



GAIETIES 2003  
**G3: THE RISE OF THE WEENIES**  
An Original Musical Comedy

by  
**RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY**

Premiered November 19, 2003

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2003

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**STANFORD**  
UNIVERSITY

# Gaeties 2003

<Curtain up>

Leader: The time of Stanford's complete destruction is at hand. All the preparations have been made. The dark prophecy of our forefathers will come to bitter fruition as our treachery marches forth, culminating in the annihilation of that university across the bay which represents all that is good and Stanford-like. We who are so fortunate to see these days will witness the dawn of a new world order, with Kal, and not Stanford, as the premiere research institution in the nation.

William: <interrupting> Umm... That doesn't sound right at all. US News and World Report didn't even rank Kal in the top 20. After getting rid of Stanford, there still would be Harvard, Yale...

Avril: Foothill College...

Tom: Not to mention that one with Sally Struthers...

William: Oooh ooh, don't forget that place where you can get a degree in VCR repair in three weeks. <murmurs of agreement from the council-people>

Avril: Yeah, that place sounds real nice.

Leader: Damn it, treacherous infidels. You mock me and this university, and for that you will suffer the penalty of DEATH! <pushes a button. Balloons pop out.>

Tom: Oh, if you're trying to push the button for the poisonous gas, we had that taken out. Turns out it was deadly. <mumbles of shock and surprise from council>

Leader: Oh for the love of...IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEADLY! It's supposed to kill you assholes when you piss me off.

<Council: <realization>Oooooohh.>

William: Yeah, that one was our bad. Sorry.

Leader: Well, since you all are regrettably alive, did you happen to come through on your latest assignment to come up with a plan to destroy Stanford.

William: Yes sir, as a matter of fact I have! Here's the plan: we send out emails to people advertising a "wicked screensaver" for them to open. But it turns out that this "wicked screensaver" is not a screensaver at all! It's a virus! It will spread like wildfire, hopelessly clogging inboxes and forcing Stanford students to spend hours slaving over their delete keys!!!

Avril: Yeah! EVERYONE loves wicked screensavers!

Tom: Totally! They save your screen while providing the wicked coolness that you CRAVE!

Avril + William + Tom: WICKED!!!

Leader: SILENCE! No one wants a wicked screensaver! Modern computer monitor technology has rendered the screensaver obsolete! No one will ever open your virus and this will never work! *<Fuming anger. Speaks, holding in the anger.>* Luckily, I've prepared for such idiocy and I have a back-up plan that involves all of you.

William: Really? Why us? *<others agree>*

Leader: *<tongue in cheek>* Why not you? Between you lie all the tools necessary to accomplish this task. William, as the lone Republican here at Kal, we need you on the team. Your right-wing politics will ensure that God is on our side. And your stiff business attire is sharp. Avril, with your ability to needlessly protest anyone and anything, you will fan the flames of the group's anger towards Stanford. Caveman, you are a caveman, and that's... *<doesn't know what to say>* cool. And you... random student,

Tom: *<hurt>* My name is Tom.

Leader: Whatever. Your Friendster profile says you are "just here to help". So as long as you don't spend your time looking for activity partners or serious relationships, everything's on the up and up.

All councils: Really?

Leader: Of course. We here at Kal have always felt that we've been missing something, something that Stanford has, which makes them an infinitely better school. Until last year, we thought that the Axe was that something that separated us from Stanford, but now that we have the Axe, we've realized *<pause>* we still suck.

Avril: Yeah we do.

Tom: Suck the big one.

William: Absolut suck.

Leader: *<frustrated>* Yes, I get it. Anyway, you must steal from them that which makes them so terribly awesome. I've compiled a list of possibilities. Your mission is to go to Stanford, get all of these items, and rendezvous with our secret agent there at Stanford. Do not contact the agent; the agent will contact you. *<he hands them a list>*.

William: You want us...

Avril: To go to Stanford...

Tom: And steal stuff to save Kal...*<all look at each other for a pause.>*

All: ROAD TRIP!!! *<they grab the list from leader and run off stage.>*

Right Hand Man: *<having been standing to the leader's left, moves forward>* Do you really trust our fate to those 4?

Leader: *<laughs to himself>* Right hand man, I trust them with my life... NOT!!! *<the two slap hands>*. No, but seriously, by getting rid of those idiots, I've simply cut off the weak links, separated the wheat from the chaff, if you will, to make way for the real plan. Think about it. Every year, we've gone through the same old plot. We send four of our stupidest students to Stanford, depending on them to do our dirty deeds. And every time, our plan has been foiled. Although it has taken me 3 or 4 decades, I've finally figured out that it's really not working. So instead, I've decided to entrust the downfall of Stanford to one of our most treasured former grad students and faculty. May I present, our most celebrated alumnus, former Professor Ted Kaczynski. *<Ted walks on.>* Welcome, Ted. I trust you are ready for evil.

Ted: Of course. The technological developments at Stanford alone have propelled the world into the computer age... and because of that I hate them with an explosive passion.

Leader: Then you know your mission?

Ted: Of course. Step 1: Infiltrate Stanford University. Step 2: Rendezvous with Kal agent. Step 3: Bubble bath with that delightful Provost Jon Etchemendy. Step 4: Travel back in time to destroy Stanford!!!

Leader: A toast this day, gentlemen, for soon, Stanford will be no more!

END SCENE

Scene 2: Exterior of Stanford – Outside Branner - Orientation

**SONG: MEDITATIONS SUR LE MYSTERE DE LA BIG GAME**

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW?  
THE WORD ON THE STREET  
IS THAT WE CANNOT BE BEAT,  
WE'RE DESTINED TO WIN.

IF KICKING ASS IS A CRIME  
THEN CALL US OFFENDERS  
LET THE OTHERS SURRENDER,  
LET THEM GIVE IN.

WE ARE WAITING TO SHOW THEM  
WE'RE NOT BELOW THEM  
YES MY FRIEND THAT IS NEVER THE CASE  
WE HAVE SAVED THEM A SPOT IN LAST PLACE,  
AND WE'RE ALL MAKING HASTE  
TO GET OUR SEATS AND OUR FACE-PAINT,  
FILLING THE STADIUM AND CHEERING OUR TEAM TO FAME

WAIT WILL SATURDAY NIGHT,  
WE'LL TEAR UP THE TOWN,  
THE GOAL-POSTS ARE COMING DOWN,  
AND WE'LL TAKE THE BLAME,  
CAUSE WE'RE GIONG TO WIN BIG GAME!

EV'RYONE UP, STAND UP AND BE COUNTED  
TILL THE AXE IS MOUNTED BACK ON CARD'NAL RED  
NO MATTER THE TRIALS AND THE TRIBULATIONS  
IN THE CONFRONTATION, WE WILL FORGE AHEAD

WE'VE WAITED ALL YEAR WITH OUR MISSION,  
WE HAVE ENVISIONED HOW WE'LL RIGHT THE WRONG  
AND IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL WE SAY THIS IS OUT DAY!

WITH OUR D AND OUR O, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW  
THAT WE ARE FLYING SO HIGH, WE CAN'T BE COMPARED.  
ARMED WITH OUR BEST WE KNOW WE WON'T REST  
UNTIL WE HOLDING THE HEAD OF OSKI THE BEAR

WITH THE TREE AND THE BAND AND THE FANS IN THE STANDS  
KAL WILL THROW UP THEIR HANDS IN DEFEAT.  
THEY WILL PACK UP THEIR BAGS AND  
RETREAT CAUSE THEY CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT.

SO BY THE TIME THIS HAS ENDED,  
OUR WOUNDS HAVE MENDED  
AND THE REST OF THE PACK 10 LOOKS LAME  
WATCH THE SILICON VALLEY RISE UP AND RALLY WHILE  
THE WEENIES GO TALLY THEIR LOSS IN SHAME,  
CAUSE WE'RE GOING TO WIN, GOING TO WIN,  
GOING TO WIN BIG GAME

RA Vamsi: Welcome to Stanford, Tim Fillername from Anytown, USA. (should this be a real name?) *<cheers from staff>* Tim's crowning achievement was being head of the robotics development program at his high school. *<ooohs>* What most of you didn't know is that he took a robot to prom. *<disapproval from crowd >... And had sex with it. <Utter disgust from crowd, occasional cheers. >*

*<next person walks on>*

RA Marie: And now everyone give a welcome to Tammy, from Texas!

Mark: Nope.

RA Vamsi: I mean... Betsy, from Boston!

Mark: No!

RA Marie: *<confused>* Ummm... Sally... from... ummm... Seattle?

Mark: You don't know my name, do you?

RA Vamsi: Oh... Stanford Alumna Chelsea Clinton?

Mark: It's Mark. I'm a guy.

RA Marie: Oh yeah! *<hastily>* Welcome to Branner, have fun. *<RA voice goes into background as characters step forward for lines and stuff. Monkey and pirate move into Branner>*

Doug: *<foreground>* Ah, Stanford. Finally, a chance to reinvent myself—a place where I can be judged for who I am, and not my horrid past. For the first time in my life, I feel free. A man of my own destiny, unfettered by the chains of my biological heritage. I am undaunted, liberated. *<throws hat in the air>* Get ready, world, because nothing will hold back Doug... *< Jenna walks past. He checks her out, falls in love >* Damn. She's got dumps like a truck! And thighs like what!

Mark: What?

Doug: errrr...Who is she?

RA Marie: And from Midland, Texas, Jenna Bush!... daughter of President Bush, granddaughter of President Bush, and so on...you know the story. *<crowd reacts: Ooooooooo>*

Jenna: Jeez...Looks like I'll never escape from my father's shadow. *<whining>*

Agent Smith: That is hella wack, Miss Bush.

Agent Anderson: You go girl.

Doug: *<walks up to her>* I know how you feel.

Jenna: Oh really? Who are you? *< to the Secret Service Agents: >* This guy is cute.

Agent Smith: His body is not too bootilicious for you, Miss Bush. *<to other agent>* Run a background check.

Agent Anderson: You go girl.

Doug: So, you're the president's daughter. That's amazing. Didn't you go to Yale last year?

Jenna: Yeah, I went there for a year, but I couldn't really handle the weather. I have seasonal affective disorder.

Doug: That's SAD.

Jenna: Yes, I know. *<beat>* And the fact that my dad went there, too, you know?

Doug: I hear ya, but if you already went to Yale for a year, then why are you still a freshman?

Jenna: Like I said, I went to Yale. *<rim shot>*

Doug: Yeah, makes sense. Anyway, just think of this place as a new start. No one will care about your past here, it's all about you. Also, perhaps how much you can drink and how easy you are. Errr...you're going to have a great time!

Jenna: Yeah, I guess you're right! Thanks for the encouragement! What was your name again?

Agent Smith: *<hurriedly pulls Jenna aside>* Miss Bush, that cute boy you're talking to is none other than...

RA Vamsi: Welcome, Doug **Hussein** *<Hussein is spoken daemonically>* from Independence, Missouri!

*<Jenna looks at him accusingly>*

Doug: No, Jenna. It's not what you think! It's just a...

RA Vamsi: *<continues>* Doug's biological father is Saddam Hussein, former tyrannical leader of a totalitarian Iraqi regime. *<beat>* Yes, Jenna, it **is** what you think. *<Everyone stops, stares, and backs away>*

Jenna: Ugh! I am preemptively ending our relationship.

Doug: *<defending himself>* No, I can explain! No, I was raised by my mother. I don't even know him!... Jenna, you gotta believe me. *<Jenna turns away>* Good grief.

*<MR moves forward. Doug recognizes him>*

Doug: Hey, are you in room 219?

MR: Yeah?

Doug: I'm your new roommate! I'm Doug!

MR: Roommate? Damn it! I thought I had a single. Oh well, I'm Spanky, the masturbating roommate.

Doug: *<innocently>* Nice to meet you.

MR: Yeah, you too. Listen, give me 10 minutes alone before you come upstairs, and lets lay down some ground rules. If the door is locked, don't come in. If the name sign is upside down, don't come in. If there is a sock on the door, don't come in. If it's the second Tuesday of the month, don't come in. And if Full House is on, never ever come in. *<walks off stage>*

Doug: Well...ok. He seems nice enough. *< walks off stage >*

*<Robert walks in to introduced>*

RA Marie: Everyone say hi to Robert Mackenzie, from Chicago, IL. *<cheers>*. Robert scored a dismal 1050 on his SATs *<Robert looks confused and embarrassed. Boos ensue>* but it's ok because he plays football, and basketball... and badminton. Well to be honest, the badminton didn't really factor into the decision, it was mostly the first two.

*<SARS and Person 1 move forward>*

Greg: Hey, what's your name?

SARS: SARS.

Greg: That's awful. *<backing away>*

SARS: No, no, it's just an acronym. *<reassuringly>*



Greg: Oh, ok...what does it stand for?

SARS: Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome.

Greg: No, I mean your name.

SARS: Yup.

Greg: That's not funny! Get away from me. *<backs away> <Sars coughs>*

Administrator: Welcome everyone! *<noise and distraction dies down as everyone listens to the speaker> I'm vice provost of the first day of freshman orientation, Lydia Norton-Hayes. I'd like to be the first to congratulate you on your entrance into the best university in the world!!! <cheers>. All of you bring something special to the class of 2007, and I can assure you, none of you got in by mistake, and you all deserve to be here... except for you <pointing to random student> We just needed someone from North Dakota. <student starts crying> Alright, listen. Some of you little shits think you are king of Fuck Mountain but its that kind of attitude end up with my size nine combat boots up your ass! <ehem> Thank you very much. Now I'd like you to direct your attention to your RAs. <everyone confused, some clap>*

RA Vamsi: Ok, everyone. Get excited about the new school year and meet in the lounge for some orientation activities!

Token: Wow, that sounds like a lot of fun!

RA Vamsi: *<sarcastically>* Ha ha. Fun... Right...

END SCENE

Scene 2a: In front of black – Band Shak

William: So far, so good. We kidnapped that guy that checks your bags when you leave Green library.

Tom: Watch their precious first editions fly off the shelves. Gradually, their library will be even worse than ours!

Avril: Wait, we have a library?

Tom: Sure we do. A damn fine one.

William: Um, your midget porn collection doesn't count as a library.

Tom: Oh...nevermind. Well, what's next on the list?

William: We're here at the Band Shak. *<reading>* We're supposed to steal the official Leland Stanford Junior, pause, University Marching Band's instruments! Look, there they are. OK guys, just play it cool.

Drunk band1: What's up, dudes? Want a beer?

Avril: No thanks. We're just looking for your instruments.

Drunk band2: Instruments?

William: Uh, you know. The things you use to play music?

Drunk band3: Music?

Tom: What do you call that right there? *<pointing to first instrument>*

Db1: Oh, that's what we drink beer out of.

Tom: And that? *<pointing to next instrument>*

Db2: That's a dildo.

Tom: ...And what do you call that? *<pointing to last instrument>*

Db3: That's also what we drink beer out of.

William: Wow, that's cool. Mind if we check those for a sec. *<the band people agree and hand over their instruments. The callies grab 'em and run.>*

Db1: That wasn't too cool.

Db2: Eh, fuck it. Let's practice. <all 'sing' *All Right Now*, acapella style, as scene fades>

END SCENE

Scene 3: Interior Branner – Half Doug’s room, Half Lounge

*<RA Vamsi introduces. Doug, Jenna, SARS, random extras in a line. One side of the stage represents the lounge, and the other is his room.>*

RA Vamsi: Please cross the line if you’ve ever felt sad.  
*<Most everyone crosses the line.>*

RA Marie: Thank you. Please cross the line if you’ve felt like no one’s understood you.  
*<Most cross.>*

RA Vamsi: Thank you. Please cross the line if you’re father has been involved in the systematic killing of an ethnic group.

Doug: *<Crosses line, looks around.>* Aw, c’mon!

Jenna: *<starts to cross the line>* Well, technically...

SARS: What if it’s every ethnic group?

RA Marie: Now, cross the line if you’re the love child of a famous dictator.

Doug: This is just ridiculous.  
*<Jenna shrugs.>*

RA Vamsi: Thank you. Please cross the line if you’ve come to Stanford to try to escape your past... *< several start to cross, including Jenna >* and when I say past, I mean your father, Saddam Hussein.

Doug: Oh, that’s it!

*<Doug walks into his room, catching MR in the act. MR is wearing a speedo and holding a rubber chicken.>*

MR: DOUG!!! Rule 6, rule 6!!!

Doug: Huh? What are you doing in here by yourself?

MR: Err... I was just looking at secretarywhores...err...ESPN.com.

Doug: Uh, no... I was just wondering why you weren’t at Crossing the Line... *<Knocking at the door.>* Who is it?

Weapons Inspectors: Random UN weapons inspection! *< They confusedly open the door. Weapons inspectors, in unison, proceed to inspect the room. MR hides his chicken. Inspectors*

*find ridiculous sex toys, but no weapons. Inspectors find pencil, look at it, but let it go. One turns to Hussein, threateningly.*

Inspector Blair: What are you hiding, Hussein!?! We know you have something!

Inspector Bush: Eh, don't worry about it. We'll just tell the UN that we're **pretty sure** he's hiding them **somewhere**. *<They leave>*

MR: Phew! Lucky they didn't find my atomic dildo...I mean, my atomic....weapons.

*<Drunk girl, guy w/ gf, SARS, and sketchy guy enter>*

Boozer: Man, I am sooooo wasted!

Mark: But you've barely drank anything... and for that matter, I'm pretty sure that punch isn't alcoholic.

Boozer: It doesn't matter. I'm the girl that doesn't drink at all in high school, but overdoes it every weekend in college, eventually leading me to the hospital and a reconsideration of my alcoholic tendencies. In the mean time, however, I just get **wasted**... I also double as the dorm whore, but only when I drink, so I can still feel good about myself. *<Jason steps forward>*

Jason Kerwin: And that's, where I come in. Want a screw driver? *<handing her a drink>*

MR: *<interrupts for a second>* Screw driver? I hardly even know **her**!

Boozer: Who are you?

Jason: I'm the upper-classman who feels insecure in his own social circles, so after I joined SAE but didn't end up getting any more chicks I get a job as an HPAC simply to gain upper-hand when hitting on freshman girls. You've probably met me before, and thought I was a lot cooler than I actually am.

Boozer: Oh yeah *<recognizing him>* So, you wanna hook-up or something?

Jason: Do!!!! Hey dude, wanna join in?

Mark: Sorry. I have a girlfriend back home. I know we're going to break up soon, but I string her along because it makes me more attractively inaccessible. *<looks at watch>* Actually, I'd better go and spend an embarrassingly long amount of time on the phone with her. I'm so sensitive. *<all three leave>*

MR: Who the hell were they?

Doug: Beats me. There are definitely a bunch of weirdos in this dorm. Speaking of which, Spanky, meet my new friend SARS. She's from Hong Kong.

SARS: Charmed. <shaking hand>.

MR: <coughs>

SARS: Your welcome.

<DHMAPA enters>

DHMAPA: How's it hanging, guys?

Doug: Fine

DHMAPA: That's great. I'm just here making sure you guys are doing ok moving in and such. I'm your Dhmapa <Pronounce: D.H. Moppa>.

Doug: Dhmapa? What is that?

DHMAPA: Its part of the University's new alcohol policy. I'm the Drunk, Homeless, Middle Aged, Peer Advisor. I'm here to show new students the dangers of an alcohol-dependent college social culture.

MR: You went to **college**?

DHMAPA: No.

MR: Then how could you possibly...

DHMAPA: <nostalgically, puts his arm around MR> Hahaha. I see youth is still being wasted on the young. <sighs>

MR: Whatever, dude. I just don't see how the old alcohol policy led to anyone becoming alcoholic and homeless.

DHMAPA: Neither did I. <Lights dim, spotlight on DHMAPA> But then I found myself trying to fill the void in my life with alcohol. I was empty then, because I couldn't feel love. Don't let your chance at love slip away during these precious times while you're young and have plenty of nubile, sexually curious women all around you. Otherwise you'll end up like me, a lonely, sad, old man who spends all his time at his local bar, staring blankly at the wall hoping to find love in the depressing flicker of a neon Budweiser sign.

MR: That made absolutely no sense. <Lights back to normal.>

<TOEFL enters>

TOEFL: <whining> Could you guys keep it down? I'm trying to study and I have an early class tomorrow.

Doug: <whispers to MR> Isn't tomorrow Saturday? <MR nods confusedly> Sorry. My name is Doug, and this is my roommate...

MR: <corrects> Masturbating roommate.

Doug: <stands corrected> I'm sorry. This is my masturbating roommate, Spanky.

TOEFL: <still whining and stressed out> I'm TOEFL, the soulless international student. I really should get back to my studying.

DHMAPA: <proudly> A studier, huh? Good for you! What classes are you taking this quarter?

TOEFL: Chem 32, Physics 61XX, Biology 1242, IHUM, PWR 3, and IHUM.

Doug: You said IHUM twice.

TOEFL: <grimly> I know.

MR: That's ridiculous! That's like 27 units!

TOEFL: 29.

MR: Man, you international students work really hard. Until I got here, I didn't even know that they had classes in college. I thought it was all rim jobs and skanky threesomes, just like in *Sorority Sex Kittens III*.

DHMAPA: A great flick. Those pi phis sure know how to get down!

MR: I'm taking this new Bio X seminar called "Sending Cyborgs to the Past: A Multicultural Perspective." I have a feeling it will come in handy later *in the play* - in life, in life!

Doug: That's pretty esoteric... does it satisfy any GER's?

MR: GER 6C: Cyborgs Studies. <Girl gone wild enters.>

Girl Gone Wild: College! Woooo! Spring break! MTV!

DHMAPA: Bitch, why you trippin'?

GGW: I mean, there's alcohol in the lounge. <Masses storm off to the lounge.>

MR: Sweet. I hope this is better than Chi-Omega's "Fat Chicks in Party Hats" sorority party.

<Lounge of dorm, lots of extras. Party is raging>

Doug: There's no alcohol here! *<Party dies down>*

Jon: That's right, it's the new alcohol policy. Lucky we found a loophole, we're freebasing cocaine.

Maya: Yeah! There's no free-basing cocaine policy. Up high! *<Give each other a very pleased high five. Party starts back up.>*

Doug: But that's *illegal!* *<Party dies down.>*

Jon: Your mom's illegal.

Maya: Oh, snap! *<Pause. Party starts up again.>*

Jason: *<To random girl.>* Are you Jamaican?

Brooke: No, why?

Jason: Cause Ja-Makin' me crazy! *<Jason and random dramatically hook up, get carried off stage, whatever.>*

MR: *<Having observed Jason in action, decides to try his luck on Jenna>* Are you Haitian?

Jenna: No, why?

MR: 'Cause that place is Messsssed Up!

Jenna: Get away, creep. *<Jenna snaps, secret service slaps MR>*

MR: *<trying his luck on SARS>* So...are you...Asian?

SARS: Yes.

MR: Oh, that's right.

DrewStew: I got this one. *<cocky>* Hey girl. Is your name Branner?

Branner: Why?

DrewStew: 'Cause Branner sucks! *<with sucking motion.>*

Doug: *<Approaches Jenna>* Hi, Jenna. Remember me. I'm Doug.

Jenna: Umm.. yeah... hi. *<trying to avoid eye-contact>*



Doug: *<bumbling and nervous>* So...

Jenna: *<disinterested>* Yes?

Doug: Nothing. *<pause>* Hey, earlier, at Crossing the Line, that was pretty cool, you know, to...

Jenna: What?

Doug: So, being the President's daughter, what's that like? Fun?

Jenna: Well... uh, yeah, I guess. Listen, Doug. You seem cool, but it just won't work between us. It's not that you're evil. It's just that you're not not evil.

Mike: *<Comes up to Jenna>* So Jenna, about that Kappa Sigma/SLE mixer we talked about...  
*<pulls Jenna aside and they start talking>*

Doug: Damn. I wish there was something I could do to get her to notice me.

Alexis: Oh my god, a bunch of Callies stole all the football players' helmets! And this, on top of their theft of the guy from Green and the band's instruments! Those bastards!

Jenna: Wow, if only someone could get to the bottom of Kal's plot, they'd be a hero, no matter how many people their biological father murdered!

*<Doug, front and center, looks pensive.>*  
*<All exit except Doug, stage center>*

### SONG: JENNA COME OUT

JENNA, I'VE GONE HAZY  
I THINK I'M GOING CRAZY  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT.

JENNA LIT A FIRE,  
THE OBJECT OF MY DESIRE.  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT.  
JENNA SPARKED A PASSION  
WELL SOMETIMES THESE THINGS HAPPEN  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT.

JENNA COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT  
JESUS I WANT TO SCREAM AND SHOUT FOR  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT TONI-I-IGHT

TONIGHT

I THOUGHT I KNEW LOVIN'  
BUT THOSE WERE A DIME A DOZEN  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT

THIS ONE IS ESSENTIAL  
IT FEELS SO PRESIDENTIAL  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT

JENNA COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT  
JESUS I WANT TO SCREAM AND SHOUT FOR  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT TONI-I-IGHT  
TONIGHT

JENNA, DON'T GO AWAY...

SHE'S GOT THE BLONDEST HAIR AND HER EYES ARE SO BLUE (THAT JENNA  
BUSH!)  
LORD I WISH HER DADDY WASN'T W (THAT JENNA BUSH)  
LET'S GO ON A CAMP DAVID GETAWAY  
JUST YOU ME AND THE CIA  
THREE'S COMPANY, SO PLEASE BRING BARBARA TOO  
WOAH, JENNA BUSH!

YOUR SOUL IS REDEMPTIVE  
OH PLEASE, MAKE YOUR STRIKE PREEMPTIVE  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT.

NO USE HESITATIN'  
COME ON THE BEER IS WAITIN'  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT

JENNA COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT  
JESUS I WANT TO SCREAM AND SHOUT FOR  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA TO COME OUT  
JENNA COME OUT TONI-I-IGHT  
TONIGHT

SHE DRIVES ME CRAZY  
THAT LITTLE LADY

WOAH.....

*(roommate pours water out window on Doug)*

JENNA, I HAD THE ITCH  
BUT YOUR ROOMMATE'S A *FUCKING BITCH!*  
OH JENNA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT...

END SCENE

Scene 3a: In front of black

Caveman: Uggghghh.

William: I know. I still can't believe that we were able to steal the entire football teams' helmets. All we had to do was send Avril *<gesture toward Avril to avoid confusion>* into their locker room, naked.

Avril: *<walks out disheveled, favoring her ass>* What I do for my school...

Tom: Yeah, that was pretty sweet. Next on the list is... a black squirrel.

William: A black squirrel...what's that?

Tom: I don't know. All the good schools seem to have 'em. Everybody fan out and search the ground. *<they all search the ground>*

*<enter giant black squirrel. The Callies search until they meet at his feet. They look up surprised>*

GBS: What Mothafuckers!?!

*<all exit, terrified. Squirrel walks off>*

END SCENE

Scene 4 – Callie Power!! In front of Green, next to the ugly Red Fountain

*<Looters enter SL, caring books>*

Looter1: Woohoo!!! I got a copy of Mud through the Ages: Reference Edition!

Looter2: Damn it, all I got was a DVD of Pay it Forward. And a Lithuanian thesaurus.

*<Doug, SARS and MR enter SR>*

Looter1: Hey guys, you better hurry, they're running out of microfiche!

*<Looters exit>*

MR: I wonder if they have Playboy, or at the very least those National Geographic with the topless tribeswomen. *<sighs to self, imagining nakedness>*

Doug: We don't have time for that. We have to stop those Callies so that Jenna will like me.

SARS: But they could be anywhere on campus!

Doug: You're right. We'd better just hide behind these bushes and wait for them to come to us!

SARS: Why should we think that would happen?

MR: Yeah, doesn't that sound a bit contrived?

Doug: What?

MR: Oh nothing.

*<hide behind contrived bushes>*

*<Callies enter>*

*<Republican is carrying something they stole on his back, Activist is whipping him to move>*

Avril: Go faster you, bourgeois pig!

William: I told you, I'm a compassionate conservative.

Avril: That's what they all say!

William: I'm socially liberal, I swear!

*<Frisbee flies on stage, Caveman proceeds to beat it with a club>*

Drunken Frisbee Player 1: *<while entering>* Allright, I'll get it. *<seeing caveman>* Dude! My Disc!

*<Caveman eats "disc">*

DFP2: Dude, where's the disc?

DFP1: Dude, some caveman just beat it, and then he ate it!!!

DFP3: DUDE, We're soooo drunk, dude!  
<GGW does her thing>

GGW: College!!! Woo!!!

Caveman: Urrgh! <Hits girl. Carries her off stage>

<Frisbee players leave>

Tom: That guy is such an idiot, why are we letting him follow us around?

Avril: Hey, that's our mascot!

Tom: What! You're kidding me?

Avril: I think it's **painfully** obvious. He speaks in grunts. He's hairy. He smells funny. And he has neck fur...like a bear!

Tom: Ohhhhh. How could I be so stupid? Why don't we have a real bear.

Avril: Apparently kidnapping a wild bear from the forest and parading it around in front of hundreds of drunk, jeering fans and forcing it to do tricks for our amusement is suddenly *illegal*.  
<Mutters under breath> Thank you very much PETA.

<caveman enters with GGW's Shirt>

Tom: So Oski, what do we need to do next?

Avril: We're supposed to wait for our "inside contact" to contact us.

William: I contacted your Mom's inside, last night!!!

Caveman: Grunt, grunt! <making humping motions>

Avril: I think Oski is trying to tell us something.

Tom: Let me talk to him, I speak French!

Avril: No you don't.

Tom: Well, my mom was French.

William: Your mom was a “French prostitute.”

Tom: Whatever.

<Mamlet enters with Teddy>

Avril: Look, it’s that bitch Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet. She personally rejected me on the phone. Apparently I had the quote-unquote “worst application in the history of Stanford and every other institute of higher learning.” That bitch said I wouldn’t even get into KAL. But I sure showed her!!!

Tom: You know, you’re not actually Kal “student.” You just show up to classes and live in the gutter of Telegraph Ave.

Avril: How does that NOT make me a Kal student?

Tom: Touché.

Mamlet: <robot mode> Silence fools! I’m not actually Robin Mamlet, I’m an Evil Robot Mamlet. I’m your inside contact.

Avril: Well, you sound like the real Mamlet.

Tom: And dress like her too!

William: She wouldn’t be a very good clone if she didn’t. <slaps her>

Mamlet: You all have done a good job so far. And by good, I mean PATHETIC! Luckily, Kal didn’t place all their eggs in YOUR basket. May I introduce former Cal Professor Ted Kazinski. Ted, are you prepared for your mission?

Ted: Absolutely. I shall forgo my hatred of technology for the chance to destroy Leland Stanford Junior University.

## **KALI SONG**

<A Western Hoe Down>

### **ALL:**

OH STANFORD'S DAYS OF EXCELLENCE ARE DWINDLING TO A HALT.  
AND I AM PROUD TO TELL YOU THAT IT WAS THE KALLIES FAULT.

THOSE BRANIACS ARE MANIACS  
AND LOSING AIN'T NO FUN.  
SO WE'LL RISE TO THE OCCASION AND  
COMMENCE THE KAL INVASION

CAUSE THE BEARS IS NUMBER ONE.

YES WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE ABOUT AS DINGY  
AS THE DIRT AT THE OL' O-K CORAL

YES WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE THE HOLDING PEN  
FOR ALL OF STANFORD'S REJECT GUYS AND GALS.

THEY ALWAYS CHOOSE THE BRIGHTEST BUNCH OF KALLIES IN THE PACK.  
TO INFILTRATE THE STANFORD FARM AND MOUNT A SWIFT ATTACK.

AND THOUGH YOUR AVERAGE JOE  
WOULD PROB'BLY DO A DECENT JOB  
WE TRY OUR BEST TO DO IT UP  
BUT ALWAYS SEEM TO SCREW IT UP  
CAUSE WE'RE DISHEVELED SLOBS

YES WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE ABOUT AS DINGY  
AS THE DIRT AT THE OL' O-K CORAL

YES WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE THE HOLDING PEN  
FOR ALL OF STANFORD'S REJECT GUYS AND GALS.

**TED:**  
MY MAMMY ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT  
I BEST BE FOLLOWING THE GOLDEN RULE.  
BUT MAMMY, GOSH, YOU NEVER THOUGHT  
THAT THEY WOULD PUT ME UP IN THIS HERE SCHOOL.

AND THEY GAVE ME TENURE.

SO NOW I SIT AROUND  
AND WAIT TILL I CAN CROSS THE STYX.  
CAUSE THESE FOLKS ARE MORE BACKWARDS  
THAN A BUNCH OF OZARK HICKS.  
IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THE RAGE AND  
FEAR WE FEEL FOR STANFORD'S KIND.



**ALL:**

IF YOU TOOK LIFE TO BE A RACE  
THEN THEY WOULD SET THE PACE  
AND WE'D BRING UP THE BEHIND

CAUSE WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE ABOUT AS DINGY  
AS THE DIRT AT THE OL' O-K CORAL

YES WE'RE FROM KAL!  
OH WE'RE FROM KAL.  
WE'RE THE HOLDING PEN FOR ALL OF  
STANFORD'S UNDERQUALIFIED, UNIMPRESSIVE, MEDIOCRE,  
GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' REJECT GUYS AND GALS!

Mamlet: All right, enough with the singing. Don't forget your mission! 1883 awaits your coming!

<Ted enters fountain, flash of light>

Mamlet: As for you, because of your complete incompetence, we've reassigned you to help me screw with Stanford admissions. The hellish torment of thousands of essays about the death of grandparents and family pets awaits you.

<Callies leave sullenly>

Doug: Well, that certainly proved fruitful.

SARS: Who would have thought sitting in a bush for 20 minutes would have been so helpful?

Doug: So what am I going to do now, guys?

MR: I've got an idea! You know, that new introductory seminar "Sending Cyborgs to the Past: A Multicultural Perspective" You could check that out!

SARS: Isn't that taught by Doctor Brown, the renowned chronological physicist?

MR: Yeah I think so.

Doug: You're right. I bet he'll know what's going on. <starts to walk off stage>. Guys, you coming?

MR: <looks at SARS> I don't know. It's chicken patty night at Brannar.

Doug: Guys, I can't go alone! <whiney>

SARS: Why not?

Doug: The serial groper is out! I could get serial groped!

SARS: Alright, we'll go.

MR: Yeah. If there is any ass on campus that is going to be molested by an ominous biked figure, I sure hope its mine.

*<Doug, SARS, MR exit>*

*<Two hot female students enter with much excitement, and jump into the ugly red fountain. There is a flash of light, and they disappear>*

Misty: So I think my argument holds, and free will is clearly the more tenable position.

Hymen: No way, Van Inwagen's latest treatise establishes that determinism is more satisfying.

Misty: Free Will!

Hymen: Determinism!

Misty: *<jumps in fountain>* Free Will!

Hymen: *<rips off shirt>* Determinism!

Misty: Let's make out!

*<make out, transport back in time>*

Misty: Hey, is that a dinosaur! OH MY GOD IT'S EATING MY LEG!!! OH THE BLOOD! ITS EVERYWHERE! I THINK I HAVE BITS OF MY OWN LEG BONE IN MY EYE!

Hymen: IT TORE MY ARM OFF... OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, I'M BEING STRANGLERED BY MY OWN ENTRAILS!!! *<room for ad lib>*

END SCENE

Scene 5: Bio X Laboratory

<Doug, MR, and SARS are off to the side of the stage waiting to enter the classroom>

<In the classroom>

Doc Brown: In conclusion of today's lesson, class, by utilizing rifts in the fabric of space-time, or gaping holes in the plot, one can actually travel through time.

Dexter: Professor, if this new disruption in the space-time continuum causes irreversible changes in Earth's history, won't it pose more harm than good.

DB: Nonsense. All the nay-sayers said the same thing when we started dumping toxic waste in Wilbur Dining, but we've yet to find any problems.

<Three armed boy from Rinconada raises his hand>

DB: Yes, three armed boy from Rinconada.

TABFR: Yes, I have a three part question.

DB: Go ahead.

TABFR: I'm a simple, three-armed man, I'm no different than anyone else. All I want is a picket-fence, a nice wife, and a parka with three arm holes, that's all.

DB: That's not a question.

<Rishi raises hand>

Rishi: Professor, I hope you just didn't create the same ol' hackneyed Schwarzenegger clone from every cyborg movie.

DB: How dare you say that? All my work is original. Bio-X, get in here!

<Bio X enters, students applauding. Bio-X proceeds to kick the shit out of students. Applause turns into shrieks of horror.>

DB: BIO-X, stop!

BIO-X: <Schwarzenegger voice> I am Bio-X, a hi-tech cyborg with superhuman capabilities. My mission: To travel back to October 2003 and kill everyone who voted democrat in the California gubernatorial election.

DB: <aside to Bio-X> No, Bio-X. That was your last mission. Class, I've created this cyborg with the specific intent to assassinate historical figures.

BIO-X: I am a Social Democrat. I believe in people's rights.

Isaac: What is he talking about?

DB: Oh, that's just a failsafe I programmed in case this whole, "assassinating people in the past" thing doesn't pan out. He's also designed to run for governor of California.

[Version 1: If Arnold wins election]

BIO-X: I beat that Cruz Bustamonte like I did that pony-tailed sissy in kindergarten cop.

[Version 2: If Arnold loses]

Bio-X: I'll go back in time and beat that Cruz Bustamonte like I did that pony-tailed sissy in kindergarten cop.

Rishi: So Professor, can we try him out? I've always wanted to go back in time to assassinate Former President Millard Fillmore. I'll curse his name 'til the day I die.

DB: No, I have decided that the time for sending a cyborg assassin into the past has not yet come.

Isaac: But if **this** time isn't right, couldn't you just use your time machine and travel to when the time is right?

<Students murmur in agreement>

DB: What a fine collection of assholes! Why did I let the university talk me into teaching this introductory seminar? Get out of my sight. Class dismissed.

Doug: Hi Doc!

DB: Great Scott!

Doug: My name is Doug Hussein, and these are my friends, Spanky, and Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome. We heard that you are a scientific genius and an expert in time travel. We need you to send us Back...to the FUTURE!

SARS: He means the past.

DB: Ohhhhhh, no you don't. The last time a student asked me to travel through time he almost had sex with his mother and erased himself from existence. Plus, he almost broke my flux capacitor!

MR: Flux capacitor! I don't even know **her**.

Doug: Just listen! We just saw Ted Kazinsky jump into the ugly red fountain in front of Green and disappear.

DB: Jumpin' Jigawatts, that's my time machine!

MR: You know, you never actually explained what a "jigawatt" was in Back to the Future.

DB: I don't have time to explain it now!

MR: But we **have** a **time** machine!

DB: Look, shut up and listen. Did they say when they were traveling to?

SARS: Something about 1883!

DB: Great Scott! Penicillin perfected in 1944, 44, plus three of you equals 47! 47 as in 47 bottles of beer on the wall! What type of beer, Miller Genuine Draft of course! Cold-Filtered, brewed to your liking! Beer! Banned from Fraternities by former dean of Students Mark Wais! Wais! Bald, bit of dandy! Owned a pony as a child! Ponies! Children! That's right! Leland Stanford Junior also owned a pony as a child! He died from typhoid! Which can be cured with beer! I mean, penicillin! He died in...1883! Jumpin' Jigawatts! That's it! This all boils down to a plot to prevent the very foundation of Leland Stanford Junior University!

MR: You still haven't explained jigawatt.

DB: SHUT UP! Don't you see, they're going to "take care of" Leland Stanford Junior!

Doug: They're going to kill him?!?!?!?

DB: No, no. It's much worse. They're going save his life! *<Everyone is confused>*

Doug: Umm...good? *<Everyone mutters in agreement>*

DB: Can't you see, fools! If they save his life, Leland Stanford Senior will have no reason to create anything in his memory *<all are still confused.>* AND STANFORD WILL CEASE TO EXIST! *<Now they get it>*

SARS: Oh the humanity!

MR: Well, that's it. We're fucked. Like Jenna Jameson. In Poke-a-hot-ass 7. (Joke off Pocahontas)

DB: Unless...

Doug: Unless what Doc?

DB: Unless I use BIO-X!

BIO-X: Yes, Professor?

DB: We need to send you back in time... to KILL LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR!!!!

SARS: <*coughs in a jar*> Take this! It might help!

SONG- **DIE LELAND DIE!!!** – Don't leave during intermission

LITTLE LELAND STANFORD'S QUITE AN  
UNLUCKY GUY.  
CAUSE I TELL YOU, LITTLE LELAND MUST DIE!

LITTLE LELAND STANFORD'S QUITE AN  
UNLUCKY JOE.  
YES I TELL YOU, LITTLE LELAND MUST GO.

HE MUST RETIRE  
BEFORE HIS TIME  
WE WANT A SHOWDOWN  
GO DOWN  
RUB HIM OUT IN HIS PRIME!

IT IS OUR OBLIGATION  
TO SEE HIS EXPIRATION  
IT'S OUR PREOCCUPATION  
PLANNING HIS TERMINATION

THERE'S NO DOUBT WE CAN PULL IT  
GET HIM TO BITE THE BULLET  
TAKE US TO 1883  
IN ITALY  
IT'S TIME TO REWRITE HISTORY

KAL WILL NOT SAVE THE BOY  
WHEN THEY HEAR OUR BATTLE CRY  
CAUSE WE TELL THEM LITTLE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR  
MUST DIE!

<*uber-dance break*>

LITTLE LELAND STANFORD'S QUITE AN  
UNLUCKY GUY.  
CAUSE I TELL YOU, LITTLE LELAND MUST DIE!

LITTLE LELAND STANFORD'S QUITE AN  
UNLUCKY JOE.

YES I TELL YOU, LITTLE LELAND MUST GO.

HE MUST RETIRE  
BEFORE HIS TIME  
WE WANT A SHOWDOWN  
GO DOWN  
COMMIT A RIGHTEOUS CRIME!  
DIE, LELAND DIE!  
DON'T LEAVE DURING INTERMISSION!

END ACT 1

## ACT 2

### Kowalski Vignette

*Scene opens on Mitch Kowalski lying on the ground in the middle of a crowd. A sign on stage says "Genoa, 1348 A.D. An Unplanned Community." People are moaning, and generally looking uncomfortable at best.*

Mitch: What happened? Where am I? *He looks at a citizen.* Excuse me, what year is this?

Genoese1: Why, it is the Year of Our Lord 1348, sir.

Mitch: Wow! I traveled 700 years into the past! And everyone here speaks modern English! *He suddenly notices the moaning.* What's the matter with you?

Genoese2: We have been beset by a horrible plague! Our neighbors die before our eyes! Our children burn with the fires of-

Mitch: Now, hold on a second there, Guido. Don't you people have an elected government to take care of this problem?

Genoese3: We have our Duke, descendent of the great Boccanegra family, our glorious ruler, destined to-

Mitch (*annoyed*): Again with talking. So you don't have free and fair elections, with officials democratically chosen based on the quality of their campaign posters?

All: No!

Mitch (*Brandoesque*): The horror, the horror...*Back to normal.* Well, I'm not going to just stand here for these 5 minutes and watch you people die. I'm a man of action! *He takes some paper and a pen from a towns person and writes furiously.* I've created a survey for you all that can once and for all determine the source of this plague. *He passes them out.* Now, question one. Which of the following do *you* believe is the cause of the plague: salami, evil spirits, or what I like to call "mind-demons"?

All: Demons! Demons!

Mitch: Okay, I'm hearing "demons." Next question: On a scale from 1 to 5, how would you rate the California rolls at Giuseppe's Tavern?

*An angry mob rushes in at this point, and starts beating the plague-sufferers.*

Mob: Unclean! Unclean!



Mitch: Now, come on! People! You have to respect the diversity of your fellow townsfolk. Just because someone has fewer eyes than you do, or maybe no eyes, or maybe one of them is green, that's no reason to discriminate. *He's distracted by the women next to him, whose arms fall off.* Okay, that's...that's just fucking gross. *Lights, smoke, buzzing sounds are seen coming from offstage as the time machine begins to power up.* Oops, sorry, got to go. Citizens, my job here is done. Armless lady, I think I'll miss you most of all.

Armless Lady: Aw...*disgusting hacking cough.*

*Mitch runs off stage as the mob starts yelling and attacks again. It's called comedy, folks!*

Scene 6: 1884, Florence Italy  
<Resort type hotel...>

Senior: Here, we are, in the year 1884, in Florence, Italy. It's hard to believe the civil war was almost twenty years ago, and typhoid fever is still some twenty years from being cured.

Jane: And it's hard to believe how rich we've become off connecting the country by railroad.

Senior: We couldn't have done it without those hard working Chinamen, those fiesty Irishmen, and those loveable Mexicans. But not those lazy white people. They didn't do shit.

Jane: You mean us?

Senior: Yeah.

Junior: Daddy, can I have a pony?

Senior: Certainly. Mario, bend over. <Servant bends over, Junior looks excitedly> Hop on, son.

Junior: <having a little too much fun> All this pony-riding is working up an appetite. Can we get some food?

Jane: Why don't we go to that restaurant over there? It seems sanitary.

<Sign "Luigi's Saturday Night Typhoid Fever and Whorehouse" flies in over restaurant>

Mary: Hi, I'm typhoid...er, Mary. Have a seat. What'll it be? Here's the drink list.

Senior: Can I have one of your best Italians?

Mary: White or red?

Senior: Actually, I prefer brunettes.

Mary: Pardon me?

Senior: Well this is a whorehouse, isn't it?

Jane: Oh, Leland, always going after those Italian whores. Almost as if you have a fetish for them.

Senior: I don't have a fetish for Italian whores; Italian whores have a fetish for me!

<Mary brings out an Italian whore, Leland Sr. leaves.>

Jane: I would like a Canoli, served with a dash of the blood, sweat, and tears of the nineteenth century American proletariat.

Junior: Can I have a glass of water? And a Fresca?

Mary: That'll be all? Be right out.

*<brings out food, glass of brown water>*

Junior: *<takes a sip>*...Tastes like burning

Jane: What's wrong Leland, is everything alright?

Senior: Oh everything's just fine. The thing I like about Italian whores is, I can keep getting older, but they stay the same age.

Jane: My, Leland. That was fast!

Senior: Oh yeah, I'm a machine.

Jane: Leland, Junior doesn't look so good.

Senior: Take his temperature.

*<Jane starts to take junior's temperature>*

Junior: No, put it in the other end!

Senior: You mean, to get a faster reading?

Junior: No, for anal stimulation! The prostate is the male G-spot!

Senior: Get a doctor in here!

Ted: *<acting as doctor, enters>* This doesn't look good, I think he's come down with Typhoid!

Senior: Oh fiddlesticks. There goes another one.

Jane: Is there anything you'd like as your dying wish?

Junior: A dewy meadow full of lush grass sweet as my mother's bosom and filled with bunny rabbits with cotton candy for fur and luscious young men for me to play with who speak to me in Esperanto.

Senior: Done and done.

Jane: Anything else, my dear?

Junior: How about a glorious institution back home for liberal education where all the children of America can come to learn and become world leaders in science, literature, economics, and Comparative Studies in Race and Ethnicity!

Senior: Of course, son. We 19<sup>th</sup> century rich white folk care about nothing greater than interconnectedness of all the races in our global community.

Junior: Also, can you make sure they never **ever** ban alcohol in freshman dorms?

Senior: Of course, son. What kind of out-of-touch administration would conclude that banning freshmen alcohol would solve any of the campus' alcohol issues? That's completely idiotic.

Ted: Wait a second, Leland, try this. *<gives him pill>*. It'll take you places you've never been before.

Junior: Is it ecstasy?

Ted: No, penicillin.

Junior: Oh.

*<30 seconds elapses...penicillin enters stage left, performs interpretive dance with typhoid...wards off typhoid>*

Leland: I feel much better! *<tap dances around stage>*

Jane: Praise be to Jesus!

### SONG: I'M ALIVE

Jane:

OUR SON IS LOOKING CHEERY AND IT FILLS MY HEART WITH JOY  
HIS PROSPECTS GROWING OH SO BRIGHT  
HE'S GAY AND GIDDY WITH DELIGHT  
THE PENICILLIN WON THE FIGHT  
HE'S QUITE THE LITTLE BOY *(Mario nods in sincere assent)*

Leland:

HE'S FEISTY LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL OR A GOOD ITALIAN WHORE  
THE TYPHOID FEVER TOOK A HIKE  
KAZINSKY DROVE THE GOLDEN SPIKE  
TO SAVE OUR LITTLE DYING TYKE  
THE ONE THAT WE ADORE

Both:

YES OUR SON HAS SPROUTED A NEW SET OF WINGS  
HE CAN JUMP, HE CAN LAUGH

Junior:

AND I CAN SING!!!!  
CAUSE I'M ALIVE  
YES I'M ALIVE  
HEY MR. WORLD YOU CAN'T PUT ME DOWN  
CAUSE I WILL THRIVE!  
YES I AM FREE  
BELIEVE YOU ME  
GOD TRIED TO KICK ME RIGHT IN THE PANTS,  
BUT I DISAGREED

Ted:

OF ALL MY GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENTS, THIS REALLY TAKES THE CAKE  
YES I'VE PUT STANFORD OUT OF SIGHT  
I'VE CRUSHED ALL THAT IS GOOD AND LIGHT  
THE WORLD WILL FEEL OUR EVIL MIGHT  
THEY'LL SUFFER IN OUR WAKE

Mario:

AND NOW MY LITTLE LELAND, HE'SA GOT ANOTHER CHANCE  
OUR HAPPY TIMES WILL NEVER END  
OH HE WILL BE MY SPECIAL FRIEND  
AND HE AND ISA WE INTEND  
TO FROLIC AND TO PRANCE

Ted and Mario:

YES OUR LITTLE LAD WAS LOOKING OH SO BLUE  
WE WERE DOWN, WE WERE OUT

JUNIOR:

BUT I PULLED THROUGH!  
CAUSE I'M ALIVE  
YES I'M ALIVE  
I THOUGHT THAT I HAD DRAWN MY LAST BREATH,  
BUT I SURVIVED.  
YES I CAN SOAR.  
JUST HEAR ME ROAR  
I TOOK THE ROAD TO HELL AND BACK  
AND I'M READY FOR MORE.

DID YOU THINK THAT I WAS CALLING IT QUILTS?  
DOWN IN THE PITS?  
WELL BUDDY, TIME TO STUDY HOW I'VE HIT THE RITZ!

BETTA' SCREAM AND SHOUT  
CAUSE I'M COMIN' OUT!  
AND WHEN I'M PASSING BY, YOU BETTER SIGH,

All:  
OH WHAT A GUY!

CAUSE HE'S ALIVE	Junior: (YES DEARIES, I'M ALIVE)
YES HE'S ALIVE	(YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, IN THE FLESH)
HEY MR. WORLD, YOU CAN'T PUT HIM DOWN	
CAUSE HE WILL THRIVE	(THAT'S RIGHT, BACK OFF BUSTER!)
YES HE IS FREE	(FREE LIKE A BUTTERFLY!)
BELIEVE YOU ME	(A PRETTY LITTLE BUTTERFLY!)
GOD TRIED TO KICK HIM RIGHT IN THE PANTS	
BUT HE DISAGREED	(LOOKS LIKE LITTLE LELAND'S NOT SO LITTLE ANYMORE!)

Junior:  
I WANNA THANK YOU DADDY!  
I WANNA THANK YOU MOMMY!  
I WANNA THANK YOU TIMMY!  
I WANNA THANK YOU TOMMY!  
I WANNA SPANK YOU JIMMY!  
CAUSE I'M A HOT SALAMI!  
NOW I'LL BE AROUND FOR CELLULITE, SEQUINS, AND ETHYL MERMAN!  
CAUSE I'M ALIVE!

All:  
HE'S ALIVE!  
WE'RE ALIVE!

Junior:  
GET READY FOR ME LIFE, CAUSE I'M A COMER!

*<Bio-X man enters>*

Senior: Who are you?

Bio-X: I have been sent from the future to "take care of" Leland Stanford Junior. Where is he?

Jane: Oh, thank you, helpful cyborg, but he's already been aided by this mysteriously kind strange doctor. *<Ted and Bio X should lock eyes for a beat.>*

Bio-X: Oh. I'll be back.

*<steps off stage>*

Jane: I wonder where he went.

*<Bio-X returns with a ridiculously large gun, and graphically shoots Leland Jr.>*

Jane: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

Senior: You killed Leland! You bastard!

Bio-X: It had to be done. *<walks out, Ted follows>*

*<uncomfortable pause>*

Senior: *<stunned>* Oh well, we better go fund that major research university now.

Jane: Indeed.

END SCENE

Scene 6a: Gaieties Writer Scene – In front of black

Avril: What are we still doing here?

William: Robot Mamlet told me that as a bonus we should try to steal the Gaieties writers.

CaveMan: Ughghhgh.

William: You're right, Oski. Those Stanford crapheads have been making fun of us in Gaieties for far too long. Lets bag 'em!

*<callies sneak up with potato sacs>*

Gaieties Writer 1: So, what are we going to do this year?

GW2: Well how 'bout this, guys? We have this frat guy, right, but he's not a normal frat guy. He's got a heart of gold, and a quirky sidekick to boot. And there's this girl that he loves, but he doesn't think that she could ever love him back... but in the end, she does!!! *<All: Ooooooooooh. They all assent their love of the idea.>*

GW1: But what about Kal?

GW3: I know. Kal sends 4 bumbling, pot-smoking idiots to attempt some convoluted plan to bring down Stanford, but they keep messing up because they are **SOOOO** dumb. And in the end, our hero wins... and gets the girl... with the help of President Hennessey who says something melodramatic like "Not on my watch!" *<all love this idea too>*

Monkey at typewriter: Oooh ooh ahh ahh *<monkey noise>*

GW1: What's that, Bubbles? Your right! We'll throw in plenty of naked people! That way the audience won't even realize it's not funny! *<naked people run across. Writers are applauding themselves. Callies sneak up and bag 'em and pull them off stage.>*

END SCENE



Scene 7 – The Banishment – Exterior Stanford, minus the red fountain

<Doug enters alone, feeling pretty happy>

Doug: Wow, this has really been one crazy day. I wonder if Bio-X Man has succeeded in Saving Stanford from Kal's evil plot by killing Leland Stanford Junior, thereby saving the school from Kal's evil plot.

<statue of Bio-X Man killing Leland with a BFG flies in>

Doug: Hmm, I guess so. Now nothing stands between of Jenna and my love. Oh no, here comes Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet! But is that the real **Robin** Mamlet, or the evil **Robot** Mamlet? I should hide and see if she gives herself away. Hey look, another bush. How convenient.

<Doug hides behind conveniently placed bush>

<Robot Mamlet enters with group of rich donors>

Robot Mamlet: ...so then Mr. Bing told me on his death bed that donating lots and lots of money to Stanford University was the single most rewarding experience of his entire life. His only regret was that he did not live long enough to donate even more money. I think we can all learn a valuable lesson from his example, right?

PJ Pennypacker: That's all well and good, Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet, but doesn't Stanford have enough money already, with all of its land assets and 8 billion dollar endowment?

Robot Mamlet: Hardly. For example, <searching> Stanford's famous "Claw" fountain. It's nothing more than a hideous mess of tangled metal. With enough money, we could straighten it out and make it into something better, like a Tree... or an angel... or a giant evil robot or something.

Colonel Sanders: <incredulous look> But I thought the artistic value of the fountain was its twisted complexity... It's a statement about the modern human condition.

Robot Mamlet: <awkward> Well of course it is. What I meant was we could make it **bigger**, and even **more** twisted.

Colonel Sanders: But I thought you just said...

Robot Mamlet: <evil robot voice, lights darken> Silence!!! <reverb?> <beat. lights return> Moving on. Let's explore some of the beautiful donations of east campus by means of a visit to the stadium.

JD Rockapella: Yes, about the stadium. How would one go about donating money to help improve it? I want it to look just grand when **Stanford takes back the axe at Saturday's Big Game!** <pause for cheers, hopefully>

Robot Mamlet: I'm sorry sir, *<lights darken>* but I'm afraid Cal's victory is imminent. *<lights return to normal>* I mean, it will be a tough game, Cal has had a very good season.  
*<Doug jumps out from bush>*

Doug: I knew it... you're Robot Mamlet, an evil Cal robot sent to sabotage Stanford! But I'm on to you, and you won't get away with your evil plot!  
*<Doug charges at Mamlet and punches her in the face.>*  
*<Her head turns mechanically back and she stares at him>*

Robot Mamlet: That's it! Your ass has just been deferred.  
*<Robot Mamlet kicks Doug's ass, Crowd of students gathers to watch fight>*

PJ Pennypacker: The chair!!! Give him the chair!!! *<pointing at a random folding chair on stage>*  
*<Robot Mamlet smashes a chair on Doug>*

*<2 Police enter. One lifts Doug's limp body, the other restrains Robot Mamlet from kicking him on the ground >*

Robot Mamlet: Don't fuck with admissions, bitch. *<turns into nice Robot Mamlet again>* On with the tour, shall we? *<Donors nervously follow her off stage>*

Snap: Hey let's follow Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet. Maybe she'll beat someone else up next!

Krackle: Yeah, like the Christian Acapella group **Testimony!**

Pop: Oh man, I hope she beats the **holy** shit out of them! *<Mob exits following Robot Mamlet. Jenna remains as crowd passes by her>*

Doug: Jenna!

Jenna: Doug, don't talk to me. I don't think I even know who you are anymore. How could you attack Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet? I know senseless violence is what you and your family are all about, but, I thought you were different.

Doug: But Jenna, she's an evil robot sent by Cal to undermine our administration and destroy Stanford.

Jenna: Why are you lying to me? Who do you think you are? Maybe you're the one trying to screw things up for all of us! *<runs off in tears>*

Doug: But Jenna... *<Doug becomes sullen, Secret Service bump into him as they follow Jenna offstage>*

Officer Bert: Time to go son. We have a very strict policy about assaulting administrators unless that administrator is University Registrar Roger Printup.

JULIET SCENE - Roger Printup: Good evening. I'm University Registrar Roger Printup.  
<student comes from behind and beats him to death for an awkwardly long time>

<SARS rides by on bike>

SARS: Hey look at me. I'm not wearing a helmet, and AND I don't have a bike light EITHER!! I'm a public safety catastrophe!

Officer Ernie: Mother of god! <Pulls out a radio, talking as he runs off stage> Station, we have an 8647. Request back up. We need a Helicopter, road block, national guard, ballistic missiles. Proceed to Defcon 5!  
<MR enters>

MR: Come on Doug, this way. We've got a perfect hiding spot for you in **FroSoCo**. No one ever goes out there.

Doug: What's the point? <runs off stage, in tears>

MR: But Doug... <follows Doug>

END SCENE

**Scene 7a: Cheers Mock**

(Pre-recorded).

**END SCENE**

Scene 8: Ernie's Bar

*Guy sitting at bar looking at porn. random people shopping. Shibu at counter. DHMAPA at bar. (Huge list: A1 sign, with line through it, Marc Wais with line through it)*

Frank: So how much alcohol do you think we need to buy for our party?

Joe: Not much... I thought it was just the 12 people in our hall.

Frank: So 8 kegs should be enough?

Joe: Better make it 10.

Frank: Damn! This shit is pretty pricey.

Joe: Ever since A1-Liquors closed Ernie's has been able to markup all the wants.

Frank: You should just go somewhere else.

Joe: I can't go anywhere else. I'm 24 in here, but out there, out there I'm 18.

Ethel: *<checking out>* So this is THE guy? This is.... Shibu!!! He's even hotter in person!

Jane: Excuse me sir, can you autograph this?

*<Shibu signs paper>*

Girl gone wild: Woo! College! Sign this! *<rips off shirt>*

*<Shibu signs her breasts>*

Ethel: Aren't you supposed to ID us?

Shibu: Right... ID! Hmm... It says here you were born in 1926.

Ethel: Botox?

Shibu: Good enough for me.

Chunk: Shibu, I have to know, you've created the greatest empire in Palo Alto... So what's your secret?

Shibu: Oh we "burn down" the competition. *<beat. everyone looks at Shibu.>*errr...offer better prices and better customer relations. *<awkward silence>*AND FREE GOLDSCHLAGER ON YOUR BIRTHDAY! *<everyone cheers>*

MR: *<from off stage>* Goldschlager... I don't even know **her**!

Shibu: So enough about me, I haven't seen you around for awhile.

Chunk: Oh, you know, Safeway has better prices.

Data: (shhh!)

Mouth: What he means to say is his mom died.

*<Shibu turns around and adds Safeway to his list.>*

*<Doug walks up to the bar.>*

Shibu: So whaddya want?

Doug: *<very fast>* I came here in the fall with the giddiness of a young schoolgirl. All I wanted was to leave my past behind and hopefully meet some girls in the process. And I've met a great girl. But just because I'm sometimes a bit awkward and my father is an evil dictator, she tosses me aside like the lint from a Wilbur washing machine. When you ask me what I want, Shibu, I assume you're referring to the tempting assortment of mouth-watering and refreshing alcoholic beverages that you have lined up behind the bar. But really, there's only one thing I want, and that's just to hold this girl in my arms for the rest of my life.

Shibu: A vagina says what?

Doug: What?

Shibu: Exactly...so what'll it be?

Doug: Uhh...Just a Smirnoff Ice, I guess.

Shibu: Girlie drinks for girlie troubles. And would you like a sanitary napkin?

Doug: No thanks, I'm fine. Oh, Jenna... Jennnnnnnnnaaaaa!  
*<SIGHS>*

Shibu: Ohhh...Are you talking about JB? She's a regular here.

Doug: Jenna drinks?

Shibu: Yeah. Jenna and Dubya even did a case day together!

Doug: Well she won't be doing a case day with me. She doesn't even care if I'm alive.

Shibu: Kid, this isn't a big deal. Back a few years ago somebody ratted me out and they were going to deport me. And it hurt. I was sad. You know what I did?

Doug: Got your green card?

Shibu: Green card...right...

Doug: Then what did you do?

Shibu: Oh, just paid off the right people.

Doug: But that doesn't help me at all! Shibu, I'm at my wit's end. What am I going to do?

Shibu grins, starts to sing...

**SONG: POUND IT DOWN!**

MISS JENNA BUSH IS QUITE A CATCH, NO WONDER YOU WOULD PICK HER  
BUT HERE'S A SECRET FOR YOU PAL  
AN ANCIENT SAGE'S RATIONALE  
SHE'S JUST LIKE ANY OTHER GAL  
WHEN IT COMES TO HARD LIQUOR

POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
AND YOU'LL SET HER HEART AFLUTTER  
POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
AND SHE'LL MELT FOR YOU LIKE BUTTER

THE WOMENFOLK DON'T TOY AROUND WITH MARGARITA PANSIES  
A COLLEGE BOY WILL NOT GET LAID  
BY DRINKING MIKE'S HARD LEMONADE  
DRINK VODKA AND YOU GOT IT MADE  
YOU'RE PLEASING ALL HER FANCIES

POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
DRINK AS MUCH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN  
POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
AND SHE'LL KNOW YOU ARE A MAN

BUT DO NOT CROSS THAT GOLDEN LINE AND WIND UP O'ER THE TOILET  
FOR SHE WOULD RATHER BE ALONE  
THAN HELP YOU WITH THE PORCELAIN PHONE  
YOUR NIGHT OF FUN WILL BE POSTPONED  
SO DO NOT CHANCE TO SPOIL IT

POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
NO THE GOOD TIMES NEVER END  
POUND IT DOWN  
POUND IT DOWN  
AND YOU'LL GET YOUR LADY FRIEND

Doug: I know everything should be a lot clearer after the song, but I still just don't understand what I can do. Jenna hates me. Stanford hates me. I'm hopeless.

DHMAPA: Ah, hope. Man's eternal flaw.

Doug: Hey, you're my Drunk Homeless Middle Aged Peer Advisor. What are you doing here?

DHMAPA: The same thing we're all doing here: drinking in the hopes of eventually passing out into a dreamless sleep.

Doug: Whoa, man. I'm just here for advice.

DHMAPA: Lay it on me, kid. I've been around the block.

Doug: It just seems like everything is against me. The girl I love won't give me the time of day, and the school I love has all but closed its doors to me. I don't know what to do. I mean, check out this editorial in the Daily: "Custodians deserve a living wage, Doug Hussein deserves a fiery death".

DHMAPA: Ouch. Check out the horoscopes, then. They usually give me hope for the future.

Doug: OK...<searches paper for horoscopes for a beat>...Ahh...here. Capricorn: You will find eternal love and happiness...

DHMAPA: All right! There you go!

Doug: <continuing> ...unless you are Doug Hussein, in which case you can suck it, beotch. The zodiac, along with everyone else, hates you.

DHMAPA: Well, son. Sometimes the demons that appear on the outside are really on the inside. If I were you, I'd drown them in booze. But you're different, so I'll say this to you: Don't run from your past, or your past will become your future.

Doug: <thinks about it> That makes a surprisingly large amount of sense.

DHMAPA: 'Course it does. I read it on the back of a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Doug: Oh. <disappointed>



DHMAPA: But it's true. My past was alcohol. And I ran from it, and now my future is more alcohol. Mmmm... more alcohol.

Doug: When did you ever **run** from alcohol?

DHMAPA: The point is: master your Pabst, or your Pabst will become your master.

Doug: Did you say Pabst or past?

DHMAPA: Does it really matter? *<thoughtful>*

*<SARS and MR enter>*

SARS: There you are, Doug. We've been looking all over for you.

Shibu: Wait, I didn't know SARS was coming! You should've warned me! *<Puts on mask>*

Doug: What are you doing here?

MR: We want to follow Mamlet around to figure out what exactly is going on.

Doug: No, I have a better plan. Follow me.

SARS: Are you drunk?

Doug: The only spirit I'm consuming is school spirit... and gin.

MR: Huh?

Doug: Come on!

SARS: Where are we going?

Doug: To KAL BERKELEY!

*<music: dah dah dum>*

END SCENE

Scene 8a: In front of black – cowboy campfire in 1883

Ted: Oh BioX, I know I was sent from Kal to be your enemy, but I'm mysteriously drawn to your magnificent anti-disestablishmentarian goals. I was secretly hoping that some sort of cyborg would travel back in time to undo what I did.

Bio-X: But Ted Kaczynski, I am the pinnacle of modern science. I symbolize all you hate.

Ted: Eh, tomato, tomatoe.

Bio-X: I'm afraid I ...

Ted: *<puts hands over lips>* Shhh, don't speak.

*<KAL SONG REPRISE>*

Bio-X: I'm sorry Ted Kaczynski, I have not been programmed with the emotions of empathy or love. Perhaps in another time, another place, we could have been, but unfortunately that is not the case.

Ted: Then let us elope, to another time, where it is the right time. To another place, where it is the right place. Where man and machine can coexist.

Bio-X: No, I must depart. But I will always remember you, Ted Kaczynski. Maybe we will meet again.

Ted: Until then, fare thee well.

Bio-X: Mail me... On second thought, better call. *<Both laugh, then cry, then laugh again>*.

END SCENE

## Scene 9: Kooky Kal Kouncil

Leader: I call this secret meeting of the Kooky Kal Kouncil to order. Will someone please recount the minutes of last meeting.

Council4: Well, Uhh...you got mad and unsuccessfully tried to kill the previous Kal Council. Then, we went to get frogurt, but Billy knocked over my frogurt, and then I pulled his hair, and he started to cry. Then I started to cry. And then I...

Leader: Shut up! *<to self, raising voice until screaming at end>* I swear to God incest must take place all the time at Kal because each successive council is **dumber than the last**. *<sigh>* Anyway, to recap our plan. Right hand man?

*<RHM goes to chalkboard>*.

RHM: Well, initially we sent those idiots to steal stuff from Stanford, but that was more or less a distraction. What we were really doing was using our contact, Evil Dean of Admissions **Robot Mamlet**, to get Ted Kaczynski back in time to save the life of Leland Stanford Junior, preventing Leland Stanford Junior University from ever being founded.

Council4: Oooooohhh. That's what we've been doing? I've been so lost this whole time.

Council5: Frankly, this all sounds rather made up. *<uncomfortable pause>*

Council4: Hey, where's Councilmember Number 6?

Council5: Oh, he got bored and left at intermission.

Leader: That's enough, council-people. Now, on to order of business #2. *(Leader moves so that when Doug enters, he will not see the leader right away.*

RHM: Arts and crafts. *<everyone takes out oversized paper swans>* When we left off last time, we had just folded the beak of the paper swan inward. Now, find the crease where the wing would be, and fold that toward the rear of the...

Doug: Stop right there, weenies. I'm accompanied by a semi-dangerous airborne virus, and I will not hesitate to use it.

SARS: Yeah, it won't be so chill when I'm up in your grill.

Leader: *<From behind Doug. Now talking like Darth Vader>* Ha ha ha, greetings young Hussein. I've been expecting you. We meet again.

SARS: You...know him?

Leader: Muhahahaha...what's the matter, Dougie? Haven't told your little friends about our deeper connection?

MR: What is he talking about?

Leader <*vader-like*> DOUG...I am your FATHER!!! <*removes his hood, revealing Saddam Hussein*>

MR: No...that's not true. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!! <*a la Stars Wars*>

Doug: No guys, it's true. He's my father, Saddam Hussein. <*to Saddam*> God, you're so creepy. This is totally why I live with Mom.

Leader: Your mother's a whore!

Doug: <*frustrated*> Dammit Dad, I know. We've been over this like a million times. You went on some diplomatic jaunt to the US in the 80's and felt a little "frisky." You needed a fine, easy woman who could cool the fires raging in your loins. And the result...me!

MR: <*knowingly*> Ahh, yes. "Fires raging in the loins." Does it hurt when you pee too? <*all look at him for a beat, disgusted*>

Leader: You know Dougie, your mother was quite the tiger in the bedroom. Former gymnast. Could contort herself into all these positions...

Doug: Dad, I don't want to hear it.

Leader: Doggystyle...froggystyle...one armed truck driver

Doug: That's it! In the tradition of my former homeland, I challenge you... to a rapier duel!

MR: **Rapier? But I don't even know her!** <*rimshot*>

<*rapier duel starts*>

Leader: I accept. This will be easy. You've never been much of an athlete, m'boy.

Doug: How would you know? You were never there for me! You were always off creating international havoc!

Leader: I **was** there. What about that time I rescued you from that bus with the bomb on it that couldn't go below 55 mph?

Doug: Dad, that was Keanu Reeves, in the movie Speed.

Leader: Yeah, well what about the time we teamed up as undercover surf investigators.

Doug: That was also Keanu Reeves, in Point Break!

Leader: Right again. That guy sure is versatile.

Doug: Face it, dad, you never cared about me at all!

*<the tide turns, Doug wins the duel>*

Leader: OK, OK! You win! I'll show you where the chemical weapons are!

Doug: *<frustrated>* DAD! *<begins to walk away>*

Leader: I mean, I'll try to be a better father. This isn't easy for me son, what with all of the pressure that society puts on men to become evil dictators and take over the world. But I'll try harder. I promise.

Doug *<Helps him up, not threatening him with rapier anymore>* Aww, thanks Dad.

Leader: So...where do we go from here?

Doug: Well dad, you know that evil plot to destroy Stanford? Could you...you know... **not** try to destroy Stanford anymore?

Leader: Awww... alright. You know I was just doing it because I always wanted you to go to good ol' BU, my alma mater.

Doug: Bagdhad University? *<friendly>* Dad, you know I never wanted to go to a police-state school like that. I hear they have under cover officers with video cameras at their parties and put all the student groups on probation and stuff.

Leader: I know, son. I forgive you. Let's hug, like they do at the end of Full House.

Doug: All right, Dad. *<they hug>* Speaking of Full House, those Olsen twins sure are hot! They're going to be legal in less than seven and a half months!

Leader: SWEET! Oh man they are **so** hot...WAIT! I nearly forgot. I've already set the final piece of my diabolical plan in motion. You need to hurry back and stop the evil **Robot** Mamlet from killing Stanford President **John Hennessy**!

Doug: She's going to kill Stanford President John Hennessey!?!

*<Sars coughs, Saddam clutches at throat, dies>*

*<Doug runs off, MR and SARS>*

END SCENE

Oh FINALE! BIG GAME RALLY

MC: Now, I'd like to present our next speaker. Under his leadership, Stanford has won two Big Games for every one Big Game we've lost. Without further ado, may I present Stanford President John Hennessey! *<cheers>*

Robot Mamlet: *<entering>* Mr. President, the time has come for you to matriculate...TO HELL!  
*<pulls out gun.>*

Amy: That's not right. The correct grammatical construction is to matriculate AT hell, not TO hell. *<robot mamlet shoots Amy>*

Robot: Now your turn, Hennessey. See you in hell... I mean AT hell... or TO hell...  
Eh, screw it. Die!

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE

Doug: NOOO!  
*<Mamlet tries to shoot Hennessey, Doug dives & takes the bullet.  
Insert over the top, yet slow, Doug death scene. Crowd aghast.>*

Julia: She's reloading! Stanford is doomed!

Hennessey: NOT ON MY WATCH!!! *<grabs a supersoaker or something and shoots Robot Mamlet>*.

MR: President Hennessey! You just defeated the Evil Dean of Admissions Robot Mamlet!

Hennessey: *<confused>* Robot? *<pause>*

REAL Mamlet: *<Enters Stage, unplugs Robot Mamlet victoriously>* Now, that's enough of that!

Jorge: Look, its Evil... no wait, Good... no

Robin: I'm the *real* Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet, and my sidekick, Dean of Freshmen and Transfer Students Julie Lythcott-Haims! Ever since that ROBOT locked me in the Admissions vault and took over my job, it's been screwing everything up. Next year's class has no one from Texas or California, and there are 400 incoming freshmen from **Guam**. I'll be working overtime just to get us back on track. Good thing I have the help of my sidekick.

Julie Lythcott-Haims: That's right Robin. You get 'em in... and I'll...I'll...what exactly does a Dean of Freshman and Transfer Students do? *<awkward pause>* **'07!!!**

Hennessey: Thanks for all your good work, Dean of Admissions Robin Mamlet, and you too Dean of Freshmen and Transfer Students Julie Lythcott-Haims. Thanks to yours and everyone's brave efforts, nothing can stop us tomorrow. Let's go reclaim what is rightfully ours and WIN BIG GAME!

Crowd: *<while Hennessy, Mamlet, and Lythcott-Haims exit>* THE AXE THE AXE THE AXE

*<Crowd starts to exit. Kallies (having pretended to be part of the crowd) attempt to slip away in opposite direction.>*

SARS: Wait! There are the Callies that stole all our stuff! *<Enough of the crowd is left to cut off the Kallies escape>* Police! Police!

*<Two party going females, one can be GGW, dressed in party attire, start to walk across stage. Officer Bert and Ernie follow with video camera.>*

Officer Bert: *<to the girls and camera>* Oh yeah, this is great for our website. That's it. You know you like it. You're a dirty little girl, aren't you. A dirty, under-aged drinking girl and you're about to get wild...

Officer Ernie: This is so hot.

MR: *<interrupting>* Officers! Arrest these Kal students!

Officer Ernie: Why? They aren't missing bike lights.

Jenna: These Kal students took part in an insidious evil plan to destroy the university, not to mention the fact that they stole Hoover Tower, the Band's instruments, and many other tokens of life on the Farm.

Officers: Yeah? *<not understanding>*

Jenna: They endangered us all!!!

Officers: Yeah? *<still not understanding>*

Jenna: *<sigh>* They are parked in an faculty lot without the proper "A" permit!

Officer Ernie: Sweet Jesus. Their sin is blacker than anything we've ever imagined.

Officer Bert: We'll take it from here. *<cuff the Kallies and take them away. All exit save SARS, Jenna, the Agents, Doug (still on the ground), and MR.>*

Doug: Hello! Hello?! Where are you all going? I'm still dying here!

Jenna: Oh Doug, you saved our president's life! That's so romantic!

Doug: I can't breathe.

SARS: Here, let me help you. I can see there's something acute and severe inhibiting his respiratory function!

Jenna: NO! Get away from him, SARS!

MR: Hey, it looks like something in your pocket stopped the bullet. It appears to be a picture...of <turns to Jenna> Hey, is this you...in Tijuana... having sex with a donkey?

Agent Smith: You sure did a number on that donkey, Miss Bush.

Agent Anderson: You go, girl.

Jenna: Give me that!

MR: NO way, I gotta go. <Runs off holding picture in front of crotch.>

Doug: Jenna...you saved me & I saved Hennessy. We're cosmically meant to be together.

Jenna: <serious> Doug, how on earth did you get that picture?

Doug: Forget that. The *big picture* is that we've saved Stanford from complete annihilation, foiled those Callies once again, and now we're gonna win big game!

Jenna & Doug do their thing. During song, it would be great to have a flag backdrop that is half-American, half-Iraqi, to signify the union.

### **Méditations sur le mystère de la Big Game deux (Closer)**

THEY TRIED TO DEAL ONE UNDER THE BELT SO WE COULDN'T BEAT 'EM  
BUT WITH A ONE-TWO PUNCH AND A RIGHT HOOK WE WILL DEFEAT 'EM  
YEAH I HAVE BEEN TOLD  
WE'RE DONE WITH BLUE AND GOLD

IT WAS THEIR TURN TO CRASH AND BURN AND THEY LOST IT  
THEY TOOK THE TOWEL FROM THE ROPES AND THEY TOSSED IT  
YEAH IT SHALL RING  
AS WE SING COME ON!  
EVERYBODY GET UP TODAY  
STAND YOUR GROUND AND JOIN THE FRAY  
AND SAY, HEY,  
I BLEED CARDINAL RED.

THEY WENT BACK IN TIME TO TRY AND RUB US OUT, BUT WE CAUGHT 'EM  
THEY TRIED TO SCREW WITH STANFORD U BUT WE TAUGHT 'EM  
THEY'VE HIT A NEW LOW  
SO BEST PACK UP AND GO



AND NOW WE STAND HERE, ARMED AND READY FOR BATTLE  
WE GOT A PACKED CROWD WATCHING AND THE FLOOR, IT SHAKES AND IT  
RATTLES  
SCREAM IT AND WAIL  
AND SING HAIL STANFORD, HAIL  
EVERYBODY GET UP TODAY  
STAND YOUR GROUND AND JOIN THE FRAY  
AND SAY, HEY,  
I BLEED CARDINAL RED.

DOUG:  
OH JENNA, YOU FOUND A BOY  
BUT YOU MADE A MAN OF ME

JENNA:  
YOU STOPPED THE WEENIES FROM  
REWRITING HISTORY

RANDOM PEOPLE:  
BUT THE BOOK'S NOT DONE, AND WE'RE THE ONES  
TO WRITE THE NEXT GREAT CHAPTER  
AND IT WILL BE CALLED "STANFORD'S NUMBER ONE FOR EVER AFTER."

GET UP!  
GET ON YOUR FEET!  
RISE UP!  
AND SING IT SWEET, COME ON!  
EVERYBODY IS ONE TODAY  
WE ARE STANFORD, AND WE'RE HERE TO STAY  
AND SAY, HEY  
I BLEED CARDINAL RED!!!

*DANCE BREAK*

YEAH EVERYBODY GET UP TODAY,  
STAND YOUR GROUND AND JOIN THE FRAY  
AND SAY, HEY,  
I BLEED CARDINAL RED!!!!

END ACT II