



GAIETIES 2002
THE QUADFATHER
An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

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Directed by Maya Powch

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Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2002

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STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Act 1

Scene 1: The Beginning or It Begins or The Start of the Beginning or In the Beginning There Was Darkness Over the Face of the Deep or Get On With it Already

Tour Guide: On your left, The Thinker, a milestone of modern art. Or rather, it would be on your left if it wasn't on the university's "Pandhandlin' Across America" fundraising tour. And here's a campus cafe. On Tuesdays, if you show your Nobel Prize you get free fries with your sandwich. And finally, the original copy of the U.S. Constitution and a small black squirrel. *Obviously the Constitution and a black squirrel are sitting about eight feet apart on the ground.*

Tourist 1: Oh my God! A squirrel! And it's black! *Cluster around the black squirrel and take pictures.*

Tourist 2: Hold on! We've been out here an hour and you haven't mentioned any drawbacks.

Tour Guide: Drawbacks? How do you mean?

Tourist 2: Well, there has to be something negative somewhere.

Tourist 3: Yeah, Stanford can't be perfect!

Passersby: Stanford not perfect? Surely you jest.

Student1: I love Stanford.

Student2: Stanford completes me.

Student3: If Stanford were a woman I would shower her with rose petals and then lie her gently down and pleasure her over and over until she was unable to speak, only shudder in ecstasy. *Pause.* I mean, yea, Stanford. It's neat-o.

Stanford Is Perfect Song

STANFORD'S THE GREATEST SCHOOL ON THE PLANET
THE SUN'S SHINING ALL DAY LONG
FUZZIES AND TECHIES IN CHORUS TOGETHER
NOTHING COULD EVER GO WRONG

I'M STILL IN GRADE SCHOOL, BUT ALREADY KNOW THAT
IT'S SOMEPLACE THAT I'VE GOT TO BE

SOMEDAY MY INCOME WILL BE SEVEN DIGITS
STANFORD IS PERFECT FOR ME

BOTANICAL GARDENS AND WORLD FAMOUS SCULPTURES
10,000 DOLLARS JUST FOR A PALM TREE
WE EMPTY OUR POKETS FOR THIS EDUCATION
SO THEY GIVE US A LOT FOR FREE

I GOT FREE CABLE, AND I GOT FREE CONDOMS
I JUST GOT ASKED ON A DATE...NO WAIT
OKAY, SO THERE MAY BE NO DATING AT STANFORD,
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT LESS GREAT

OUR ATHLETES ARE ALL-STARS, WE'VE SEARS CUPS APLENTY
OUR TEAMS ARE ALWAYS ON TOP
THE SMARTEST, BRIGHTEST, MOST TALENTED STUDENTS
EACH ONE THE CREAM OF THE CROP

IN CLASS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING'S AS HARD AS WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING
BUT GRADE INFLATION STILL GIVES YOU AN A
EVERYONE KNOWS IT, IT'S TIME THAT WE CLOSE IT
STANFORD IS PERFECT TODAY

Everyone holding hands laughing and giggling runs offstage. Four Cal students remain.

Jolene: Damn useless tour. She never said where the Axe was.

Phyllis: True. That does make it more difficult to steal. However, I propose a plan. A muti-prong plan, if you will. Prong one: we find the axe. Prong two: we steal the axe. Prong three: I remedy the fact that my thong is on backwards.

Jack: Do you know what a prong is?

Phyllis: Of course I do!

Albert: No you don't! No you don't!

Jolene: Shut up! Why did we bring him anyway?

Jack: Albert's a genius! He's like, seven years old, but he's totally smarter than any Cal student.

Albert: I can finger paint and glue macaroni to things to make them pretty.

Everyone (*in awe*): Whoa.

Jolene: Let's focus people. Phyllis, you're an "idea-woman". What do you suggest? (*She starts to answer*) Besides the prongs!

Phyllis: Well, let's see. If an infinite number of monkeys were set loose on this campus, one of them would find the Axe. Therefore, we just need that monkey. Who brought the monkey? (*Pause as everyone looks at everyone else.*) Okay, no one brought a monkey. Okay Jack, start acting like a monkey!

Jack: I'll try, but it sounds hard. Moo. Moo.

Phyllis: Not cow! Monkey! (*Jack tries for a while, but starts to spin out of control.*)

Jolene: You fool! His brain can't take that kind of stress. He's falling apart!

Jack spins out of control and runs face-first into a post and collapses.. As luck would have it, a flyer sticks to it.

Phyllis: The Axe is in that post! He's like an idiotic diving rod!

Jack: Oh, my head! Where am I?

Phyllis: Jack, what year is it? Who's the president?

Jack: Bush.

Phyllis: Which one?

Jack: Does it matter?

Phyllis: He's fine!

Jolene: Wait a second! (*She takes the poster. Reading very slowly.*) Now in Sweet Hall. Sign up for classes on the New and Improved Axe-s-s. Oh my dear God. They have more than one!

Phyllis: We'll never find them!

Jolene (*suddenly thundering*): Stop! Let me tell you something! I once applied to Stanford. And all I got was a rejection letter. Well, it wasn't really a letter, they just threw rotten eggs at my house, then poked me with sticks. But Cal let me in. They didn't care that I wrote my application in crayon. They took me anyway. And I will not stop until I have dragged Stanford down to our level. So, we are going to find this Sweet Hall, even if we have to lick every building on campus!

Goes to building that says Sweet Hall on it and gives it a big lick.

Jolene: Nope. Not sweet. This one's building flavored.

They run offstage. The lights go off. When they come back on, it is nighttime and they are all lying on the ground.

Phyllis (*slurring her words*): I can't feel my lips.

Jolene: I think I have stucco-tongue.

Albert: Phyllis is a poophead.

Phyllis: I am not a poophead!

Albert: Then why is your head made of poop?

Phyllis: Touche.

Students walk by saying things like, "I'm sure glad that Sweet Hall is open 24 hours a day." "Yup, we sure are going into Sweet Hall!" "Hey everybody! Look at me, I'm going into Sweet Hall!" "Whoop-de-frickin-doo! Sweet Hall!"

Phyllis: Hey Jolene—

Jolene: Quiet, I'm thinking.

Albert: Bout what? Dinosaurs? Robots? Guns? Cake?

Jolene: Shut up you annoying little brat!

Albert (*suddenly deep-voiced and with an English accent*): There's no need to be rude.

Jolene: That is Sweet Hall!

Phyllis: But how do you know?

Jolene: Let's call it a hunch. Everybody in.

They go inside Sweet Hall. Everyone inside is dressed in latex and leather. There is booming techno music and lights are flashing.

Programmer1: Hey everybody, let's take a break! Jolt and Doritos on me!

Silence.

Programmer1: And crack!

Everyone: Hooray!

Jolene: I'm going to try to talk to one of them. Look inconspicuous.

Programmer1: Hey, I haven't seen you here before.

Jolene: I'm, uh, new. So why are you guys dressed like that?

Programmer1: We're programmers.

Jolene: And what's with the music? And why are you all so hot?

Programmer1: We're programmers! Don't you ever go to the movies? Jesus, go rent the Matrix for Christ's sake or I'll fuck you up with Unix-fu. Where are you from, anyway?

Jolene: Oh, Stanford. I live in (*obviously making it up*) Sla—Vin—Ski—Dom...House?

Programmer: Really! I lived in SlavDom my sophomore year! Do you need any help with anything?

Jolene: Actually, me and my friends need a little help finding the axe-s-s.

Programmer1. Right. Just go ahead and sit down. I'll show you. We've got a new version of Axess that makes things really easy. First you log in ...(*He starts to log in and the techno music starts.*) Not now! (*He starts again and the music starts again. He frowns and picks up a rock that's nearby and throws at the nearby programmer with the boom box*) So you log in, and then...

RM Voice: Hi, this is Ralph Macchio. You may remember me from Karate Kid. Hi-yah. I'm part of the new 3rd Rate Celebrity Outreach Program at Stanford. Stanford gets us to narrate Axess, and we get a little money to keep us off the street and out of trouble with drugs and hookers. Everybody wins! You have two options: log on, log off, log on, log off.

Programmer1: Let's see, register for classes...Type in your user name and password. Hmm...invalid login. Are you sure you have a valid SUID? I'll go check with front desk.

Programmer1 walks away.

Albert: I'll show you an Invalid Login!

Albert pees on computer.

Phyllis: What are you doing?

Jolene: Dude, it's a computer.

Albert: Yeah, a computer I peed on.

Flashing lights, electronic noises, green confetti.

Phyllis: Holy shit, what's happening?

Jolene: I don't know!

Axess: This is Harry Winkler from Happy Days. Aaaay! *Scary voice:* You have awoken the spirit of Axess. Now I will proceed to fuck shit up.

Jock: Run!

They run away.

CS Guy 1: Shit! 12,000 lines of code, all down the drain! Now I'll never get laid...Oh wait, Ahhhhh!

Everyone in Sweet Hall wakes up. Axess starts beeping rapidly.

CS Girl: What's going on?

CS Guy: I don't know! It seems like a reverse algorithmic aberration of quantum hydroponic derivatives.

Jolene: What does that mean?

CS Guy: It's about to fuck shit up!

Everyone in Sweet runs around screaming.

Professor: I can't help but think that this carries serious implications for the future.
AAAAAAHHHHH!

And Scene.

Scene 2: The End is Near My Cock

White Plaza. George with sandwich board which reads: "THE END IS NEAR" On Back it reads: "IT'S ON YOUR LEFT...(or "IN MY PANTS"). A large group of people are gathered with blank signs.

Shit's Fucked Up Song

I KNOW THAT SHIT'S FUCKED UP
DOES WHATEVER WOULD REALLY SUCK
AXESS OUT OF CONTROL
IMPOSSIBLE TO ENROLL
IN ANY CLASS -- PSYCH OR STAT
IT'S GONE AWRY, JUST LIKE THAT

SHIT'S ALL FUCKED UP
NETWORK NEIGHBORHOOD CORRUPT
LOST MY DINING PLAN
MY HOUSING BANNED
LOGGED IN, LOGGED OUT,
WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
MY MAJOR'S CHANGED AGAIN

IN SWEET HALL LATE THAT NIGHT
COMPUTER SCREENS GLOWED WHITE
AXESS GONE ALL HAYWIRE
MY SCHEDULE LOOKS BIZARRE
ZEROES AND ONES IN DESPAIR
CAN THE BINARY BE REPAIRED

SHIT'S ALL FUCKED UP
NETWORK NEIGHBORHOOD CORRUPT
LOST MY DINING PLAN

MY HOUSING BANNED
LOGGED IN, LOGGED OUT,
WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
MY MAJOR'S CHANGED AGAIN

DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHEN
TRANSFERRED TO BERLIN
MY TRANSCRIPTS THROWN AWAY
AND TROUBLE'S HERE TO STAY
MY MAJOR'S CHANGED AGAIN

SHIT'S ALL FUCKED UP
NETWORK NEIGHBORHOOD CORRUPT
LOST MY DINING PLAN
MY HOUSING BANNED
LOGGED IN, LOGGED OUT,
WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
MY MAJOR'S CHANGED AGAIN

George: There is a foul pestilence upon this land! There is a darkness over our eyes and we cannot see! The plants will not grow, the dew will not gather, and our quesadillas will not cook properly! Metaphorically speaking.

Eve: What the hell is going on around here? What are you guys protesting?

Protestor1: Dude, we don't even know anymore. Hey, you guys. Let's chant something...or something.

Protestors: Things...totally...suck. Things totally suck. Things totally suck.

Eve: Well, there has been some crazy shit going on. You guys know why?

George: Doom! This campus reeks of doom and destruction and...more doom!

Eve: Will you stop that?

George: We're all waiting to hear what's behind all the crazy stuff that's been going down around campus. You know, how classes, housing, even our general well-being has gone haywire.

General Well-Being: Hello, I'm General Well-Being. ASDHAJLHSDAHS! Good-bye.

George: We decided to go right to where the power was...since they're not around, we're stuck with the ASSU.

Eve: Yeah, well I'd like to hear what's causing all this stuff. I even heard that President Hennessy has gone missing. Mind if I stick around?

Enter stage right, Stu, a frat-boy with a heart of gold with Joe, Trevor, and Jason. Stu is uncomfortable, but participates nonetheless in the conversation.

Jason: Dude, that party last night was awesome! I was so wasted.

All: Sweet!

Joe: You were wasted? I was so wasted I couldn't get to my room.

All: Sweet!

Trevor: I was so wasted I couldn't get it up.

Silence

All: Sweet?

Joe (*to protestors*): Hey! Tree-Huggers! Why don't you protest...my COCK! (*laughter*)

Trevor: So, Stu, I saw that blonde you were with last night...she was all over you, man.

Jason: Yeah, you get some, or what?

Stu: Actually, we were just talking. Discussing the plight of refugees in Congo.

Joe: Ummm...what?

Stu (*Quickly and quietly*): Umm, then we had sex.

Frat boys go into crazy sex victory dance and high-five fest. Someone is obviously riding the pony. Stu bumps into Eve.

Stu: Oh, Sorry.

Eve: No problem.

They share what could possibly be construed as a loving look...maybe a twinkle ensues.

Unfortunately for them, but good for the plot, another frat guy makes a move.

Jason: Hey! A chick! Wanna drink some Natty and let me drunkenly fumble with you until I pass out?

Eve: I wouldn't sleep with you even if you had world peace attached to your wang.

ASSU Rep: All right, all right, settle down. When things started going wrong the ASSU immediately went into action.

Mitch Kowalski (*butting in*): I conducted a survey!

ASSU Rep: Umm, that's ok Mike, we didn't ask for a survey.

Joe: Why don't you survey...my COCK!

Trevor and Jason: Booyah!

ASSU Rep2 (*stepping in*): That's quite enough. We've got some serious problems here. First, many of you have had trouble with your housing assignments . . . or more trouble than usual. Secondly, I have fielded numerous complaints about classes.

Frosh1: I got put in Advanced Unthinking Obedience.

Frosh2: I'm in Introduction to Hive Mentality.

Frosh3: Hey man, I missed class yesterday, can I get your notes?

ASSU Rep2: I also know that whatever has been going on has made the housing crunch even worse.

Frosh4: I have to live in the laundry room!

Frosh5: They put me in some sort of pod that was shaped like a coffin and sealed me in there with hoses sticking in and out all of my orifices-I didn't mind that so much. But they only feed me food pellets and water.

Frosh6: And I'm in Wilbur!

All: No! Not Wilbur!

ASSU Rep (*stepping in*): What we've got here is...an axis of evil! *Displays sign that says "Axis of Evil."*

RI2: Umm, so you're saying that not being able to register for classes is somewhat like the Axis powers in World War II?

RI3: Which issue is Mussolini?

RI4: Or are you saying the issues are cooperating in some way? That seems odd.

ASSU Rep2: No. It's like, they're evil. And form an axis. Of evil?

RI3: Yeah, we got the evil part...but the whole axis thing is still confusing. Are they in a line?

ASSU Rep: Jesus Christ, can't you take this in spirit...accept the use of a simile

RI5: Actually, you'd have to use like or as...you were speaking in metaphor.

ASSU Rep1: Fuck you. We have work to do. As I was saying...the fact that these problems stem from the computer registration process means that we now face an axis...(ASSU REP 2 whispers something in his ear)...oh, my bad...we now face an AXESS of evil. *Displays sign that says "Axess of Evil."*

All (*realizing nature of problem*): Oooooohhhh. Shit. (*Yelling ensues, also chaos.*)

ASSU: But, it's even worse than you think. If the football players don't get to register before Big Game, we'll have to forfeit.

ASSU Rep2: So we at the ASSU are taking the easiest route and to solve this problem. We have chosen one fearless and dedicated Stanford student to go BACK IN TIME to conduct a retroactive preemptive strike on the present...so to speak. Mike?

Mitch Kowalski comes out dressed in some crazy space suit type shit outfit

Mitch Kowalski: Yes, it is I, Mitch Kowalski who shall now proceed to fulfill my civic duty, thereby finally leaving my indelible mark upon this campus. I shall henceforth go down in history as the boy, nay...the man who saved Stanford. It was the best of Mitches, it was the worst of Mitches. My election to the ASSU Senate has given me special powers to serve all men and talk...a lot. This is one small step for Mitch, one giant leap...

ASSU Rep1: Just get in the fucking box...

Mitch Kowalski: Suck it ASSU!

He goes poof in the time machine. ASSU Reps hi-five each other vigorously...but not too vigorously.

ASSU Rep2: A brave, silly little man...it's sad to see him go...

ASSU Rep1: Really?

ASSU Rep2: No.

RI6: Will that time travel thing really work? How far back is he going?

Tech Guy: Well, time travel is not yet completely understood, more of an art than a science. But I would say that he is somewhere between marmalade and purple monkey boot. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go pick up my toast at the dry cleaners. *(runs off)*

RI7: What about the rumors that President Hennessy has gone missing, as well as Deans Marc Wais and Robin Mamlet? Are those claims substantiated?

ASSU Rep: Well, as a matter of fact, we have already formed a committee to study that. I think. Haven't we?

ASSU Rep2 *(looking at a scroll that stretches across the stage)*: Let's see, we've got the committee on housing, the committee on committee effectiveness, the committee on attaching world peace to wangs...

ASSU Rep: Let's go figure this out somewhere quiet. And order a pizza. *(ASSU Rep goes offstage.)*

ASSU Rep3 *(going)*: I'm chairman of the pizza topping committee.

ASSU Rep4 *(nearly offstage)*: No fair, you were totally just head of the feet-attached-to-legs committee.

Joe: Right. Well, I'll tell you one thing. I'm not just going to sit here and do nothing! You! Get 50 copies of maxim. You! Rent some bad pornography. And you...3 kegs of Natty Light. Stat!

Stu: WAIT! Wait. Why don't we actually do something to solve the axess problem?

Eve: Good thought...say, you're kinda cute. A real man of action. I like that.

Stu *(to frat guys)*: Hey, I think that Eve chick was just hitting on me. Wow.

Trevor: I don't know man, She's on the rugby team.

Stu: What? What's that got to do with anything?

Trevor: Rugby, women's basketball and field hockey-the holy trinity of...well, you know.

Joe: Not that there's anything wrong with that. I mean, it's an individual's choice of whether to play rugby, and I think that's what this country is all about.

Trevor: It's her god given right to play rugby...and I would fight to the death to defend it. But the fact remains, that she DOES play rugby.

Stu: Are guys still talking about that? Listen, there's a guy at the Old Dot-Commers that says he *invented* Axxess. I'm going to go talk to him and see what this all about. You guys wanna come?

Trevor: Sorry, man, we've got to go slap each other with wet towels and duct tape naked people to statues.

Jason: We've got all sorts of repressed homoeroticism to take care of tonight.

Eve: I'll go with you.

Stu: Oh, okay. Great. Let's go!

And Scene.

Scene 3: The Old Dot-Commers Home

A group of ex-Silicon Valley yuppies sit around in wheel chairs and play cards and bingo. Several of them are shouting random slogans and catch-phrases. A Dispensary sits to the left of the stage.

Crazy1: Business solutions! E-commerce networking!

Crazy2: Seamless integration! Synergy teambuilding paradigms!

Crazy3: I invented the Internet! I invented the Internet!

Nurse (*wheeling Crazy3 away*): Of course you did, Mr. Vice-President. Let's double your medication.

Scene shifts to the Dispensary, which doubles as a coffee shop.

Dispensary Cashier: Hi, can I help you?

Hobart: Yeah, can I get one caramel chai low-fat machiatto with steamed milk...

Cashier (*writing*): uh-huh...

Hobart: and one decaf iced latte soda with currant extract and nutmeg, hold the foam?

Cashier: Yep. *Turns around towards kitchen.* TWO COFFEES! *Turns back to Hobart.* That'll be \$3.

Hobart: I only have priceline.com stock.

Cashier: Sorry, hon. Your certificates are no good here.

Hobart: What if I give you the rights to my mission statement? *Hands her a piece of paper.*

Cashier: This is a dry-cleaning receipt with "Mission Statement" written on the top. And "mission" is spelled wrong. So is statement.

Hobart (*sobbing*): I'm so ashamed. Ever since I got laid off from pets.com, all I've done is whack off with this damn sock puppet. *Holds puppet in front of Cashier's face.*

Cashier: God, you're sick. These are on me.

Eve and Stu enter the stage. Twenty-somethings with walkers are hobbling around stage. People are watching the Price Is Right in the corner.

Eve: Damn, Branner has gone downhill.

Stu: Well, you know what we always say about Branner.

Eve: Yeah.

Stu: Me too.

Eve: Moving on, I can't believe these failed dot-commers are living here while this place is being renovated.

Fred: Excuse me, I noticed you staring at me from across the room. I was on the cover of Wired Magazine. You recognize me, don't you?

Eve: Actually, I was staring at your head. It's wrapped in aluminum foil.

Fred (*whispering, points at skull with sly look in eyes*): Ah, of course, my head. I'm protecting the brain waves. I'm working on encrypting them. *Points at man standing on his head in a corner*. Teddy's always trying to steal my brain waves. He will ruin everything!

Stu: And the foil stops him?

Fred: No, but if I pull it over my eyes, I don't have to watch that "Signs" movie again. A worldwide alien invasion, and the audience is stuck in the goddamn closet!

Stu: Hey Eve, let's go over there!

Eve: Why?

Stu: It's far away from this guy.

Stu and Eve walk over to a group of people.

Stu: Excuse me, does anybody know where I can find the man who wrote Axess for Stanford University?

Startup loser: We're kind of busy right now. We're trying to learn the value of money by watching the Game Show Network.

Stu: I'm sure that'll work out great. We just need a second of your time.

Annoying Person: Oops, second's up. See ya later. *HahBLAM. Blood oozes out of hole in forehead.*

Small Child: I can help. When trying to find the path, you must look beyond the path. Do not try to bend the spoon. Instead, only realize the truth. There is no spoon.

Eve: Spoon's in the kitchen.

Small Child: You're very wise.

Heroes begin walking towards the kitchen. They pass two men in suits at a table. They appear to be negotiating a business deal.

Jim: Ed, let's make this deal. We're building the future here. This is buzzword.

Ed: You're breaking my balls, Jim. I can't do this. You're buzzwording me cause you buzzword I can't buzzword. This'll screw me in the long run.

Jim: Don't fuck me here, Ed. You want Baltic Avenue and I can smell it on your breath. Now, close the god damn deal or I'll shove this little silver hat so far up your ass that you'll be, well, wearing it as a fucking hat. Buzzwording fucking buzzword.

Ed: My balls, Jim. Breakin' em.

Our heroes enter the kitchen.

Stu: So, did anybody here program Axess?

Packard: Me.

Eve: And who are you?

Packard: I could ask the same of you.

Eve: Yes, but you didn't.

Packard: True... I'm John Packard, veteran computer programmer.

Eve: Mr. Packard, Axess is really screwed up. It's not letting any of the football players enroll, it's putting people in mind-bending IHUM classes...

Stu: Yeah, and now the administrators are missing. What's going on?

Packard: Oh Christ, I was afraid this was going to happen.

Stu: What? Axess going crazy?

Packard: No, me shitting my pants just now. *(Pause)* But I always thought Axess had the capacity for evil.

Eve: Then you know how to stop it.

Packard: Perhaps. The Axess mission was a real tricky situation. It was the devil's birthday and I was bare-assed naked and hopped up on some kind of jungle mushroom. We came in under cover of night and worked straight, no food or sleep, for 96 hours on computers that ran on fermented bamboo. Most of my team didn't make it back.

Stu: They died?

Packard: Worse, they're in Marketing. Now, the last thing I did was put a manual override switch on the mainframe in case of trouble. If you can get in and hit that switch, you might be able to end this thing. Of course, the mainframe is locked up in a vault...just like I was locked up in a Microsoft tiger cage for 6 years.

Eve: Can you tell us where the vault is?

Packard: Well, I have this map I drew for myself back then. Let's see . . . (*Looking at map*) If you find the pink elephant, he will lead you past the golden city to the river of tears. The Axess vault is just beyond the gates of cheese.

Stu: The gates of cheese?

Packard: You have to remember, I invented Axess back in the 60s. It was a heady time then: Grover Cleveland was president, the campus was divided between unionists and carpetbaggers, and we worshipped the sun and the moon as powerful gods. And we did a lot of acid.

Stu: I bet.

Packard: You should be able to figure it out. If you do find it though, you'll need a special key to get through the vault doors. And remember, if you're going to shut down Axess, you'll need a replacement program. I'd code it myself but I lost the use of my fingers to Carpal Tunnel back in San Jo. And when I came back, I didn't get no parade! The boys in Cupertino spit on me! They spit right on my face!

Eve: Well...you've been very helpful. Is there anything we can do for you?

Packard: Pick me up some aluminum foil if you get the chance. Teddy's been trying to steal my brainwaves again.

Stu: Will do. (*To Eve*) Let's get out of here.

And Scene.

Scene 4: All's Fair in Lube and War

Scene is in the hallway of a dorm with a door opening forward to the audience. Stu and Eve return entering from the side.

Stu: I heard that there are three new people added to your dorm.

Eve: Yeah, one of them is my new roommate. Her name is something Mamlet.

Stu: Think she's any relation to Dean Robin Mamlet?

Eve: Who knows? Seems like everyone's a legacy around here. There's a Jennifer Kresge downstairs, a Scott Tressider upstairs, and a Jean LateNightAtStern down the hall.

Drunk people stumble out of a room into hallway cheering "Chug chug chug..." while a girl attempts to do a keg stand. Keg they have says "From Daddy." She finishes, they cheer and leave.

Stu: And her?

Eve: No legacy, that's just Jenna Bush.

Enter Eve's room. Giante and young Mamlet, Wais, and Hennessy are there.

Stu: Wow, looks like a party.

Giante: Close the door! Quick! (*door is shut*) Look, normally this would be strictly top secret, but all the singles on campus went to lactose-intolerant athletes. We've had to assign you a new roommate. Eve, meet Robin Mamlet.

Robin: Hello.

Eve: Wow, I guess.

Giante: Anyway, these other two will be living down the hall-John Hennessy and Marc Wais.

Stu: But how is that possible?

John: Well, it seems that in the midst of all this Axess turmoil, somehow our ages were changed in the system.

Stu: So why are you young in person, too?

Marc: Axess is our reality! So, if Axess says we're 19, we are now 19.

Eve: But that still doesn't explain how it happened. It defies the laws of physics and time.

Giante: I don't have time to explain – I've got to set up their in-room connections by house meeting. Here.

Giante hands them a piece of paper. They read it while muttering.

Stu and Eve: Ooooh, that makes sense.

Giante: Yes, exactly. So, anyway, they'll be with us for a while. But don't tell anyone. We don't want the rest of campus to freak out.

Both: Right.

Giante leaves with John and Marc.

Eve: So.

Robin: Umm...yeah.

Eve: ResEd sure knows how to pick 'em. I'm sure we'll be the best friends.

Robin: Thanks, I guess. I have to turn this way now. *(Turns to stare at wall)*.

RA Wedge comes on stage with a portable rapping microphone while laying down a trail of candy.

RA Wedge: House meeting! Wiggety wiggety wack! Wicka wicka wild and crazy house meeting!

People start streaming in from both sides, including the Callies.

RA Molly: I know everyone is a little upset by the university's problems. But at least you've got this awesome staff to help you. You should be happy you're not in a Mediocre Residence.

RA Wedge: Right. Outside announcements?

Ridgway: Hi, we need \$40,000.

RA Molly: For?

Frank: Jesus Christ, what is this, Jeopardy? Who, what, where, when? How the fuck are we supposed to know?

Ridgway: Calm down, Frank. What my associate meant to say was that we really need \$40,000 and you should give it to us...because we need it.

Long pause.

RA Molly: Do you have a flier?

Frank: What the fuck!?

Ridgway: Frank, settle. *(To house)* Aren't you going to vote now?

RA Wedge: We'll get back to you. *Pushes them out of the lounge. Anne enters.*

Anne: Hi, we're raising funds to establish a psychopathic ex-girlfriend theme dorm. We need an environment where we will not be shunned for our hysterical crying and vague threats. So give us \$300 or we'll overload all your voicemails with 50 messages of this: "WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY?!"

Dubya *(standing)*: I don't understand this theme house nonsense. Where can we white protestant males go to celebrate *our* culture?

RA Molly: It's called Congress.

Dubya: I'm going to sit down now.

PHE Courtney: Okay, now we have a special outside announcement! Due to numerous requests, the SHPRC is proud to present... Condom Man and Lube Boy!

One person claps, the rest groan. Condom Man superhero-prances in while Lube Boy drudges behind.

Condom Man: I am Condom Man! This here is my sidekick Lube Boy.

Lube Boy *(unenthusiastic)*: Hi.

Condom Man: We are here to tell you that there's a whole new list of products and services available at the SHPRC due to generous special fees – all free and all confidential. Isn't that right, Lube Boy?

Lube Boy consults a flash card then speaks.

Lube Boy *(monotone)*: Yes, that's right. You can use your 12 "sex-dollars" for all kinds of "sex-items" at our "sex-store." Sex. And for a limited time, you can pick up four free dental dams. They're sex-tastic. *He does a ridiculous forced pose.*

Condom Man: Oh, but there's so much more than dental dams! The SHPRC has just launched its own book line, with titles such as "Gandhi Sutra: Making Sex a Form of Non-Violent Protest," and my personal favorite, "Mr. Potato Head Gets Potato Head." Right, Lube Boy?

Lube Boy: Um...right.

Condom Man: I will leave you with one final thought: It's better to wrap your stump before you hump than to get crabs...on your privates. Believe me, I know. Come along, Lube Boy! There's much work to be done! (*Pretends to fly away as he leaves*)

Lube Boy (sighs): Yes, we're off to protect your sexual freedoms from the evil villains of STD land. Up, up and away. (*Shakes RA Wedge's hand before he trudges out door.*)

RA Wedge (*shaking goo off his hand*): So, if there aren't any other announcements...

Boy: Wait, I have a question: I can't sign up for classes, and I've been automatically enrolled in my IHUM, "Clockwork Orange: Could it Work?" 14 times. I mean, there are only so many mindless slogans I can chant.

Group mutters about how no one else can sign up for classes, either.

RA Molly: I think Giante, our RCC, should field that one.

Girl2: Giante? Who's that?

Gradually lights fade until there is a spotlight only on Giante. Music swells in the background.

Giante: I am Giante. I am descended from two great families: Baron Münster of Bavaria and the Kauks of Sweden. The blood of Beowulf himself runs in my veins. I was born on a mountaintop and was first bathed in a glacial stream. I have left every man who would teach me choking on the dust kicked up from my intellect's swift-running heels, and I am the greatest programmer the world has ever seen. I am Giante Kauk-Münster!

Delivery guy enters.

Delivery guy: Telegram. Telegram here for a Giant Cock-Monster! Anybody here know a Giant Cock-Monster?

Giante: Uh, over here. And actually, it's Giante.

Delivery guy: Whatever you say, Mr. Cock-Monster.

Giante (*reading*): Dear Resident Computer Consultant. The Axess problem is much, much worse than we feared, and we are counting on you to do something. Axess' problems are

worse than we thought. It is preventing the football players from registering, and if it's not stopped, they're not going to be able to play in Big Game. Sincerely, Mr. Plot.

RA Wedge: Oh, shit! *People get scared.*

Giante leaves. He is followed by Eve, Stu, and administrators. Others start to get up, too.

RA Molly: Right, and before this entire meeting falls apart, we've got... Krispy Kreme donuts!

Residents get excited. RA Wedge whispers something to RA Molly.

RA Molly: Um, I've just been informed that by Krispy Kreme we mean an amorphous brown goo we found in the dumpster outside of Manzanita.

All the residents leave except Stu, Eve, Giante, and administrators come back on the other way.

John: Well, time is running out and we can't really help you like this. We do have a tip for you that might make things easier.

Marc: See, there's this guy who does... things. Favors, if you will. He really knows how to get things done, but we don't like to talk about him much.

Eve: John Etchemendy?

Robin: No, no. He's more underground than that. Works in the gray areas of the Fundamental Standard. We've been trying to bust him for years, but I don't know who else we can turn to. He's called... the Quadfather.

John: He might be able to help with this Axxess thing. You can find him in the CoHo. We'll just lay low and try to adjust to freshman dorm life as best we can.

Everybody: Right, let's go!

Everyone leaves except for Cal villains.

Phyllis: Did anyone understand any of that meeting?

Jack: I think there was some problem with some of their axes. Jesus, how many does this school have?

Albert: I think there's also something wrong with some sort of computer. And I just spilled Capri Sun on my pants.

Jolene: Well, whatever is going on, I can tell that things are bad. If we just hang around a while, we can try and make sure their football team can't register and has to forfeit Big Game. Because that's the only way we can win.

Albert: Yeah, our football team sucks!

Jack: We're on the football team!

Phyllis: Oh yeah. You totally suck.

Albert: I feel worse than Pickachu when Ash told him that he wasn't the best Pokemon in the world and there was in fact a super-Pickachu that looked like Pickachu but had a silver stripe and then super-Pickachu exploded and then Ash said, "Gotta catch 'em all!" Gotta catch 'em all! Gotta catch 'em all! Gotta catch 'em ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL-

Jack hits Albert on the head. Everyone hangs their head.

Phyllis: But don't worry about that! With our new semblance of knowledge, there's no way anyone can stop us now! (*maniacal laughter, suddenly choked off by coughing, then sheepishly*) I swallowed my gum. Come! Let us paradigm shift our asses out of here.

And Scene.

Scene 5: CoHo Nostra

Stanford Coffeehouse types. Lots of black clothing, lots of berets and arty types. There's a guy with a laptop in the corner completely covered in cobwebs. Large signs – "COMING SOON: TWO EMOTIONAL GUYS WITH GUITARS!" "CHICK WITH GUITAR WHO HAS MAJOR ISSUES" and "BARELY MEDIOCRE JAZZ NIGHT"

Bonasera: I'm here to see the Quadfather

Henchman: Hey everybody, this kid wants to see the Quadfather! *(Rest of henchmen laugh)*. Kid, you've got to stop believing these freshman stories; next you'll be believing that the draw isn't fixed and your RAs aren't trying to sleep with you.

Bonasera: Oh yeah? Well, the purple goose sleeps by the gerbil on the Knoll, at midnight. And this is odd, because they are not friends. Merely acquaintances.

Henchman *(looks around shiftily)*: I don't know what you're talking about. *(He whispers to Bonasera.)* Psst...follow me. *(They go to dark corner of CoHo, where the Quadfather is holding court.)*

Henchman: This is it kid, good luck.

Bonasera: Wow, I didn't realize you were so...

Quadfather: So wise? So imposing? So typecast?

Bonasera: I was going to say old.

Quadfather: That's what nine years on the farm will do to you.

Bonasera: Quadfather, please help me out, I need your help in...

Quadfather: I know why you're here. But this I cannot do.

Bonasera: I've tried everything! No one will listen! I'll give you anything you ask.

Quadfather: You've been on campus for almost two months and you live in the same dorm as my cousin, but you never wanted my friendship. You were afraid to be in my debt. You've never even invited me over for finger sandwiches and lime jell-o.

Bonasera: I didn't want to get into trouble. The University, they know about you.

Quadfather: I understand. You found paradise at Stanford, had good classes, good friends. You thought life would be fair, and you didn't need a friend of me. But uh, now you come to me and you say: "Quadfather give me justice, I got screwed." But you don't ask with respect. You don't offer friendship.

Bonasera: How much shall I pay you?

Quadfather (*stands, turning his back toward Bonasera*): Freshman, Freshman... What have I ever done to make you treat me so disrespectfully? Had you come to me in friendship, then you would never have been put in "The Self, the Sacred and the Human Gag Reflex" in the first place.

Bonasera: Quadfather, be my friend?

Quadfather (*after freshman kisses his hand*): Good. Some day, and that day may never come, I'll call upon you to do a service for me. But uh, until that day -- accept this change in IHUM as a gift.

Bonasera (*as he leaves the room*): Grazie, Quadfather.

Quadfather: Prego. (*To Henchman*) You know what to do. And get me some lime jell-o. Not that Bill Cosby shit, neither.

Poet: I'd like to thank everybody for coming to Open Mic Night brought to you by Stanford Sadist Society. It's nice to see they're finally doing some good on campus. I'm going to get the ball rolling with an original poem entitled: "I Am a Sensitive Man".

I am a sensitive man.
 I always have a shoulder for you to cry on.
 I talk about my emotions
 And pet kittens on their soft little tummies.
 I even use words like moon, star, wind, sun, and flower.
 Yet you still will not have sex with me.
 (*Pause*)
 That's fucking bullshit.

Thank you. Thanks very much. I'll be over there with a sign-up sheet if you'd like to perform or have sex with me.

Chairperson: Will the first meeting of the Postmodern Society come to order?

All: Objection!

Postmodern1: Order is inherently hierarchical!

Postmodern2: Society is an instrument of oppression!

Postmodern3: Language is the vehicle of unshared power and we should communicate with a system of grunts and whistles!

Chairperson: Sustained, sustained, and correct but impractical.

Postmodern3: Fascist.

Chairperson: Fine, will the first meeting of the Postmodern Anti-Society come to *disorder*?
First, new Anti-Business: Joseph.

Joseph: I have discovered a flaw in the “rational” and “logical” argument that governs lower-body patriarchal covering.

Chairperson: Sounds great. Tell us about it.

Joseph: Has anyone ever seen *a* pant? Of course not, because *a* pant does not exist. So how could a pair of pants exist since it is composed of two things that don't exist? Therefore, pants do not exist. QED. And I, for one, refuse to be constricted by something that does not exist!

Postmodern3: Brilliant!

Postmodern2: Genius!

Postmodern1: Pants equals Republican!

Everyone removes pants. Shift to the counter. There is a long line in front of the register. The register person is talking on her cell phone while Spacey Coho Guy next to her has his bare feet up on the counter and is clipping his toenails

Register Person (*on phone*): He said that to you? He didn't say that to you! I can't believe he said that to you.

Customer: Excuse me, I'd like to order a—

Register Person (*holding up a warning finger*): I'm on the phone. *Back to conversation* Well if he's going to say that to you, you should just find another grocery checker. Move to a different line. Don't let him touch your rice cakes. *She gets off the phone.* Can I help you? Whoops, never mind, I'm on my break now. *Spacey pops up from behind counter.*

Customer: Large vanilla latte.

Spacey: Out of vanilla.

Customer: Fine, gimme a large coffee.

Spacey: I think...yeah, out of coffee.

Customer: Jesus Christ. You're the "Coffee House." Maybe you should change your name to "House."

Spacey: We're going to be brewing more...(looks at watch for a long time) as soon as I learn to tell time.

Customer: Do you have anything to eat?

Spacey: Out of roast beef, turkey, lettuce, tomato, mayo, bread—

Customer: What *do* you have?

Spacey: Mustard and a box of sand.

Customer storms off.

Customer2: What was his problem?

Spacey: Dunno man.

Customer2: Two mustard and sands, please. Do you have that in nonfat?

Spacey: Of course.

Open Mic Person: Tonight I'd like to debut a new poem that I completed with help from a generous URO grant. I call it "Whalesong"

OOOOOOOOEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOERRRRRK!!!!

BWEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!!!!

Stu and Eve enter. They approach Henchman.

Stu: The purple goose sleeps with your mother.

Henchman: It's a good thing we knew you were coming. Come right in.

Quadfather (*on phone*): It would not overly concern me if this professor were to have a fatal accident in the shower. My apologies, Mr. Zimbardo, I have a visitor.

Eve: My name is—

Quadfather: I know who you are.

Stu: We need you to—

Quadfather: I know why you're here.

Eve: You take 101 South—

Quadfather: I know the way to San Jose. I will tell you where to find what you seek. But only because we are friends, and from friends I may occasionally require a favor. Also lime jell-o. But mostly favors.

Stu: What is the favor?

Quadfather: I will tell you when the time comes. As for the item you require, it can be found in the innards of the Slavdom kitchen. I spent many a summer there, back before I was a made man, washing dishes and plotting my cruel ascent to-

Eve: So we go to the French House, then and the key will be there.

Quadfather: Yes, but do not forget your obligation to me. The last person to refuse me a favor was Marlon Brando.

Stu: But he's incredibly successful.

Quadfather: Successful and *fat*.

Stu: Thank you Quadfather. We value your friendship.

Stu and Eve exit. Cue Godfather music while henchman shut the curtains on the Quadfather's booth, a la the last scene of The Godfather.

And Scene.

Scene 6: War Of The Row Houses

French and German fighters on either side of stage. French House in the background. A French Resistance fighter – Jacques – is directing troops on one side. German soldier – Langen – is on the other. Sound of bombs going off. Special Effects person walks by with a sign that says. “A” she turns it around “WAR”. She walks off.

French Soldier: The soufflé brigade is helpless, sir. The ones that haven't collapsed are not completely cooked. And our mime brigade is trapped in invisible boxes.

Jacques: *(Takes a spoonful from a pot.)* And the white win sauce is terrible. Let me try and buy us some time. *(Yells across the field.)* Langen! Langen, you bastard come out so we can talk!

They walk to the center of the field.

Jacques: This war is hell, Langen.

Langen: Yah, it is like a lederhosen wedgie on a hot day.

Jacques: Were we not roommates once Langen in that horrible shithole...

Langen: Branner?

Jacques: *Violins start playing.* Oui. We were young then, so full of life. Life and booze. Life, booze, and the sex, we were full of.

Langen: Yah. Totally full of the sex.

Jacques: Why must we fight now?

Langen: You know the law. Axess has given the French House to Haus Mitt.

Jacques: You know that the French House will always belong to the French – or maybe some other snooty people who pretend to be French by wearing black and smelling bad. If you do not back down, I will be forced to call in the secret weapon...

Langen: What secret weapon? Not Jerry Lewis!?

Jerry Lewis: Hoi! Again with the shooting and the guns and the Ladeeeeeeee!

Jacques: Who is Jerry Lewis? Never mind, send in “The Fungus of Freedom.”

Jacques motions to his troops who shove in a walking mushroom.

Langen: What the hell?

Jacques: The Fungus of Freedom. He will give you a verbal thrashing like you have never known before. He is a genetically altered Portobello mushroom—

FoF: Ratdicksucknut!

Jacques: —with Tourette's Syndrome. We're still working out the kinks.

FoF: Hee-hee, hou-hou. This is right. I will be peeing on the steps of the Reichstag by tomorrow afternoon. You will never get the smell out. Shitbitchsheepcock! Mon dieu. I'm sorry. I apologize.

Bystander: Shouldn't you have an Italian accent?

FoF: Be quiet, interloper type!

Langen: I am going to crush you, yah!

FoF: Oh yeah! Well, I thrive in dark and damp areas...so you should be careful if you are in one of those areas or I will...thrive. On your eyeballs, yes-no! Dickcuntforkpiss! Sorry. Sorry. Now you will taste the wrath of my deadly spore attack.

The Mold throws a little ball at Langen. It hits him in the chest with a little ball of smoke. Langen is unaffected. There is a long silence.

FoF: I'm out of tricks.

Langen: I've had enough of this fooling around with fungi. We're going to solve this problem with the business end of a bratwurst.

German Soldier 1 (*running up with gigantic bratwurst*): Which, exactly, is the business end?

Langen (*pointing*): This is the business end. You're holding it backwards, that's the recreational end. Stupid vegetarians.

Jacques: Bratwurst or no, we will never surrender!

French Soldier1: Right up until the moment we do!

Langen: ATTAAAAAACK! *No one moves.* Them! Now!

Langen and Jacque run to their opposing sides. Fighting begins with sausage and baguettes being hurled across the stage. Eve and Stu enter the stage.

Eve: Well that's not something you see everyday.

Jacques (on radio): We need another brigade of French pastry chefs and their synchronized mobile attack croissants. We're being absolutely sautéed out here!

The Germans charge and chase the majority of the French off the stage leaving only Jacques, a French Soldier, Stu and Eve.

Jacques: We will never surrender.

French Soldier: Sir. We've surrendered.

Jacques: What? How did we surrender?

French Soldier: Very courageously.

Jacques: We will never surrender. It says here in my French Freedom Fighter handbook. See! Will Not Surrender. Ever.

French Soldier: I think you need a new book.

Eve: Excuse me...

Jacques: What? Can you not see I am trying to win a war?

French Soldier: Lose a war.

Jacques: Shut up.

Stu: What's going on here?

Jacques: Haus Mitt invaded the French House in one lightning strike. We tried the throwing of the croissants, but it was to no avail. Meanwhile, Casa Italiana lit itself on fire, and Okada bombed the Hula Club. You don't even want to see what happened to the Belgian House. We will continue our Resistance until Slavdom arrives to open a second front.

French Soldier 3: Wait, here they are.

A Russian general – Boris – runs in leading a couple of Russian soldiers. Boris is speaking to his soldiers.

Boris: You. You are the smart one. I am taking everything you own and giving it to that shrub. And you. You, I am sending to Siberia.

Russian Soldier 1: Not Sharon Green.

Boris: Yes. And you, you must be punished. I'll have you work a torturous task where you must endlessly flatter people who think you are scum.

Russian Solider2: I hate Stanford Fund letters!

The Russian soldiers lead one off the stage leaving only Boris, Jacques, Eve, and Stu.

Jacques: At last, Boris, you are here.

Boris: Sorry we're late. We had subjugate Poland—err, hand in a problem set.

Boris turns to Eve and Stu.

Boris: And you...I've been expecting you. Our Italian confederates told me you need something from me. Well I need something from you before you will get anything from me. I think you Americans call this capitalism, yes?

Eve: What do you want?

Boris: We would like...three hundred bottles of vodka, the entire main quad, and a good draw number so we can move the hell out of Slavdom.

Stu: I don't know about the vodka, but I'm pretty sure we are not allowed to give you the Quad.

Boris: What about Durand?

Eve: It's a deal.

Boris: Well then, I guess we can forget about the vodka. Here comes my messenger with the key.

Stu: Finally we can get in to stop Axess.

Russian Soldier: (*Panting.*) I am sorry, sir. My hands were slippery. I lost the key on the way back and some dirty people stole it...Damn you Lube boy!

Callies walk in from the side.

Eve: Crap! How are we going to going to get into Axess, now? We need that key or else we will never win Big Games!

Jacques: We are totally fucked.

Jolene: Wait, this key means we can win big game?

Jack: That's awesome! Now I can finally focus on my amateur pornography.

Phyllis: You're such a perv!

Jack: I prefer to think of myself as an artist...with a palette of skanks.

Albert: Suck it, Stanford! We have the axe!

All the Callies except Jack run off the stage holding the key.

Jack: Yeah, suck it!

Jolene runs back on stage.

Jolene: Now, dick head!

Jolene and Jack run away.

Jacques: Quickly, everybody! In such dire circumstances, we must sing a song!

Eve: Shouldn't we chase after them?

Jacques: You've never been in a musical before, have you?

The Germans come on to join in. Heroes tried to leave the song and chase the Callies, but French dancers restrain them.

La Resistance Song

JACQUES: FATE HAS TURNED UPON YOU THIS DAY.
STANFORD'S HOPES ARE IN YOUR HANDS.
TOMORROW YOU MUST FIND THE KEY
OR ELSE ENTIRELY SCREWED WILL BE,
AND FALL TO THE CALLIES' PLANS.

EVERYONE: YOU SEE THOSE DISTANT FLAMES
OF THE BONFIRE NIGHT
CAL BESMIRCHES OUR GOOD NAME
FOR THAT WE NOW MUST FIGHT
FOR EIGHT YEARS WE'VE BEEN HOT
AND NOW WE CARRY ON.

STU: WE MUST WIN.

EVERYONE: STANFORD WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON!

CALLIES: AROUND HERE THEY WAY TO GOOD
THEIR SCHOOL JUST KICKS OUR BUTT
BIG GAME IS LOOKING DOOMED
WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP.
BUT NOW WE HAVE THEIR KEY
AND NOTHING CAN GO WRONG.

EVE: CAL WILL FAIL!

EVERYONE: STANFORD WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON!

STU: WE WILL FACE THE CHALLENGE
FOR THIS WE NOW JOIN HANDS

EVE:
AND PATHETIC WILL THOSE CALLIES BE
WHEN OUR PLAYERS PLAY WITH BRAVERY
TILL NOT A SINGLE WEENIE STANDS.

EVERYONE: YOU SEE THOSE DISTANT FLAMES
OF THE BONFIRE NIGHT
CAL BESMIRCHES OUR GOOD NAME
FOR THAT WE NOW MUST FIGHT
FOR EIGHT YEARS WE'VE BEEN HOT
AND NOW WE CARRY ON.

EVERYONE: WE WILL WIN.
STANFORD WILL ALWAYS LIVE ON!

And Scene.

INTERMISSION

Act 2

Scene 1: Whoa Damn

A frat guy is surrounded by other students. He is finishing a story.

Baxter: So I told her, I like my coffee like I like my women...anally! *Everyone backs up from him.* Oh, the SAE guy is the asshole. I get it.

A stadium vender walks by.

Vendor: Popcorn, peanuts, No-Doze! Popcorn, peanuts, No-Doze!

Gregory: Uh, do you have anything stronger than No-Doze?

Vendor (*holding out purple pills*): Well...Congress is racing back to Washington to outlaw these puppies. Their called Special G.

Gregory: What's the G stand for?

Vendor: Get So High You Think You're A Hummingbird And Attack People For Their Sweet, Sweet Nectar.

Gregory: Two, please.

Guide: And on your left, you'll see a space reserved for campus groups that would get stones thrown at them if they met in public. In fact, the Thetas are having their prayer group meeting right now. And we're walking...(*Tour groups move to examine other study room anomalies*).

Kimberly: God, I'd like to thank you for your infinite love, your eternal kindness, and for dropping me to a size zero for swimsuit season.

Becky: Don't you think the bulimia helped too?

Kimberly: I prefer to think it was Jesus.

Ashley: God, please grant me the serenity to accept the problem areas that cannot be toned, the courage to tone the areas that need definition, and the wisdom to know that only whores wear white shoes before Memorial Day.

All: Amen.

Jessica: And heavenly father, if you agree that blowjobs are not sex, give us absolutely no sign.

All the Thetas wait anxiously for a minute.

Jessica: You are indeed merciful, Lord. Let us celebrate your grace by buying tight black pants.

All: Hallelujah!

Thetas exit. Condom Man and Lube Boy enter

Condom Man: It is I, Condom Man, and my sidekick, Lube Boy. We are here to provide condoms to you hardworking Stanford students. Now who here is sexually active?

Blank stares.

Condom Man: Okaaaaaay...who here knows what a condom is?

Blank stares.

Virgil: My mom lives in a condom.

Lube Boy: I think you mean *condo*.

Condom Man: You obviously don't know his mom! Booyah! *Raises his hand for a high-five, Lube Boy ignores him. Condom Man slowly lowers his hand. There is a moment of awkward silence.* Now, we must be off! *He begins to prance off stage.*

Lube Boy (*to room in general*): We're not really friends. It was this, or hashing at Stern. *Lube Boy follows Condom Man.*

Stu and Eve enter.

Stu: Wow, these people are a little um...

Eve: Freaky?

Stu: I was going to say intense.

StudyGirl (*throws bio book against the wall*): Ugh, this is hopeless! I'll never get into Johns Hopkins!

Gary: Well, I'll never get into Anthony Hopkins, but you don't see me bitchin' and moanin'!

Eve: You can actually hear their souls being sucked from their bodies.

Stu: Actually, I think that's the Pi Phi on the copy machine.

Eve: Why are we here anyway? This place gives me the creeps.

Stu: We have to get that key back. The longer the Callies hold on to it, the closer Stanford gets to being disqualified from Big Game.

Eve: Didn't we send a letter to the Quadfather asking for his help?

Stu: Well, I don't know how much we want to rely on him. Hopefully, we'll be able to get someone in here to help us.

Eve: He looks pretty smart. (*He points to guru-like figure in a loincloth*)

The heroes move towards the guru, who is reading a book that is floating in mid-air. The guru is surrounded by disciples.

Guru: A student must become one with the book. Let the essence of the text envelop you.

Stu: Um, excuse me, but we are searching for the solution to a difficult problem.

Guru: You have come to the right place. For many years, Stanford students have come for my sage advice, as well as my ability to mind-meld with any IHUM reading. Observe: "Amber's heaving bosoms rocked with the motion of the ship, which coincidentally was also heaving, enticing the 1984 U.S. Olympic Hockey Team."

Disciple2: Oh, very wise.

Eve (*pointing to book*): That's a Danielle Steel novel.

Guru: Oh...that makes sense. I didn't think Professor Kennedy would choose a hot pink cover...

Eve: This is hopeless. We should just stick with the Quadfather.

Guru: Quadfather? The two of you wouldn't happen to be Stu and Eve, would you?

Stu: Yeah, actually. You know something?

Guru (*pulling letter out of diaper*): I have a letter for you.

Eve (*reluctantly accepting the letter*): And I read: "Dear students, I know that for which you seek. However, before I can scratch your back, you must metaphorically scratch mine. I have made arrangements for you, Stuart, to take my precious daughter Fugli Boobalotti as your Screw Your Roommate date to a sumptuous meal at restaurant known as "The Garden of Olives." You have to go on a date with Fugli Boobalotti.

Stu: She couldn't be that bad.

Disciple1: She looks like Orson Welles with a perm.

Disciple2: She looks like Jabba the Hutt with bangs.

Disciple3: She looks like my mom. *Pause.* Oh, wait. Can we start over?

Stu: Well, I'm sure she's pretty on the inside.

Guru: You'd think that, but no.

Eve: I think you've got to tough this one out, Stu. Wasn't your last girlfriend a Chi-O? This should be no sweat.

Stu: I guess you're right. Man, if we're going to Screw Your Roommate, we'd better get back to the dorm. Thanks for your help, guys! *Stu and Eve exit.*

Gregory: Whew, they're gone.

Virgil: Finally!

Pi Phi in the Corner: Let's get this party started!

Must Go And Study Song

WHERE THEY AT? WHERE THEY AT? WHERE THEY AT? WHERE THEY AT?

IF YOU WANNA STUDY HUMBI WITH ME
40 WOMEN AND ME LIVIN IN STOREY.
WHY DO I LIVE THIS WAY?
HEY, MUST GO AND STUDY!!

IF YOU WANNA DO POLISCI WIT ME.
GONNA RULE THE WORLD BY AGE TWENTY THREE.
OH, WHY MUST I LIVE THIS WAY?
HEY MUST GO AND STUDY!

IN THE STUDY ROOM LATE NIGHT.
FEELING RIGHT. GOT A DEADLINE SEEMS REAL TIGHT.
LOOKING FOR A FATTY THESIS, SO THAT I CAN GO HOME.
I CAN GO HOME.
MY TA'S FOURTEEN (FOURTEEN) WITH AN ATTITUDE.
ALBERT GENIUS, ACTING REAL RUDE.
BUT AS LONG AS I WRITE FIVE SHITTY SHIT PAGES, THEN I GET AN A (GET AN A)

FELL ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR.
WAKING UP REAL SLOW.
MY BONES ARE CREAKING AND I KNOW IT IS TIME TO GO
HAD CLASS BUT I DIDN'T SHOW.

DAMN, THIS DAY IS GONNA BLOW.

IF YOU WANNA JOIN PHI PSI WITH ME,
WE CAN PLAY D AND D ALL NIGHT TIL THREE
OH WHY DO I LIVE THIS WAY?
HEY, MUST GO AND STUDY.

IF YOU WANNA BE A PI PHI WITH ME,
WE CAN GET MOCKED FOR BEING EASY.
OH WHY MUST I LIVE THIS WAY?
HEY MUST GO AND STUDY.

HEY, MUST GO AND STUDY!

And Scene.

Scene 5: Don't Take the Brown Danish

Dorm rooms with administrators. Robin Mamlet is on the left, behind a wall, shuffling through some papers preparing for Screw Your Roommate interviews. John and Marc's room is on the right. There is a thick red line down the middle. Marc's side is immaculate and spotless, Hennessy's side is less than spotless. They're playing a video game on some sort of system. Alternate between halves of stage.

Stage left (knocking)

Robin: Come in.

Kevin (*hurriedly, excited*): Hi! Nice to meet you, I'm Kevin Jones. Robin Mamlet?!
Wow, that's funny, because you know who –

Robin: No relation.

Kevin: Really? Wow, it's not like you see that name just anywhere, you know. And you even kinda resemble –

Robin: Just – a – coincidence. Would you like to be interviewed or not?

Kevin: Oh, right. *He sits down.* Sorry.

Robin: So, tell me... why should I choose you to be my Screw Your Roommate date?

Kevin (*clears throat*): Well, back in high school I volunteered 30 hours a week at a convalescent home. In that home was my dying grandfather, who inspired me in my quest for knowledge – and gave me the idea to run a food kitchen from my bedroom that I shared with all six of my siblings. He told me, on his deathbed, “Kevin, I want you to go to Stanford and ask a girl named Robin Mamlet to –

Robin: Do you *really* expect me to believe that your grandfather had nothing better to do on his deathbed than to give you dating tips?

Kevin: Um...yes?

Robin: *Pause.* You're an unapologetic liar...I'll put you in the maybe pile.

Hangs head and leaves. Cut to stage right. John and Marc are really into their game.

John: I've almost got you!

Marc: No, I totally have you down on this one!

John: One more touchdown and I am totally the King of the Universe for the rest of the day!

Guy from down the hall walks in. He is a total nerd.

Randy: Hey guys. *No response.* So I guess you're playing Madden 2002? Wow, that's looks really cool. My mom never let me play video games. *No response.* Well, uh, if you guys need me for anything, I'll just be down the hall working on my Physics 51 problem set. *He leaves.*

Marc: That guy is such a tool.

John: He reminds me of this guy who'd always call me to see if I wanted to play golf on Fridays, and it got really hard making up excuses.

Marc: Hey – that was me! You mean you weren't really building graduate housing?

John: Hell, no...uh, I mean, I was totally busy when you asked. I was thinking of some different guy. You just happened to get me during a bad, um, year. Or two.

Fade to stage left as Suitor 2 enters.

Robin: You! Dance like a monkey!

Suitor 2: Um, OK. *Starts dancing for a few seconds.* Aren't you going to ask –

Robin: Monkeys don't speak English! Keep dancing!

Continues to dance in background. Fade to stage right.

John: Now that I'm King of the Universe, let's make this more interesting. If you win the next game, you can keep the Band on alcohol probation. But if I win, you must take them off –

Marc: What?

John: - and put them on instrument probation.

Marc: Alright, you're on.

Enter Al from down the hall.

Al: Hey, guys – some of us down the hall rented some movies, but none of us have a DVD player. Can we borrow yours?

Marc: Sure.

Al unhooks DVD player while others keep playing.

Al: You guys wanna come watch? We rented College Girls Gone Wild 4, College Professors Gone Wild – the Barely 80 version, and The Land Before Time 7: Dinosaurs Do Shit.

John and Marc: Um, no thanks.

Al: OK. Hey, do you mind if we borrow your chairs? And some boxes of popcorn? Oh, and your meal cards so we could grab some drinks with your points? And this kidney? (*Reaches into John's shirt and pulls out kidney*).

John: Hey!

Al leaves. Steve enters the room of the Wais and Hennessy.

Steve: Hey, how's it going? So, you guys think you're really Wais and Hennessy? Well, John, if you are the President, you know what you should do? You should have one of your secretaries start answering angry letters with "I'm the President, bitch. That's why."

John: Great idea.

Steve: And Marc, you should make this giant wheel with all the Greek organizations on it, and when you get mad, take a spin and kick a group out of housing.

Marc: We already did that for Kappa Sig. We have a wheel for assigning sororities to housing, too, but I throw knives at it.

John: Damn! Now I have to think of something different to get you for Christmas.

Steve: Man, you guys are a riot!

Robin bursts into John and Marc's room with a stack of papers.

Robin: My God, all these suitors are pathetic. You'd think there was no dating at Stanford...

John: You know what really sucks? There's this guy in my IHUM section that thinks every book we read relates to his life in a deep, meaningful way. I mean, *Heart of Darkness* is not about his ex-girlfriend.

Marc: I can't go to sleep because the guy over there (*points*) and his girlfriend are playing "Hungry Hungry Hippos" until 6:00 in the morning.

Robin: I don't think they're playing "Hungry Hungry Hippos," Marc.

Marc: Well, what else would they be doing?

Steve (*popping in*): Hey, Robin – does your roommate Eve have a date to Screw Your Roommate? She’s pretty hot.

Robin: Well... I don’t think she does. But she is on the rugby team.

Steve: Oh. *Shrugs*. Well, whatever. Can’t win ‘em all. I’m outta here. *He leaves*.

Marc: Rugby team? I don’t get it.

John: Well, *you* know.

Marc (*explodes for no reason*): Are you guys speaking in code?

John: Dude, chill – you are so uptight. Here. *He rummages through crap in room to find a “danish.”*

Marc: What on Earth is that?

John: A danish from brunch. I was saving it for later, but I thought it might cheer you up a little. Go ahead – put it on alcohol probation. It’ll make you feel better.

Marc: From brunch?!? Brunch is only served on Saturdays and Sundays!

John: Yeah?

Marc: Today’s Thursday, man. That’s really gross. I’m not touching it.

John (*shrugs*): Suit yourself.

Giante walks into the room.

Giante: Oh, hey, guys sorry to interrupt. I’m just having trouble breaking the Axess password. I’ve tried decryption software, code-breaking algorithms, Miss Cleo...nothing works. I even called John Nash but he just screamed at me for 2 hours and hung up.

Robin: We have our own problems, Giante. I can’t decide between Bill, who waves his hands in the air like he just don’t care, and Ted, who waves his hands in the air like he *does* care. I guess I don’t know what level of commitment I’m after.

Marc: Now, hold on a second, here, Robin. We’re supposed to be getting Stanford back on track, remember? Now if I remember correctly, Axess was constructed in 1969. Kenneth Pitzer was president of the university and the campus was in turmoil. Maybe the password has something to do with that. What do you think, John?

John: I guess I just have to put myself in his shoes.

Robin: That might be pretty hard. That was over 30 years ago.

John: Nothing's too hard for me. I'm president of the best university on earth!

Robin: Oh, here we go...

A Modern Stanford President Song

HENNESSY:

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT,
I'VE MEMORIZED THE NAMES OF THE PROFESSORS AND THE
RESIDENTS,
I'VE HAD THE FOOD AT WILBUR AND I KNOW THE PRICE OF FROYO
THERE,
MY CLOTHES THEY MAY NOT SHOW IT, BUT I AM A CS MILLIONAIRE;
I'M VERY WELL ACQUAINTED, TOO, WITH MATTERS
ADMINISTRATIONAL,
I'VE TRIED TO MAKE ALL MY CLASSES FUN AND EDUCATIONAL,
AND IF YOU ARE A FRAT GUY THEN YOUR VIEWS I WILL NOT
DISABUSE,
PLEASE REMEMBER THAT MY LAST NAME IS A VERY SPECIAL KIND
OF BOOZE

ALL:

REMEMBER THAT HIS LAST NAME IS A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF
BOOZE.
REMEMBER THAT HIS LAST NAME IS A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF
BOOZE.
REMEMBER THAT HIS LAST NAME IS A VERY SPECIAL TASTY KIND OF
BOOZE.

HENNESSY:

I'M VERY GOOD AT INTEGRAL AND DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS;
MY VIRTUOSITY WITH C CAN BORDER ON MIRACULOUS:
IN SHORT, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST REGARDLESS OF YOUR
RESIDENCE
I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT

ALL:

IN SHORT, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST REGARDLESS OF YOUR
RESIDENCE,
HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT.

HENNESSY:

I KNOW OUR MYTHIC HISTORY, FROM DAVID JORDAN TO GERHARD
C.;
I CAN VOLUNTEER IN EPA, AND FUNDRAISE WITH THE BOURGEOISIE,
I CONVERSE ON FIRST-NAME BASIS WITH THE TITANS OF THE
INDUSTRY,
AND DEBATE THE FINER POINTS OF PHYSICS WITH OUR NOBEL
NOMINEES;
I CAN TELL A COSTUMED PI PHI FROM HER FRIENDS THAT LIVE AT
THETA HOUSE,
I KNOW WHEN OUR LAUDED ORCHESTRA IS GIVING US A SONG BY
STRAUSS;
IN THE MIDST OF THE RECESSION I CAN START A BIO SHOPPING
SPREE,
AND THUMB MY NOSE AT ALL THOSE FREAKS THAT WORK AND
SLAVE AT MIT.

ALL:

AND THUMB HIS NOSE AT ALL THOSE FREAKS THAT WORK AND
SLAVE AT MIT.
AND THUMB HIS NOSE AT ALL THOSE FREAKS THAT WORK AND
SLAVE AT MIT.
AND THUMB HIS NOSE AT ALL THOSE FREAKS THAT WORK AND
SLAVE AND WORK AT MIT.

HENNESSY:

IN TERMS OF POLI SCI AND INTERNATIONAL HISTORY
I DEFEND OUR REPUTATION TO THE EGOISTIC IVY LEAGUES
IN SHORT, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST, REGARDLESS OF YOUR
RESIDENCE,
I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT.

ALL:

IN SHORT, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST REGARDLESS OF YOUR
RESIDENCE,
HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT.

HENNESSY:

IN FACT, WHEN I KNOW SIG EP FROM THETA DELT OR SIGMA CHI,
WHEN I CAN TELL AT SIGHT A NORMAL STUDENT FROM A BERKELEY
SPY,
WHEN SUCH AFFAIRS AS IHUM AND ENGLISH I'M MORE WARY AT,
AND WHEN I KNOW THE WORKINGS OF THE UN SECRETARIAT;

WHEN I HAVE LEARNT WHAT PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE IN
 NANOTECHNOLOGY,
 WHEN I KNOW MORE THAN WATSON IN MOLECULAR BIOLOGY.
 IN SHORT, WHEN I'VE A SMATTERING OF EDUCATION JOIE D' VIVRE,
 YOU'LL KNOW THAT I'M A PRESIDENT TO LEAD IN THIS NEW
 CENTURY

ALL:

WE'LL KNOW THAT HE'S A PRESIDENT TO LEAD IN THIS NEW
 CENTURY
 WE'LL KNOW THAT HE'S A PRESIDENT TO LEAD IN THIS NEW
 CENTURY
 WE'LL KNOW THAT HE'S A PRESIDENT TO LEAD US INTO THIS NEW
 CENTURY

HENNESSY:

FOR MY INTELLECTUAL BEARINGS, THOUGH I'M ACCOMPLISHED AND
 EXEMPLARY
 HAS ONLY BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO THE END OF OUR LAST
 CENTURY;
 BUT STILL, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST, REGARDLESS OF YOUR
 RESIDENCE,
 I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT

ALL:

BUT STILL, FROM CAMPUS EAST TO WEST, REGARDLESS OF YOUR
 RESIDENCE,
 HE IS THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN STANFORD PRESIDENT.

Robin: What did that have to do with *anything*?

John: Giante, why don't you try entering "dirty hippies" into the system?

Giante types dirty hippies into his terminal.

Giante: It's working! The Axxess security system is down!

Marc starts convulsing and falls behind the couch. He stands up after a few seconds and is the real Marc Wais.

Wais: I'm okay! *He notices that everyone is staring. What? What's wrong?*

Hennessy points to his head.

Marc (*feeling the top of his head*): Oh, well. It was good while it lasted. *Grabs magazine from the table.* I guess it's back to reading "Girls of the Pac-10" for me.

Giante: Axess must have lost some of its power. The further we break in, the weaker it gets. If Axess is shut down completely, there's hope that the rest of you guys will return to normal.

Wais: I'll get back to Tressider and try to run things from there. You guys get the key back and beat those Callies!

Everyone Else: Let's go! Yeah!

And Scene.

Scene 3: The Good and the Fat and Ugly

Stu and Eve standing to the front talking with other character sitting at tables as below.

Stu: I can't take it take anymore. Sitting next to this woman is like having a long, soul bearing evening with Al Roker.

Eve: Tough it out. Why don't you start a conversation?

Stu: But I keep being possessed by an irresistible urge to beat with her with an ugly stick.

Eve: I thought you said she was ugly.

Stu: Anything would be an improvement.

Eve and Stu shiver. Stu and Eve return to their dates.

Dates sitting together at the Olive Garden at the following tables: Stu and Fugly; Condom Man, Lube Boy, Eve and Kara; Callies; Robin and Robin's Date; Langen and Jacques; and George, Anne and Whalesong Guy.

Shift to Stu and Fugly

Stu: So...this is nice.

Fugly: You look sexy tonight...baby.

Stu: Where those breadsticks at?

Fugly: I want your body.

Stu: Got a hankering for some breadsticks. Waiter!

Fugly: Let's go back to my place.

Stu: *(yelling towards kitchen)*: COULD WE GET SOME GODDAMN BREADSTICKS?!
Pause.

Waiter: Are you guys ready to-oh, we don't allow pets in the restaurant sir.

Stu: This isn't my pet, this is my date.

Waiter: You sick bastard.

Stu: Anyway, I'll have the Caesar Salad.

Fugly: Me too. Wow we have so much in common.

Waiter: Alright. I'll get your salads right out to you.

Waiter leaves. Fugly and Stu sit awkwardly in silence for a moment.

Stu (*turning to look at Fugly*): AAAAAAAAAAAH!

Fugly: What?

Stu: Oh, sorry. I forgot you were there. How are things on your side of the table?

Fugly: You know, after dinner I thought we could retreat to the Jamba Juice and make our own special smoothie -- you, me, and a whole lotta love-sauce.

Stu: Oh, god, I just threw up in my mouth.

Shift to Langen and Jacques

Jacques: I am glad that we could set our differences aside, Langen.

Langen: So am I. All of Mayfield was getting destroyed.

Jacques: Yeah, I kind of regret fire-bombing 557.

Langen: Don't feel too bad. Sigma Nu would have just gotten it anyway.

Jacques: Oh yeah. *They share a hearty laugh.*

Scene shifts to Eve, who is sitting at a table with Condom Man, Lube Boy, and Lube Boy's girlfriend, Kara.

Kara: I'm glad you came, Eve. It's so nice to have a real foursome-usually when we come here Condom Man just builds a crude woman out of prophylactics. When I heard you were on the rugby team, I didn't think this would be your kind of thing.

Eve: No, I love Italian food, actually. *Turns to Condom Man.* So, Condom Man, tell me about your job.

Condom Man: I'm glad you asked, Eve. Lube Boy and I provide a valuable service to all Stanford students. Well, not all Stanford students. But we are helping *some* Stanford students have better...um...oh hell, I get to walk around in a giant condom and I goddamn love it.

Lube Boy: Well, you might like it Condom Man, but I don't. I'm thinking of quitting.

Condom Man: But without you, thousands of students would still be using Penzoil.

Lube Boy: It's just too much pressure. Preventing unsafe sex just doesn't do it for me anymore.

Across the room and guy and girl bump into each other.

Dan: Hey, nice shoes. Wanna fuck?

Marga: Okay, but only if it's unprotected sex on the floor of the filthy bathroom!

Condom Man: Well, Lube Boy?

Lube Boy: I don't know what you're talking about.

Dan: I just can't wait to have unprotected sex.

Marga: Yeah, so I guess we should have sex now...unprotected sex, I mean.

Condom Man *(to Lube Boy)*: Well?

Lube Boy *(fighting an inner battle)*: Uh, um, uh...*(turns towards Dan and Marga)* STOP! I must warn you, sexually transmitted diseases fester inside your bodies as we speak, ready to be exchanged like baseball cards. I'm here to stop from throwing away your lives! Use protection and you will avoid the evils of AIDS, Herpes, and mental retardation!

Condom Man: Lube Boy, I've never seen you so passionate.

Kara *(breathless)*: Wow, me neither. *Catches her breath.* But, how did you know they were going to have unprotected sex?

Lube Boy: We superheroes in the protection business have a sixth sense about these things.

Eve: Actually, I think hearing is the fourth sense.

Lube Boy *(oblivious)*: When a drunken freshman succumbs to the lures of a frat boy who wants to "show her his room", we'll be there. When a bunch of ravers high on ecstasy decide to have an orgy, we'll be there. And when your 8th-grade sister is about to be deflowered by the bus driver, we'll be there too.

Kara: Oh, take me now, Lube Boy!

He takes her into his arms and they start passionately kissing. They run off.

Robin and Robin's Date.

Robin: So, are you really a pirate?

Pirate: ARR.

Robin: Well, I guess that answers that question.

Pirate: ARR.

Robin's phone rings.

Robin: Oh thank God. Hello?

Giante (*on God mic*): Dean Mamlet, this is Giante. I'm almost done uploading the new Axess into the system-all we have to do now is shut down the mainframe. According to my calculations, you should begin changing back to normal in a few seconds.

Robin (*to Giante*): Understood. Good Luck. *Turns to Date*. I'll be right back.

Pirate: ARR.

Robin runs off stage.

Shift to Callies table.

Jack: Oh, that was good. It's such a treat to get food that's not rancid...and on plates.

Phyllis: What is food, really? Do we really know? Just because we eat something does not necessarily make it food.

Jack: I wrote a song about that, and it goes a little something like this. And a 1 and 2 and a...

Break into "I Want My Baby Back Ribs" song using the key to tap the glasses

Waitress: Shut up! For the last time, you cannot order a Big Mac, you cannot have it your way right away, if you (*points to Jack*) call me "finger lickin' good" one more time I'm going to punch your nuts off, and this is not Chili's! This is the Olive Garden. We do Italian-esque food at moderate-but-still-too-high prices accompanied by the cheapest house wine we're allowed to import. From Korea.

Jolene: We're sorry, miss. Can we just get the check? We'll be out of your hair in no time.

They get the check and start emptying their pockets to see how they can pay for the meal.

Jolene: We've got \$17.54, a rubber band, a half-eaten sandwich, six balls of lint, some Cliff Notes to One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish, and... was this a lollipop?

Jolene: Well, we can't pay, guys.

Jack: We've got to think. What would L. Ron Hubbard do?

Phyllis: We are *not* giving him more money.

Jolene: Maybe we could give them this key we stole from the Stanford kids.

They start the Baby Back Ribs song again. Mamlet (adult) comes out from the bathroom. She walks over to table and snatches away key.

Mamlet: Give me that key! This is an absolutely unfitting way for Stanford students to behave. You should be ashamed of yourselves, disrespecting the Olive Garden like that!

Albert: But we're not Stanfor- (*someone clasps a hand over his mouth*)

Mamlet: I didn't think so. You look like those weenies I saw the other day! Get out of here! Scat!

Mamlet kicks the ruffians out, with the help of the heroes who have left their respective tables. She gives the key to Stu and Eve.

Mamlet: Here's the key. You have to shut down Axess, there isn't much time. Now, let's go beat those weenies!

Mamlet leaves.

Eve: Great, now we can finally stop Axess.

Stu: And I can finally get away from Fugly. Let's go get Giante and President Hennessy and save Stanford.

And Scene.

Scene 4: Axess Denied

Stu, Eve, Giante, and Young Hennessy tread cautiously onto the stage. They are carrying flashlights and wearing steam tunneling gear.

Hennessy: These steam tunnels are confusing. Do you guys see any Gates of Cheese? It's on the map.

Eve: Let's chalk that one up to the crazy programmer's acid and keep moving. What's next? Elvis playing poker. Great.

Our heroes stumble upon a poker with Elvis, Cheney, Tupac and Jesus.

Elvis: Welcome to the Dead Poker Society. Have a seat.

Tupac: Presumed dead, mofo! And we got enough players already!

Cheney: Tupac, stop yelling. You've been loud ever since you got here.

Jesus: I started this game, Tupac. I get to say who joins. All God's children are worthy.

Elvis: Hey Tupac, I'm seeing your \$200, and raising you another \$100.

Tupac: I can't keep up with you. I'm as broke as a motherfucker.

Elvis: Guess it's time to release another record, huh?

Tupac: I wouldn't lose so much if Jesus would stop making us play Go Fish. He always wins at that.

Cheney: Elvis, I'll see your \$300 and raise you Enron and WorldCom.

Jesus: Please, we should pause a moment and tend to our guests. Sit with us, children. We have bread and wine.

Giante: I think we'll pass, Jesus. We're looking for the Axess vault.

Cheney: Oh, that's up ahead on the right. But you really should join the game.

Stu: We can't abandon our mission, Mr. Vice-President. But if I may ask, what are you doing down here? You're alive!

Cheney: Not for the past 15 minutes. Which reminds me. *Takes defibrillator off the table and shocks himself.* Oh yeah, that's the stuff.

Eve: Let's go, Stu.

Eve: Wait a minute. *She takes a sample of lube out of her pocket.* “Astroglide Super Slippery.” Thank god for Lube Boy. *Eve oils the hinges.* Try it now, Stu.

Stu forces the door open.

Stu: I should use that stuff more often.

The heroes peer into the door.

Giante: Wait, where’s Axxess?

Hennessy: There’s a note. And I read: 1000111100110011110011001-

Eve: Wait, we don’t all speak binary.

Hennessy: Those bastards! They told me that’s what IHUM was for! I am so mad at the Humanities department right now.

Giante: I’ll translate. *He takes the note.* We’ll have to split up. It says the door is protected by an invisible force-field.

The Emperor: I’m afraid the force field will be quite operational when your friends arrive. Good-bye.

Giante: Thanks, Emperor. *(To Stu)* President Hennessy and I will have to go turn off the force-field, and you and Eve will have to go unlock the door and hold it open for us.

All: Break!

The heroes go off in different directions. Light on Giante and Hennessy

Giante: Alright, here’s the panel that controls the force-field. *He looks into the panel.* It looks a little too complicated for me. Think you can handle it, President Hennessy?

Hennessy: Of course! “I am the very model of a modern Stanford president, I’ve memorized—“

Giante: A simple yes or no would be fine.

Hennessy: Oh. Well, I have six post-graduate degrees in electrical engineering. This shouldn’t be a problem.

Hennessy picks up a bat and beats the shit out of the panel.

Giante: Okay, that’s one way.

Scene shifts to Stu and Eve, who have reached the door.

Hennessy (*through Stu's walkie-talkie*): The force-field should be down. Try the key.

Eve: Here goes. *She puts the key in the lock and the door slides open.*

Hennessy (*through Stu's walkie-talkie*): It won't stay open for long. You'll have to brace yourselves against it somehow.

Stu and Eve both stand in the doorway, backs against the frame.

Stu: So, I guess we just wait here then.

Eve: Yep.

Stu: So, uh...remember when we went the Row and there was that giant mushroom there?

Eve: Yeah?

Stu: That was awesome.

Eve: Yeah.

The door starts to close, pushing them against each other.

Eve: It's getting kind of tight here.

A Love Song

STU:
IF ONLY SHE
WEREN'T ON THE RUGBY TEAM
SHE'D BE MY GIRL
NOT ANOTHER PIPE DREAM
THE WAY I FEEL
I KNOW IS WRONG
BUT GIRL YOU REALLY
TURN ME ON
THAT'S WHY I'M SINGING
THIS INTERNAL MONOLOGUE LOVE SONG

EVE:
I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D FALL FOR A FRAT GUY
THEY'D BREAK MY HEART
OR MAKE ME WANT TO CRY

BUT ALL I WANT
IS YOU TO HOLD
UNREQUITTED LOVE
GETS REAL OLD
HAD ME FROM THE START
WITH YOUR GODDAMN 12 KARAT HEART...OF GOLD

STU:
FRIENDS TELL ME
SHE JUST DON'T SWING THAT WAY
BUT IN MY EYES
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY BABY
EVE DON'T YOU KNOW
YOU'RE ON MY MIND
I KNOW THAT I HAVE
BEEN SO BLIND
BUT CAN'T HELP WAITING
FOR THE DAY WE CAN BUMP N' GRIND

EVE:
FRAT BOYS KNOW
YOU'RE EVERYTHING THEY'RE NOT
PRIDE WON'T LET ME
ADMIT YOU'RE FUCKIN HOT
STU, DON'T YOU SEE
WHAT IS TRUE
I DENY MY
MY LOVE FOR YOU
JUST LIKE A VIRGIN
YOU MAKE ME FEEL SHINY N' NEW

Stu (*staring into her eyes*): Eve?

Eve (*breathless*): Yes, Stu?

Stu: Do you...um...what I mean is...

Eve: Don't be afraid. Just ask me. Ask me and I'll say yes.

Stu: Do you think you could get your elbow out of my crotch? It really hurts.

Hennessy and Giante race into the scene and help brace the door open.

Stu: Finally!

Enter Callies.

Phyllis: Not so fast! I guess you didn't plan on us living down here did you?

Albert: Didya Didya Didya Didya Didya Didya Didya Didya?

Jack slaps Albert to the ground.

Albert: Ow, my glasses!

Jolene: God bless you, Jack.

Jack: What can I say? I have a gift.

Phyllis: Now that we're here, I guess you can say goodbye to your little saving Stanford plans!

Axess (*god-mike*): Hi, this is Joey Lawrence. Whoa. There has been a breach in Axess security. Axess is currently downloading software that will kick your ass. Okay, downloading...installing...no, I don't want to register!

Hennessy: Giante, shut down that computer. Stu and Eve, you guys get out of here. I'll handle the Weenies.

Giante runs into the Axess vault. The Callies converge on Hennessy.

Eve: President Hennessy, no!

Hennessy: Just go!

Axess: Installation complete!

Stu (*to Eve*): We have to get out of here, now!

And Scene?

Scene 5: One Finale without Fiddlesticks, please.

Everyone who has been in the show is onstage in chairs behind the ASSU Person, who is speaking from a podium.

ASSU Person: I want to thank everybody for coming to Memorial Auditorium today. The new Axess is in place, and the footballers are registered and eligible to play. However, our victory came at a high price: the tragic loss of our esteemed president John Hennessey. To say a few words, I've invited campus mobster and elder statesman, the Quadfather, to say a few words. Quadfather?

Quadfather: President Hennessey was a asjasjaskaldjkdldasdas *He trails off, mumbling.*
Thank you.

ASSU Person: I agree. The best way to honor President Hennessey *would* be to press forward and win Big Game.

Audience Member: How can we think about football at a time like this?

Stu: *(Standing up behind ASSU Person)* Hennessey would have wanted us to play!

Freshman in Crowd: I may only be a freshman, and I may be drunk. In fact, I am drunk. But I don't think that what a man does in the privacy of his own room is anybody's business.

Eve: What?

Freshman in Crowd: Isn't this Crossing the Line? *Hah-blamm.*

Shooter: We're okay. Continue.

Kowalski runs from the back of auditorium.

Mitch Kowalski: Wait! Wait everybody. I'm back!

ASSU Person: Oh Jesus-God.

ASSU Person2: I thought we got rid of him.

ASSU Person: He's like a fucking cockroach. I have a feeling he'll be annoying space dust long after the Earth crashes into the sun.

Mitch Kowalski: I think that I am the only one qualified to lead this university. I have conducted more than four million surveys over the last 30 centuries, each of them designed to improve half-rate eateries.

Giante: So why didn't you age at all?

Kowalski: Have you ever time traveled? Have you? I didn't think so. The time is now to make me president of the University.

Hennessy: *(Entering, leading Cal students)* Not on my watch!

Everyone: President Hennessy!

Eve: We thought you were dead.

Stu: You captured the Weenies...and put low-jacks on them.

Hennessy: We wouldn't want them coming back, now would we? I am very proud of you all, especially you, Stu and Eve.

People approach Cal students and poke them with sticks.

Jack: We would have gotten away with it too...if we weren't stupid.

Albert: I have to go to the bathroom. Are we there yet?

Phyllis: "There" is funny, because some times people say "We hate you, Phyllis, go over THERE," and sometimes it's like, "Hey Phyllis, stop reading your poems to us. THEY'RE making our ears bleed."

Jolene: Hey, are you going to stop poking us with sticks?

Cast: No!

Jolene: Okay. Thanks.

Stu: You know, Eve, I'm almost sad that this crisis is over, because I've really enjoyed spending time with you.

Cast: Awwwww!

Eve: I've never met anyone quite like you. You're a frat boy with a heart of gold, like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*, except you don't have sex for money.

Stu: Riiiiight. Definitely never had sex for money. But anyway, too bad our circumstances aren't different. And by circumstances I mean you being on the rugby team.

Eve: Why is everyone so hung up on me playing rugby? *(Someone whispers in her ear)*
Oh. I get it now.

(Ferociously kisses Stu. Actually she devours his head. No wait, that's a praying mantis.)

Eve: There. Does that answer your question?

Cast: Sure does! *(Money exchanges multiple hands. Green visor wearing Vegas bookie appears to help out. "Let's see, you had \$5, I had \$10...")*

Eve: Wow. Well, I guess I've learned that some frat guys really do have a heart of gold.

Stu: And I've learned that you can't judge a book by its cover, even if that book does play rugby.

Hennessy: And we've all learned that there is no need to be afraid of Cal. In the end, Stanford always triumphs. Let's go win Big Game!

{Insert Closer Here}