? And what about the protesters? The ethnic dance troupes representing the wonderful bodily expression of peoples from many lands? Where have all the flowers gone?

JEREMY: Yeah, and what about all the lunatics. The criminally insane soapboxers that make our campus so hella cool.

BOB : *[The "Masturbate and be free" guy with a renovated set of coveralls reading: call your mom, take your vitamins. do your homework, eat your chowder, and the like.]* Hey kids. Be good.

HOBART: Something certainly is strange here..*[Turns to person at table.]* Excuse me, lad. Can you tell me why everything is so subdued around here? What's going on?

PERSON AT TABLE: What's going on? Haven't you heard about the Prune at Noon! We're trying to set a world's record for the largest group landscaping ever held. Want to join?

JEREMY: Pruning? I'd rather drop trou.

[In the way background a group of croquet players in woolen sweaters cross the stage (croquettishly).]

MYRA: Oh look, somebody from the Sixth Man Club... I hear they always have a lot of spirit. Let's go ask them what's going on. *[Goes up to person standing in front of sign that says 'CIV Man Club', so that at first only 'Man Club' is visible.]* Excuse me... *[He steps away to reveal the full title.]*

JEREMY: CIV Man Club?

CIV MAN: Yes indeed! For just a flat fee of \$100, plus the twenty dollar Tressider TicketMaster fee, you can sit in our special seats at lecture -- up front! And the professor, like, he's right there! Oh, and there's your extra-awesome CIV Man Club T-Shirt! *[They walk away.]*

MYRA: Whoah. What the dickens is going on here? Why is everything so boring?

JEREMY: What the hell... I mean, I've always thought Stanford was kinda lame -- but I'm naturally bitter. This is Big Game Week -- shouldn't someone be giving a shit?

RANDOM PASSERBY: Hey! Shh! You might want to watch that language!

JEREMY: Why the fuck should I--

PASSERBY: That's two strikes right there, man! Under the new speech code, it's one more *[As if quoting.]* "expletive of a profane and vulgar nature" and you're outta housing!

HOBART: Wowsers! This doesn't sound like Big Game Week at all.

BENNY: It isn't. Not since they canceled it anyways.

MYRA: Canceled! How could you let them get away with that?

BENNY: Oh, you know... Budget cuts.

MYRA: Budget cuts!?

CHARLIE: Yeah. It's for our own good. I suppose we all need to spend more time studying anyway.

HOBART: My my my. The Stanford I know and love would never cut Big Game. Women's Self-Defense, maybe. Fine Arts, sure. But Big Game?

JEREMY: I gotta do something. *[Jumping up on the cement thingy in the bird cage thingy.]* Hey, listen up! *[Everyone ignores him.]* People! Listen to me! Uh, Free Beer! *[Every passerby continues to pass by.]* PEEENNIIIS!!!! *[Everyone freezes and turns to him, shocked.]* Look at yourselves! You're pathetic! What is this, downtown Palo Alto? Umm....You! What are you majoring in?

MARGE: Econ.

JEREMY: *[Points to another student.]* And you?

HOMER: Econ.

JEREMY: And you?

LISA: Econ.

JEREMY: *[Grabs another student from the droning masses that have gathered, holds him by his shoulders.]* What are you doing tonight?

TOM: Problem set?

JEREMY: *[Slaps him.]* Wrong answer! Again!

TOM: *[Nervous]* Problem set...

JEREMY: *[Shakes him.]* No!

TOM: *[Breaks down.]* I don't know, I don't know. *[Cries]* Please stop hurting me.

JEREMY: *[Lets him fall and continues speech.]* You're all still young! Can't you see what's happening to you? You're not thinking anymore! You're jumping for the damn administration! Where is your spirit, your humanity? Have any of you ever made love?

CHET: Um... yes, of course. She was from... Niagara Falls. You wouldn't know her...

JEREMY: Oh jeez. Um... I... oh, I... *[Looks to Hobart and Myra.]* I can't think of anything inspirational to say!

HOBART: Concentrate. Look within yourself.

JEREMY: Uh, um...uh... *[Thinks of something.]* "Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

HOBART: Ah, good. Dylan Thomas.

JEREMY: Really, I always thought it was Matt Dillon.

[The crowd starts milling about again. Myra jumps up.]

MYRA: *[Inspired]* Come on, we can't let them cancel Big Game! Someone or something has been trying to suck all the fun out of this college, and you don't even care. Can't you see it? Don't you realize? Wake up, people!*[The crowd is responding.]* This is our chance to shine! Down here, it's our time! It's our time down here! *[Off to the side, Sloth and Chunk embrace, teary-eyed.]*

SLOTH: Sloth love Chunk!

PROFRO COWBOY: Why Jimmy Jukes, she's right!

DARLENE: This place has gotten lame!

D.J.: Blazes! Let's do something about it!

SOUL MAN: Together, we shall overcome!

PROFRO COWBOY: Mama always said, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. But she never said we couldn't fix nuthin' that was broke. So I say, let's do it.

[A whooping battle cry erupts from the passionate collective voice of the masses. Everyone rallies together and prepares to whip some ass. But then...]

Scene XI: THE STORMTROOPERS COMETH -- EWW... GROSSETH

(A meta-Gaieties)

[Just as the student crowd begins to see the light, the sound of marching is heard. The students begin to express fear. With a call of "Charge!" the whole fucking SUATF battalion arrives. Most of them are wearing jumpsuits with the SUATF insignia on the front and back. They are heavily armed with guns and appliances of suckage: turkey basters, straws, penal pump 3000s, Flow-bees, Dust Busters, and other vacuums.

They ooze out of every orifice of Mem Aud stage: Several troops crawl down the aisles. One man rappels from the balcony. Ken dolls with parachutes fall from above. Note: This should be a very impressive assault.

Everyone is yelling threats and commands. Audience members are frisked. The writers are handcuffed and brought on stage. Two huge fascist-looking Stanford-pine-cone-homecoming-banners are dropped. During the mayhem an audience plant -- preferably female and a minority -- is dragged and beaten senseless by a SUATF member who is male and white.

After a good amount of chaos the Stanford students run off-stage, pursued by most of the SUATF team. Several SUATFers stay and keep post at strategic points of Mem Aud (exits, juliet, etc.) but only five remain on the stage itself: Disgruntled Alum, My Mother, Newt, Stats Professor and Fisherman. They are dressed appropriately.]

MY MOTHER: All right, everybody! Down on the ground and don't do anything! Don't move!

JEREMY: Who are you?

FISHERMAN: We're the SUATF and we're here to suck up all the fun.*[Note 2: Every time some one says "Suck up all the fun" the SUATF members raise their suction devices in the air and make sucking noises.]*

ALUM: We're tired of all the hedonism around here -- MuFuUnSun, the Junior Formal, Rinc-a-Delt, Gaieties, Big Game festivities...

STATS PROF: Our goal is to make Stanford University about as fun as televised golf. Each of us is an expert in a specific area of fun suckage. *[Suction devices again.]* For example, I am a statistics professor. And aHoover *[Vacuum devices.]* Fellow.

FISHERMAN: As for me, I am a fisherman. I catch fish. Everyday I sit... in a boat... and I hope to catch some fish.

ALUM: I am an alumnus, Stanford class of 1925. In my day we didn't have "fun" at Stanford. We didn't have parties or indoor plumbing or sunshine. It rained all year and we stood thigh high in raw sewage beating each other with clubs, and we loved it!

NEWT: And I am Newt Gingrich. And when we're done with this place, there'll be no trace of any ethnicities. *[Getting excited.]* Down with Casa Zah-pah-tah. Away with O' kah-dah. *[Really excited.]* This'll be gre-- *[He is shot by the Fisherman.]*

FISHERMAN: Traitor. He was starting to have too much fun.

[Cast, in one motion, wipes their collective brow in relief.]

JEREMY: *[To Mother.]* What about you? You look oddly familiar.

MOTHER: I am Bertha Swanson, President of the Mothers' Club. I speak for all of your mothers and they are not one bit happy that you never call anymore. We're not paying \$25,000 a year for you to enjoy yourselves.

HOBART: But what do you want with us?

STATS: Get up! Here, take these.

MYRA: What are they?

MOTHER: We thought we'd make up our own version of your "Gaieties" -- something more acceptable for you to perform here!

[Some of the SUATF troops return with captive Stanford students. The SUATF Members distribute scripts to the students held at Hooverpoint on stage. Bad costumes are distributed as well.]

JEREMY: And if we refuse?

ALUM: You'll read these scripts or it won't just be the fun that gets sucked. *[Everyone smiles.]* And that's a threat, you perverts.

[Everyone scrambles toward the sides of the stage. Newt gets dragged off. My Mother comes to the front.]

MOTHER: And now ladies and gentleman, sons and daughters; the SUATF theatrical society presents Big Game Gaieties 1995 "People who Go to Cal are Mean Bad Weenies." And... action!

[What follows is a "Meta-Gaieties" of sorts, during which cast members hold scripts and read their lines poorly, reluctant to perform the SUATF scripts]

STANFORD PERSON 1: I am sure glad that I go to Stanford University. You know why? Because people who go to Cal are Mean Bad Weenies.

S.P. 2: Not to mention hippies. Why, look at those two over there. *[Points to two blue-and-gold clad people holding Cal pennants, etc.]* You can tell they go to Cal cause they're wearing blue and gold clothing.

S.P.3: And they are so stupid. Hey are you guys from Cal?

CAL PEOPLE: *[Fingers positioned appropriately in cheeks.]* Duh...

STANFORD PEOPLE: Are you hippies?

CAL PEOPLE: Yeah man.

STANFORD PEOPLE: Well Jerry Garcia's dead! *[point and laugh]* Ha-ha-ha! *[then in unison.]* People who go to Cal are Mean Bad Stupid Hippie Weenies.

S.P. 1: Hey, let's sing about it!

[They line-up into a straight line Chorus.]

Song six: **PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES**

CHORUS

PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES.

PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES.

[One by one, different characters step out of the line to speak their oh-so-witty lines of dialogue. Although they are holding scripts, they can be in character to some extent.]

POSTMAN: Hi. I'm a Stanford Post Office Worker. Did you ever notice how slow the mail is at Stanford? Man is it slow!

CHORUS: *[Laughs.]* PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

HASHER: I'm a Hasher at Roble Food Service. Did you ever notice how bad the food is at Stanford? Man is it bad!

CHORUS: PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

TOUR GUIDE: I'm a Tour Guide at Stanford University. Did you ever notice that we call the Coffeehouse the "CoHo" and Memorial Church "MemChu?" Man do we have some silly abbreviations for things!

CHORUS: PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

HOOVER TOWER: I'm Hoover Tower. Did you ever notice how much I resemble a penis? Man I look like a penis! *[Looks back, but the Chorus does not sing.]* Come on, everybody -- I look like such a penis! *[Still no singing.]* I mean, am I crazy? I LOOK LIKE A GODDAMNED PENIS!!! *[Collapses in exhaustion, finally provoking a response.]*

CHORUS: PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

PI PHI: I am a Pi Phi. Did you ever notice how ditzy the Sorority girls are at Stanford? Man are we ditzy!

CHORUS: PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

CORN: *[Holding hands over head in a point, straight out of a kindergarten play.]* I am the corn that the Indians gave to the Pilgrims at that first Thanksgiving feast. The friendly Indians made us feel at home in our new land.

CHORUS: THE FRIENDLY INDIANS MADE US FEEL AT HOME IN OUR NEW LAND!

AND PEOPLE WHO GO TO CAL ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

CAL PEOPLE: *[Singing in big finale style, with chorus in a kickline behind them.]* WE GO TO CAL AND WE ARE MEAN BAD STUPID HIPPIE WEENIES!

[End of song, but we're still in the meta-Gaieties, for those keeping score at home.]

S.P. #32: Hey look everybody! It's our beloved President, Gerhard Casper!

[The fake Casper enters, beaming his Teutonic grin.]

FAKE CASPER: Greetings, my Stanford *liebchen!* *[Everyone on stage claps.]* I bet you're wondering why I'm wearing a sweater. It's because it will be a cold day in hell when Cal wins Big Game! Brrr. *[Cast looks confused.]*

S.P. #17: Gee, President Gerhard Casper, Branner sucks!

[Jeremy waits for frosh to shut their damn cake-holes, then yells.]

JEREMY: Wait a minute! This is horrible! Gaieties is supposed to be funny! *[Writers giggle at the irony.]* You're ruining it!

FAKE CASPER: Don't fret. Everything will be "All Right Now."

[Everyone looks to the side for the Band's raucous entrance. Instead, the Stanford Orchestra enters, quickly sets down chairs and plays their classical version of 'All Right Now.' Jeremy can't take any more of this.]

JEREMY: That's all I can stand, and I can't stand no more! *[Jeremy pulls a can of spinach out of a pocket, eats some and attacks the orchestra. Though they stop playing for him, he is quickly restrained by the many SUATF troops and thrown back in with the other captives.]* Dammit, when I find out who's behind all this, I'll bite their ears off.

[At this the real Casper joins the hubbub on stage. He is dressed in the Emperor's robe from 'Return of the Jedi' (the actual same one) which covers his whole body. He motions for the orchestra to continue playing. Vamp under dialogue. He laughs maniacally.]

CASPER: Bwaaa-ha-ha-ha... I don't think you'll be munching on these lobes any time soon. Neither you nor anyone can stop my plans to suck all the fun out of Stanford! *[Tools of suckage are raised.]*

MYRA: Holy poo! It's you? I can't believe our own University President would be behind this villainous plan!

CASPER: Then don't. It still won't alter your fate. *[To the troops.]* Round them up. All of them.

[The SUATF goons close in around the crowd of Stanford students as if to say, "We are going to take you somewhere now, OK?" A look of fear passes across their faces. Will they survive? Will Casper have them pan fried? Will Myra ever live to see the Draw? Will she end up having to live in Sterling Quad on a preferred year? Turn the damn page and find out.]

Scene XII: Die Ending: With a Vengeance

[As the SUATF members close around the rest of our heroes, the theme song from "Wonder Woman" screeches over the loud speakers. The orchestra stops playing.]

THE NINJA-DOLLIES: KIIIIIIYYYYAAAAAAA!!!

[The four newly-trained, ex-prisoners explode onto the stage -- flipping and being otherwise ninja-cool as they do. The freshly-made ninja-dollies all wear the sacred garb -- dollie outfit, sash with weapons tucked in them, black socks with the two-toe-feet thing, personalized headbands, etc. If the characters are still difficult to recognize they can retain their distinctive accessories.]

**KaNdeE* pops out of the trap door and takes her buffalo-ninja stance. They fall into wicked-cool formation center stage, reminiscent of the Turtles. All eyes are on *KaNdeE*. "Wonder Woman" music ends. *KaNdeE* hisses at the orchestra: they weep and scurry offstage.*

MOTHER: Who are they?

FISHERMAN: They're Stanford students. Wacky ones. We must be careful.

ALUM: Let's get `em!

[The SUATF team attacks the Ninjas but are easily repelled by their superior paramilitary training. After a well choreographed fight scene there is a heap of SUATF scripts and dead SUATF troops all around them.]

Casper attempts to tip-toe away, but...]

***KaNdeE*:** Not so fast, Jimmy Jack.

CASPER: *[Turns around to face her.]* You may have won this battle, my friends, but we are more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

***KaNdeE*:** Your "we" have just been turned to matzah meal.

MYRA: Yeah, let's get him!

***KaNdeE*:** NO! *[Stays the crowd.]* No way. This one's all mine. *[To Casper.]* It's time to crack open a six-pack of WhüpAss.

CASPER: Bring it on.

*[*KaNdeE* and Casper face off center stage, with the conscious portion of the assembled cast cheering around them. They circle warily and stare each other down. Weird light flash to make it hard to see exactly what's going on. After a few laps around each other *KaNdeE* jumps in on Casper. She strikes his chest (not really, it's just a play -- you know, acting) and hits something hard. We hear a crunch and Casper falls back a bit.]*

***KaNdeE*:** Ow! What you got underneath there?

*[*KaNdeE* yanks off Casper's robe, revealing a pentium processor affixed to his torso. It's a huge lit up circuit board that says INTEL on one side and PROPERTY OF CAL on the other. Everyone gasps.]*

JEREMY: Wait. I saw this on a movie once. It's an implant! His mind has been controlled by this techno-bugger... just to be nasty to us.

[He yanks the circuit board off. Cool computer noises blip away and make Dan Goldman feel at home.]

CASPER: *[Somewhat confused.]* Oh! I can finally think for myself again! Thank you for releasing me from thirty years of this terrible weenie curse.

HOBART: He must have been wired by those forces of evil when he taught at Cal in the sixties.

MYRA: But that doesn't explain all those other files we read. Like Casper wasn't even here when the War of the Row Houses happened.

***KaNdeE*:** No, we can't blame Casper for everything. He is but the final piece in the huge jigsaw puzzle of Cal's master plan of world domination. Cal has been wreaking havoc everywhere all along.

JEREMY: Yeah! They're the ones who destroyed the Canada center!

HOBART: They're the ones who tried to put an end to Big Game week!

HOOTOW: They're the ones who made me look like a dick!

MYRA: But it's all over. Now Stanford can be the happy-perky-pippy-fucking-longstockings place it once was!

CASPER: Of course! Stanford should be a place of celebration and harmony. Let there be parties and nookie for everyone.

Song 8: DRINK BEER, THE SOCIAL COMMENTARY SONG

DRINK BEER, SMOKE UP, GIVE HICKIES, SCAM, TAKE THAT EXTENSION AGAIN,

SHOWER WITH FRIENDS, WEDGIE YOUR TA NOW AND THEN.

DRINK BEER, DON'T FLOSS, SLEEP IN `TIL THREE, EAT LOTS OF FATTY FRIED FOOD, PLAY WITH MATCHES, TRY FRISBEE GOLF IN THE NUDE.

LOOK OUT STANFORD

IT'S TIME TO SEE THE LIGHT

SOMEONE'S OUT TO SUCK THE FUN

GET OFF YOUR ASS AND FIGHT

LOOK OUT STANFORD

NO TIME FOR FATIGUE

WE CAN'T LET THEM CUT THE FUN

THIS AIN'T THE IVY-LEAGUE

DRINK BEER, SMOKE UP, GIVE HICKIES, SCAM, TAKE THAT EXTENSION AGAIN,

SHOWER WITH FRIENDS, WEDGIE YOUR TA NOW AND THEN.

DRINK BEER, DON'T FLOSS, SLEEP IN `TIL THREE, EAT LOTS OF FATTY FRIED FOOD, PLAY WITH MATCHES, TRY FRISBEE GOLF IN THE NUDE.

LOOK OUT STANFORD

YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE

EITHER LET `EM TAKE IT ALL

OR LET `EM HEAR YOUR VOICE

LOOK OUT STANFORD

DON'T GIVE UP THE FIGHT NOW

FROM THE FOOTHILLS TO THE BAY

YOU IT'S GONNA BE "ALL RIGHT NOW. BABY IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW."

DRINK BEER, SMOKE UP, GIVE HICKIES, SCAM, TAKE THAT EXTENSION AGAIN,

SHOWER WITH FRIENDS, WEDGIE YOUR TA NOW AND THEN.

DRINK BEER, DON'T FLOSS, SLEEP IN `TIL THREE, EAT LOTS OF FATTY FRIED
FOOD, PLAY WITH MATCHES, TRY FRISBEE GOLF IN THE NUDE.

LOOK OUT STANFORD

LAST YEAR WAS SUCH A SHAME.

LET'S GET BACK THAT STANFORD AXE

GO WIN IT AT BIG GAME.

(SONG ENDS)

KaNdeE: *[Dusting her hands off.]* Alright, people. That's a wrap. Show's over.

[Everyone starts leaving.]

RANDOM DUDE FROM AUDIENCE: Hey! Hey? What the fuck? Hello? *[Characters on stage turn to him.]* What are you thinking? You can't end the show now. This is Gaieties -- where's the nudity? *[Someone (or ones) streaks across.]* Okay, well, that's better, but this still can't be the finale... nobody's kissed yet. *[Someone kisses him.]* Okay, okay, getting closer. But Gaieties still can't end until the Band comes out.

EVERYONE: They're gay?

[With that the Band scampers, shuffles, and morphs on stage.]

DIE END, DIE

Thanks for playin'!