



GAIETIES 2004

SKY LEPINSKI AND THE WORLD OF  
TOMORROW

An Original Musical Comedy

by  
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 17, 2004  
Directed by Ali Boozwe

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2004

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STANFORD  
UNIVERSITY

**ACT I, Scene 1: The Joys of Admit Weekend**

*(In front of Red.)*

Announcer:

Welcome to Admit Weekend’s ninth consecutive *acapella* show, “Pro-Frocapella,” on your left, singing those rhythmic, heartfelt ballads by black guys, Everyday People!!! *(Applause.)* And on your right, sporting cheap sarongs from their recent tour of Uzbekistan, Talisman! Two *acapella* groups, a fight to the finish--

Testimony Girl:

*(interrupts)* Hey, what about—

Announcer:

Only one can survive!!!

Testimony Girl:

Hey what about us??

Announcer:

Oh yeah, and Testimony. Without further ado, Pro-Frocapella!!!

*(SONGS, EP and Talisman each sing, progressively insulting each other further, in song. Spotlight keeps swinging back and forth, stopping on Testimony each time. They prepare to sing, and it moves on. After about 4 songs, Audience Plant stands up and yells.) (Rishi)*

**PRO-FROCAPELLA**

**LET’S GET RETARDED (EP)**

BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH' BLAH'

(TAKE IT ICE-TRAY)

YOU MAKE US ILL, THAT'S THE DEAL

EVERY ALBUM YOU PUSH PACKED WITH CULTURAL FRILLS (WORD)

IN YOUR VILLIAGE, WITH YOUR KIND

THAT MARIMBA MUSIC, ROCKS THEIR HEAD AND SPINE (JUST)

BOB YOUR HEAD LIKE YOUR ANANZI, UP INSIDE YA' HUT A MEDICINE MAN POSSE (TRY)

SOME HIP HOP, MUSIC THAT’S SLICK

YA WANNA GET LAID? LOVESPEAK FOR YOUR BITCH (SO)

I NEED YOU NOW TO THROW A DAMN FIT,

WATCH THEM FLY INTO THE TOILET

(YEAH) EVERYBODY, (YEAH) EVERYBODY (YEAH) LET EM KNOW IT (YEAH)

THEY’RE STUPID (SOMALIA)

AND RETARDED (GAMBIA) AND RETARDED (LIBYA!) AND RETARDED (ERITREA!)

TALISMAN'S RETARDED! (T: HAA!) YOU SING RETARDED! (EP: WE SWEAR!) [4X]

**CIRCLE OF LIFE (T)**

NANTS INGONYAMA BAGITHI BABA  
SITHI UHHMM INGONYAMA  
(INGONYAMA)  
NANTS INGONYAMA BAGITHI BABA  
SITHI UHHMM INGONYAMA  
(HAIREBA)  
INGONYAMA  
SIYO NQOBA  
INGONYAMA  
WE'RE TALISMAN ACAPPELLA  
PLEASE A GO AND BUY OUR ALBAMAH  
YOU PAY ONLY THE SEVENTEEN DOLLAH  
THEN YOU HEAR OUR AFRICAN SONATAH  
GIVE IT TO A LOVED ONE DURING KWANZA AH

SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE SPAWNED ON THE CAMPUS  
AND LEWDLY STEPPED ONTO THE STAGE  
DON'T TAKE A TRIP TO YOUR NATIVE HOMELAND  
YOUR EBONICS WOULD HAVE THE CHIEFS ENRAGED

THERE'S FAR TOO MUCH THAT'S AT STAKE HERE  
THOUGH YOUR ALBUMS ARE PROBABLY THE BEST  
WITH R KELLY'S BALLADS ABOUT HIS KIDDY PORN  
YOUR CD COVER FEATURES MS. JACKSON'S BREAST

IT'S A SIMPLE CHOICE  
AND IT'S FOR US ALL  
MAMLET MAY LISTEN TO YOU  
WHILE SIGNING ACCEPTANCE LETTERS  
TILL SHE FINDS EAR PLUGS, FOOLS!  
WE'RE STANFORD'S BEST SINGERS  
AND FOR THAT DISTINCTION  
WE SOLD OUR SOULS TO GAJETIES

Audience Plant:

Is a *capella* the only thing here at Stanford? Jesus Fuckin' Christ! (*Testimony, in unison, cross themselves.*)

Testimony Girl:

Our Lord and Savior.

EP Guy:

Excuse me, do you have a problem?

AP:

Yeah, I wanna know what Stanford's *really* like!

Testimony Girl:

Oh, then come up here! We'll show you! (*Audience Plant looks around, shrugs, and hops up onstage.*)

Real World Girl:

(*enters, serious and informative*) Welcome...to The Real World, Stanford. It all started when I was a freshman and at a frat party during fall quarter. I had a little too much to drink. The next morning I woke up, and I didn't get into medical school. I guess what I'm trying to say is...don't have fun here at Stanford, not if you want to succeed.

AP:

What the hell? I said I wanted to know what Stanford's *really* like!

Testimony:

Well, hey, we just got a new beat-box guy, and Prudence here has written a lot of new songs about Stanford, inspired by The New Testament—(*Prudence waves*) why don't we sing you a song about it?

ALL:

NO!!!!!!

AP:

Anything but that!

(*Head pokes out from curtain. Whenever Anyone comes onto stage, he always has weird objects with him, and is dressed kinkily.*)

Anyone

(*wearing Top Hat*) ANYTHING?!?!?!?

(*Curtain goes up, exposing Admit Weekend Activities Fair. Big ass cheesy dance opening number— idea that "Stanford's Great". All dancers are holding HUGE red folders and are wearing name tags, a la Admit Weekend.*)

## **WHEN YOU'RE ADMITTED**

INTRO

AP: (SOLO) INTRO IN FRONT OF RED CURTAIN STILL

HOW BOUT HARVARD, YALE, PRINCETON,  
CAL, NORTHWESTERN, MIT?  
SIXTEEN HUNDRED, INDECISION,  
WHO WILL TEACH A GOD LIKE ME?  
CAN I LIVE HERE?  
AND LEARN HERE?  
IF I SCREW UP?  
WHO WILL BE THERE?

CHORUS: FROM BEHIND THE RED CURTAIN STILL  
FOR FORTY K A YEAR WE WILL!!!!

VERSE

EITHER SINGLE STANFORD GUY OR CHORUS: CURTAIN COMES UP  
WHEN YOU'RE ADMITTED  
THE WORLD'S FOR THE TAKING  
YOU'RE ON THE 101  
STRAIGHT TO THE TOP CHILD

AND NOW IT'S OKAY  
WHEN SEE YOUR FRIENDS EACH DAY  
FLIPPING BURGERS MOCK THEM WITH YOUR SUMMER RESEARCH  
INTERNSHIP!!!  
(IT'S YOUR RIGHT MAN!)

WHEN YOU'RE ADMITTED  
YOU'RE A MODEST GOD OF KNOWLEDGE  
SO NOW IT'S OKAY  
TO USE YOUR GIFT CHILD

YOU DON'T OWE IDIOTS ANYTHING  
YOU FLEW HERE ON YOUR OWN WINGS  
SO WHEN GRANDMA COMES MAKE HER FEEL STUPID EVERY CHANCE YOU  
GET!!!  
(YEAH WITH SOCRATES!)

THEME (AP FIRST TWO LINES, STANFORD GUY TAKES SECOND TWO LINES)  
MAY I ASK A SIMPLE QUESTION?  
STUDENT-TEACHER RATIOS?  
THE WIND OF FREEDOM, THAT'S OUR MOTTO  
SO CLASSES, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO  
(THEY BLOW...GET IT? HAHAAAA)

**AP:**

GREAT, SO I'LL BATHE IN THE CLAW WITHOUT A CARE  
EAT TREEHOUSE EACH DAY, GO TO STANFORD HAIR

GUESS WHAT MY MAJOR IS STUDIO ART  
HOCK MY PAINTINGS IN FRISCO VIA THE BART  
AND MOM, IT'S ALL ON YOUR VISA CARD  
(STANFORD GUY: NOW YOU'RE TALKING SON!

**CHORUS**

FOR 40 K A YEAR WE AGREE!!!!!!

**EVERYBODY EXCEPT AP**

WHEN YOU'RE ADMITTED  
THE WORLD'S FOR THE TAKING  
YOU'RE ON THE 101  
STRAIGHT TO THE TOP CHILD

AND NOW IT'S OKAY  
WHEN YOU DRESS YOURSELF EACH DAY  
TO PUT ON THOSE ARMANI SUITS AND BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH  
CAVIAR!!!  
(SIX FIGURES BABY!)

WHEN YOU'RE ADMITTED  
YOU'RE A PERFECT BEING  
SO IT'S OKAY  
TO DO MASS MURDER CHILD

CAUSE YOU'RE SOCIETY'S ONLY KING  
THE CAL KID'S DECOMPOSING  
DON'T WORRY STANFORD LAWYERS ARE TRAINED TO GET YOU OFF SCOT-  
FREE!!!  
(OUR KIND DOES NO WRONG!)

**AP:**

MAY I ASK A SIMPLE QUESTION?  
STANFORD AND SCHOOL RIVALRIES?  
HERE'S THE TRUTH AND I'M NOT KIDDING  
STINKING DOG SHIT THAT'S BERKELEY

**CHORUS**

TRUE, ONCE YOU'RE ADMITTED  
FREEDOM'S AT YOUR FINGERS  
A CARDINAL GREETING  
OR PRINCETON'S SEGREGATED EATING CHILD

BUT IN ORDER TO STAY HERE  
CAUSE YOU'RE NOT CONFIRMED FOR NEXT YEAR  
DO YOURSELF A FAVOR FILL AND MAIL THAT CONFIRMATION CARD

## CHORUS

THERE'S FRISBEE GOLFIN'  
FULL MOON ON QUADIN'  
AND FOUNTAIN HOPPIN'  
WHO'S YOUR COLLEGE  
NOW?

## AP THEME:

GOODBYE HARVARD, YALE, PRINCETON,  
NORTHWESTERN, THE MIT  
SO LONG CAL CAUSE YOU'RE JUST FUCKERS  
STANFORD IS THE PLACE FOR ME  
SO I'LL LIVE HERE  
AND LEARN HERE  
AND PLAY HERE  
AND DIE HERE  
CAUSE I'M ADMITTED  
-FIN-

*(After song, disperse, leaving a young rogue named Sky and Mom in center. Sky's not like other guys, he's YOUNG, and ROGUISH. Tables are lined up along back. Axe Comm has huge table, panhandling in front. Sign: "Blow Jobs: 50 cents." The well-respected PEN 15 club has a big crowd. Also, Side by Side are surrounding an old woman tied to a chair, singing.)*

Sky:

Wow, that was really cool! They didn't do *that* at Harvard!

Mom:

*(Nasal, overprotective)* Promise me you'll never leave me.

SKY:

What?

Mom:

Skyler, I didn't squeeze you out of my bleeding vagina for you to ABANDON me for a bunch of shiny red folders, sunny weather, and fountains.

SKY:

Mom, ew.

Mom:

I'm sorry, they just looked so happy, and I don't know if I'm comfortable with that, you being happy and all. You've just never been a very happy person, and...

SKY:

MOM!! Come on, look, why don't you go to the Parents' Discussion Panels or something? You're blowing my cool!

Mom:

Oh, well, okay, you're sure you'll be fine? You know my cell phone number, and you know to meet me in front of the Bookstore if you get lost. Be careful, honey! Don't touch the squirrels! I'll call you! *(Leaves.)*

SKY:

Wow. *Stanford!* I've finally made it! These people all seem so cool! I'm so excited, I can't wait to find my niche! Maybe one of these groups will be the perfect fit for me — *(group members mob him, surrounding him completely, handing out a shitload of flyers and talking super loudly)*

Mom

*(holding can of mace)* LEAVE HIM ALONE! Don't crowd him! He has asthma!! *(group members back away clutching their eyes from the burning fury of the mace)* I knew I shouldn't have left you alone! Oh, you've got something— *(licks her thumb and cleans his cheek)*

SKY:

MOM! I'm eighteen! Go away! I can take care of myself! And I *don't* have asthma! *(Mom exits, SKY grumbles to himself. Ambitious, motivated, and slightly annoying Clara enters, nose deep in giant red folder, bumps into him.)*

Clara:

Oh, sorry.

SKY:

That's okay... *(a little nervously)* I'm Sky, Sky Lepinsky, are you a Pro Fro too?

CLARA:

Yeah. Hi. I'm Clara, Clara Barton. I got a 1560 on my SATs.

*Pause*

SKY:

*(unsure how to react to this)* Uh... thanks for sharing?

CLARA:

I'm destined for great things, just in case you were wondering. Maybe I'll save the school or something.

SKY:

Whoa, get out! Me too!

*(Their eyes meet, there is mutual attraction.)*



SKY:

*(breaking the awkward moment)* So...you thinking about joining any of these groups?

Clara:

*(pushes past him, eyes lighting up at the sight of so many forms and clipboards)* Sweet Lord, YES! Look at all these amazing student groups! I'd better hurry and sign up for all the ones I'm planning on being a part of. Oh, I just want to join every one! Let's go look!

SKY:

OK, cool.

*(They come to the first table, Cardinal Competitive Cheer. They are horrible, in case you aren't familiar with CCC)*

CLARA:

Wow, you're really good! You must be one of the most popular groups on campus.

Stacy:

Yeah, we go to Nationals every year...

CLARA:

Wow! How'd you guys do this year?

Stacy:

Um, we go to Nationals every year.

CLARA:

Um, I know, you said that, but did you guys win?

Stacy:

Well, we go to Nationals every year.

Testimony Girl:

Big deal! Anyone can go to Nationals! *We* went to Cheerleading Nationals, and we're an *a capella* group! A shitty one! *(Briskly walks offstage.)*

Chauncy:

*(saunters up, wearing a suit, shakes Sky's hand)* Salutations, I'm with *The Stanford Review*. We eat babies.

CLARA:

*WHAT?*

Chauncy

*(Quickly glances towards Clara)* Excuse us, the men are talking.

CLARA:

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold up! I am a dedicated student and a strong, motivated woman! I got a 1560 on my SATs! I'm a President's Scholar!

Chauncy:

Woman, eh? Hmm...your kind is exceptionally good at reproducing. Perhaps you should think about getting pregnant, and then NOT having an abortion. You can give us your baby, and we'll eat it for you.

CLARA:

WHAT?

*(Chauncy runs off stage CLARA and SKY move on, focus shifts to PARENTS PANEL)*

Moderator:

Let's put our hands together for Professor Miller's talk, "Calling Home: How to Strategize Phoning Your Kids When They're Wasted or Hooking Up." For our next Admit Weekend Anxious Parents' Panel Event, let's welcome Vice Provost of Has-Been Actors, Adam West. *(sign unrolls that reads "KA-POW! BAM!")*

Adam West:

*Thank* you. Thank— Welcome to the Panel for Parents of Asthmatic High Achievers. Just because your child is asth— yes, ma'am?

Inane Parent Steve:

I have a question. My daughter has always been very talented and precocious. I'm sure if she came here, she would rise to the top, as she always has.

West:

That's not a question.

*(The next two parents speak at the same time)*

Inane Parent Harry:

Are you—

Inane Parent Lillian:

*MY* son is entering with many AP credi—

West:

Hey, you, I don't give a fuck, and wait your goddamn turn. *(Whirls around to Inane Parent Rishi)* Yes, YOU.

Inane Parent Rishi:

Are you Batman?

West:

Yes, yes I am.

*(Cue Batman music, switch back to Activities Fair, where CLARA and SKY are being harassed by Axe Comm Guy named Bill.)*

Bill:

Here, just sign this, for special fees!

CLARA:

We're not even students!

Bill:

I know, but c'mon man. We need the cash, we lost special fee last year and we're really hurting. We're willing to do anything.

*(Anyone flamboyantly enters)*

Anyone:

ANYTHING??? *(Runs off when the people fail to break into song)*

SKY:

We don't even go here! Leave us alone!

Bill

Well, do you at least have some spare change?

Clara:

No, sorry.

Sky:

Can't help you there.

Bill: (To SKY)

I'll suck your dick for a dollar.

SKY:

Get the hell out of here!

*(Bill Runs off)*

SKY:

I'm getting really tired of this Activities Fair. These people are a bunch of psychos! *(Looks back, Cardinal Competitive Cheer all wave.)* I just can't take it anymore! I have to get out! I need to breathe!

CLARA:

*(EXTREMELY FUCKING FAST)* We can't leave yet! At 1, there's "Your Guide to Abusing the Disability Draw." At 2, there's Dungeons and Dragons workshop, co-sponsored by Phi Psi and The Students Coalition for Perpetual Celibacy. Then, there are the ones I'm *really* interested in,

*(While she is talking Summer, in a cleavage baring top, walks in. SKY's attention immediately shifts to her heaving bosoms.)*

"Pre-Law, Pre-Med, and Co-Term: Who Says You Can't Do All Three?" at 3 pm, and "Want an A? Have Sex with your TA!" at 3:30 sponsored by the Association of Sketchy Grad Students, or, there's a bubble bath with Provost John Etchemendy at 4.

SUMMER:

Hey. My name's Summer, do you know where the "Activities Fair" is?

*(SKY nods, follows her, staring at chest. CLARA still talking.)*

CLARA

*(looks up from within folder):* Hello? Sky? Are you even listening to me? *(Looks up to See SKY staring at Summer. SKY absentmindedly grabs CLARA and tries to get her to notice SUMMER's boobs, not looking at CLARA, only the sweet, magnificent boobs.)*

SKY:

Oh, man. She is so hot. SO HOT! You'd jump that, right? Don't lie, you would.

CLARA:

*(Disgusted at stupidity)* Do you even know who you're talking to? Is that all you see in her? A pair of bodacious tits?

SUMMER:

Yeah! Is that all you see? My tits? Because I've really been doing a lot of work on my ass, and if it's not quite there yet...

SKY:

*(Comes to his senses)* Look, sorry. *(To Clara)* I know, I should value her as a person and whatnot and so forth, and half of me really wants to look at her as an intelligent, deep, complex person. *(To himself, but facing audience)* But the other half of me just takes one look at her and thinks, "Man, give me three minutes alone with her...."

*(SUMMER giggles.)*

CLARA:

*(sarcastic)* Yes, yes. Excellent. Clearly, as an avowed feminist, I sympathize with your sentiments. You know, you should really keep your inner monologue to yourself, moron.

SKY:

Oh yeah? Well, maybe you should keep your VAGINA monologue to YOURself!

SUMMER:

I love that show!

CLARA:

*(To Summer)* Are you just going to sit here and take this? Don't you have any self-respect, are you really this shallow?

*Summer twiddles her hair. Sky continues to stare at her.*

CLARA:

HA! You know what! Fine! I don't need this.

*(Storms offstage)*

SKY:

Wow, she seemed pretty upset. Maybe we should go apologize. I mean, who knows, I'll probably end up in that girl's IHUM section. Hopefully things will be patched up between us by then, and hopefully Stanford won't be in danger of imminent destruction.

*(Begin walking offstage. As they are walking, suddenly all lights go, except for a spot in blue and gold on a Cal table, where Cal student sits sinisterly. As Sky and Summer walk by, Cal Student begins monologue .)*

The Cal Student (ominous):

MWHAHAHA! That's right my friends. Hopefully everything will be alright in six months when you arrive here as freshmen! *(Becomes progressively more excited as monologue continues, Sky and Summer look confused and stop)* Hopefully no one will concoct a plan so deliciously evil that it's guaranteed to destroy your precious little university! *(Can barely sit in his seat)* Hopefully Cal isn't planning to infiltrate and destroy your school by utilizing the latest advances in bioengineering and brainwashing to transform you into mindless slaves! MWHAHAHAHA!

SKY:

Damn...you're right. I really hope that doesn't happen.

(END SCENE WITH OMINOUS MUSIC!!!!)

## Act I Scene 2: CAL

*Spotlight on DR. CAL, in classy tuxedo. Short song about how evil he is: Introducing, past glorious times. LIGHTS EXPLODE - evil factory. Someone tortured in the background. People walk around carrying evil things - corpses wrapped in bedspreads, missiles, boxes of grenades, stuffed teddy bears, girl scout cookies, dancing girls - get it, evil.*

Lieutenant

Sir! Our human liver harvest is down 20 percent! China is very impatient!

Dr. Cal

Give them pig kidneys! They won't know the difference.

Lieutenant

*(exuberant)* Yes Sir!

Guy in executioner mask

Sir, we're having some torture trouble. I've done everything I can, but they won't break.

Dr. Cal

Have you tried taking humiliating photos?

Guy

*(exuberant)* No, but I sure will now! *(aside)* Golly, what an evil genius.

## THE EVIL RAP

**DR. CAL**

(IS THIS THING ON?

ALRIGHT

I'M GONNA LAY SHIT DOWN JUST LIKE IT WAS GROWING UP)

(MAMA SAID, MAMA SAID

I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE CRACK HO)

LAYING IN MY CRIB, NO MORE THAN ONE YEAR OLD

SMACKING MY LIPS WAITING FOR MOM'S MILK TO FLOW

SHE'D TUCK ME IN REAL TIGHT UNDER MY GARFIELD COMFORTER

YOU DON'T KNOW ME, I ONLY SMILED TO HUMOR HER

IF I COULD'VE I WOULD'VE CLEANED MY RIFLE SIGHT

DURING BERENSTAIN BEARS UNDER THE GLOW OF MY NIGHT LIGHT

LOVE YOU TO INFINITY AND BACK INFINITY TIMES

BITCH SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND LISTEN TO MY RHYMES

BUT I COULD ONLY CRY AND WHINE AND SCREAM

POINT TO MY ASS SAY CHANGE MY HUGGIES PLEASE

IT'S SICK MAN, SHOULD'VE CALLED CPS

IN THE BATH, WITH A WASHCLOTH, FUCKING CLEANING MY CHEST  
YOU JUST WAIT BITCH, JUST WAIT TILL I'M WALKING  
JUST WAIT BITCH, JUST WAIT TILL I'M TALKING  
FUCKING OSH KOSH BANDANA UP ON MY HEAD  
WITH MY PLAYSKOOL PIECE I'LL FUCKING CAP YOU DEAD

WHY?

CAUSE I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I CRAZY LIKE KNIEVEL  
YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW THE TERROR I'VE SEEN  
GROWING UP ON THE STREETS OF MY GATED COMMUNITY  
THE GANG LORD NEIGHBORS COME YELLING, FUCKING BASHING IN MY DOOR  
SAYING WANNA PICK RASPBERRIES, KAYAK SOME MORE  
I'M FUCKING SHITTING MY PANTS, NO WAY I'M GONNA CHAT  
I DON'T HAVE A DEATH WITH, I LIKE TO CUDDLE MY CAT  
BUT I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I JUMP JUST LIKE KNIEVEL  
(TAKE IT, AND FUCKING DV/DT IT MAN)

### **CHORUS**

BA BA  
EVIL IS AS EVIL DOES AND  
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES  
HE'S PLAIN YET PACKS A TWIST ENDING MUCH  
LIKE AN M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN FILM  
BA BA

### **DR. CAL**

(I'M GONNA BUST THIS SHIT OUT)  
HIGH SCHOOL WAS THE TIME WHEN I EMERGED AS A PLAYA  
A FUCKING SPIRAL IN ONE HAND TI IN THE OTHER  
MY FUCKING POSSE AND ME BIZOUNCE DOWN THE HALL  
DRINKING SHIT LOADS OF FRESCA SO HERE I AM IN THE STALL  
SHOULD I TAG  
PERHAPS GO  
WHAT TO WRITE  
I DON'T KNOW  
TARDY ONCE  
IN FOUR YEARS  
ONCE AGAIN?  
FUCK NO  
YOU SEE THE PROBLEM'S I BELIEVE THE OTHER GANGS WOULD DEVOUR  
MY FAULKNER GRAFFITI SHARPIES TEND TO RUN OUT IN LIKE AN HOUR  
SO THEY'LL BE SIFTING THROUGH AN INCOMPLETE PASSAGE FROM THE BEAR

AND THEY'LL GET MADDER AND MADDER, GO PUNCH LOCKERS WITHOUT A  
CARE  
AND I DO AT THE LITTLE THEATER HAVE TO PICK UP MY BITCHES  
AND BE SEEN ON THE WAY TO CALC CLASS WHERE I SCHOOL MY DERIVATIVES  
NOT TO MENTION FLASHING MY SIGNS IN THE CAMERA WHEN  
THE PICTURE BEGINS  
JUST ME AND MY VIOLIN  
MUSIC STUDENT OF THE MONTH  
I SAY TIME AND AGAIN  
I'M THE ORINGAL GANGSTAA  
FUCKING CODA  
THE END

AND I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I POP WHEELIES LIKE KNIEVEL  
YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW THE TROUBLE IT'S BEEN  
HAVE TO THREATEN TEACHER'S FAMILIES TO GET GOOD RECS IN  
DON'T YOU FUCKING SAY WITH THIS COLLEGE THING I'M GOING SOFT  
YOU'LL FUCKING FIND YOUR DOG OUTLINED IN CHALK ON THE SIDEWALK  
I'M A DOWN HOME GANGSTAA TRIED AND TRUE  
MY VALEDICTORIAN ADDRESS WAS FUCK YOU NOOBS  
SO I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I BREAK BONES LIKE KNIEVEL

### CHORUS

BA BA  
EVIL IS AS EVIL DOES AND  
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES  
HE'S GROTESQUE AND SCARES LITTLE KIDS  
LIKE MICHAEL JACKSON ANY DAY  
BA BA

Scientist

Special telegram from Cal, sir!

Dr. Cal

STOP THE MUSIC! (*record screech*) Kensington! (*butler type*) Get me that telegram! (*gets it, brings it over*) Kensington! Read me that telegram!

Kensington

“The red fox has broken into Mr. MacGregor’s Garden one too many times. Stop. The roses are in bloom. Stop. Weather is unsavory, Forecasts are good. Stop. Require economic boom for bubble bath at the Hilton. Stop. Sayonara.”



Dr. Cal

*(evil laugh)* Oh ho! AhHA!

Kensington

Goodness me, sir, whatever does it mean?

Dr. Cal

It's code, you undereducated ninny. Let's see. *(pulls out paper, starts writing/figuring out code)*  
Carry the two - So, either the Kooky Kal Administration wants me to enact my delightfully insane plan to destroy Stanford... or, they are asking me to a double date with a chimpanzee and Donald Rumsfeld. What was the sixth word again?

Kensington

Into?

Dr. Cal

Ah, good, definitely the former. KENSINGTON!

Kensington

Sir?

Dr. Cal

Show my head scientist in!

Scientist

Sir, I'm right behind you.

Kensington

Your head scientist has arrived sir.

Dr. Cal

Capital! Capital, gentlemen, how goes Secret Project Double Negative Alpha.

Scientist

Our results show that your impotency is purely psychological, and your interest in fashion and pottery...

Dr Cal

Ah HA! *(Cough Cough)* I meant Beta.

Scientist

OH. The transmogrifier is completed, and is functioning near full capacity. It has a 90 percent success rate of transforming Cal Students into Stanford Students. More importantly, it can be reversed to transform intelligent, motivated Stanfordites into pot-smoking Callies.

Dr. Cal

What happens the other 10 percent of the time?

Scientist

The test subjects are turned into Leprauchans. It's a puzzling, yet quite amusing, phenomenon.

Dr. Cal

Excellent! Kensington! Bring in the sodomites!

Kensington

Sir, do you mean the Cal students?

Dr. Cal

Precisely!

*In walks 3 Cal students.*

Cal 1

Man, last night, some establishment pig picked me up last night just cause I was huddled in a pool of my own vomitous feces down on Telegraph. But don't worry, don't worry, I got him back - I took a giant walrus shit all over the back of his car.

Cal 2

Up high! (*slap hands*) That guy's gonna be real surprised when the proletariat rises up and the streets run red with the blood of the oppressors.

Cal 3

Dude, this place is bright.

Dr. Cal

Silence, you skewed, skeevy stoner sychophants! (*calms himself*) Welcome to my lair. My name is unimportant. You can call me Dr. Cal. Now, before I tell you why I brought you here, first, a bit about myself. I graduated from the Young Academy for Evil Leaders (*picture of HARVARD UNIVERSITY BUSINESS SCHOOL*). Here I am at graduation (*him in graduation cap, shaking hands with Professor Stalin*). Here we are at the graduation afterparty: (*smoking out of a bong with MICHAEL MOORE, Wolfman, George W. Bush*). I've been the puppet master of almost 14 coup detats since the Nixon era. I got Pete Rose addicted to gambling and told George Lucas that Jar Jar Binks had Oscar potential. I am quite possibly the most artistically evil person to ever live, and now I am about to embark on my magnum opus. Using you four as my instruments of destruction, I will make Stanford... NO MORE.

Cal 1

Wow.

Cal 2

I am not stoned enough for this.

Cal 3

But y'know, we've been trying that for over a century.

Dr. Cal

Ah ha, my young compatriot, but you and your ilk have been going at it the wrong way. You see (*flourish*) in order to CONQUER Stanford, one must... BECOME Stanford. (*Evil laughter, bombs explode, lighting flashes*)

Cal 2

Damn he's good.

Dr. Cal

Now then, you will have to be improved. To that end, my scientists have made a great leap forward in Evil Science. Unveil!

*Scientists unveil a large cardboard box, labeled "Transmogrifier." On the front is a sign, "This Side Up."*

Scientist

You might feel a slight sting. Don't worry: that's just your DNA devouring itself.

*Cal 1 goes under, comes out as Carmen Sandiego--- yellow raincoat and hat.*

Dr. Cal

What the devil?

Carmen

I'm Carmen Sandiego, international superthief. You may remember me from such thefts as the Grand Canyon, Tianenmen square, and your bike.

Dr. Cal

Oh, blast it all, I wanted Stanford students, not mysterious video game vixens!

*Cal 2 goes in, walks out as WILLIAM HUNG.*

Hung

She Bangs! She Bangs! Hewo, I am American Idol William Hung! I dance happy and sing pretty. I have record contact and lots sex with the American girls.

Dr. Cal

Closer, closer, but I want STANFORD students for my plan, not more Kallies. Though musical talent such as his is nothing to sniff at.

*Cal 3 walks in, out walks Sandra Day O'Connor.*

Sandra Day

I'm a moderate supreme court justice with a passion for evil and an eye for judicial precedent.

Dr. Cal

My god, who is that?

Scientist

Oh dear, I believe that this is a somewhat defective version of Stanford Alumnus Sandra Day O'Connor. Just like the real O'Connor, except now obsessed with Stanford's destruction.

Dr. Cal

Hmm...she'll do. But now I need a student, not an alumnus.

Co-op

Wait, I'm a sexually liberated vegan devoted to feminism. I don't want to be transmogrified.

Dr. Cal (*soothingly*)

Now Cindy, if we're going to crush Stanford, we need people who are willing to "think outside the box." (*pause*) Now step inside the box!

*Co-op Girl walks in, walks out unchanged.*

Co-op

Well, I'm still a socially active vegan devoted to feminism. Nothing happened!

Dr. Cal

You accursed pencil-sniffers! Your machine is a complete failure! Why, she isn't even a leprechaun!

Scientist

Ah but sir, she used to be homeless. Now she lives in Synergy (*rimshot*).

Dr. Cal

Excellent. EXCELLENT! Now then, my transformed minions, my beautiful plan shall be set in motion. Action Item Number One: Take the transmogrifier and establish a base of operations in Hoover Tower.

Co-op

Why Hoover Tower?

Dr. Cal

Don't you see? With its phallic shape and large collection of primary sources and rare documents, it will function perfectly as an amplification device, allowing us to transform every

student at Stanford into a mudguzzling, potsmoking Kallie. Ready yourselves my compatriots,  
for STANFORD WILL FALL!!

### **THE EVIL RAP: REPRISE**

#### **DR. CAL**

(THIS IS HOW IT WENT DOWN)

SOMETIME IN APRIL, SHIT I CAN'T RECALL  
WITH EVERY TRIP TO THE MAILBOX, FEAR MADE ME STALL  
WOULD THIS BE THE DAY THE ENVELOPE WOULD REVEAL  
THE NEXT FOUR YEARS AND MY FINANCIAL AID DEAL  
TELL THE KIDS I READING TUTOR I'LL FLY THIS GHETTO  
I DON'T LIKE STANFORD, WHAT READ A FUCKING LIBRETTO  
I ONLY HAVE SIX T-SHIRTS, JUST GETTING PREPARED  
ALL RIGHT, MY CRACK HO MOTHER STUDIED CHEMISTRY THERE  
YOU JUST WAIT BITCH, TILL YOUR SONS' ADMITTED  
JUST WAIT BITCH, BIKE SEAT CUSTOM FITTED  
WHAT A SMALL ENVELOPE, WONDERING WHAT'S WITHIN  
MAMLET WRITE ACCEPTANCE LETTERS ON FUCKING WHEAT THINS

(OH, HELL NO!)

I'M SITTING  
AND WAITING  
MY STARE IS ABATING  
AND SHAKING  
AND CRYING  
I'M SOON TO BE DYING  
I'M TWITCHING  
I'M SICK  
IN A FIT OF HYSTERICS  
I'M FIGHTING  
AND SCREAMING  
WAKE ME FROM THIS DREAM

IS IT HOT IN HERE OR IS IT JUST ME  
MOM, WHERE'S THE LIST OF MY AFTER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES  
TWO FUCKING PARAGRAPHS IS ALL THE EXPLANATION YOU GIVE ME

(AFTER A YEAR IN THERAPY I'VE REALLY GOTTEN A LOT BETTER)

(FUCK YOU STANFORD!) [G CHORD]

FUCK YOUR JOHN STEINBECK, FUCK YOUR MICE AND MEN  
FUCK YOUR SPLINTERED REDWOOD, FUCK YOUR LOFTED BEDS  
FUCK YOUR MEMORIAL CHURCH, FUCK YOUR SANDSTONE QUAD  
FUCK THAT GLASS CUBE IN TRESIDDER WHERE YOU TRAIN YOUR BODS

FUCK YOUR INDIGENOUS WILDLIFE, FUCK YOUR FUCKING DISH  
FUCK YOUR OLD RED BARN, YOU UNDERSTAND MY ENGLISH?  
YOUR WHOLE WAY OF LIFE IS FUCKED AS IT ENTERS MY SIGHT  
EXCEPT FOR LELAND'S DEATH MASK, MAN THAT SHIT IS TIGHT  
(STANFORD'S AFRAID) G CHORD  
YOU THINK I'LL CUT YOU, YOU THINK I'LL MAKE YOU BLEED  
YOU WANT A BAND-AID, MAYBE ORDER BACTINE  
BUT YOU SEE WITH ME IT'S NOT ABOUT PHYSICAL INJURY  
I WANT YOUR MENTAL DEGRADATION WHEN I TURN YOU TO WEENIES  
AND I IMPLORE THE TACTIC NOW OF RHETORICAL QUESTIONING, WITH THE  
WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY AM I SO MEAN?

CAUSE I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I CRASH THROUGH SHIT KNIEVEL  
YOU DON'T FUCKING KNOW THE COLLEGE LIFE I LEAD  
IN THE NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL MOTHERFUCKING CAL BERKELEY  
IT'LL TAKE ALL FOUR YEARS TO SEE AN ADVISOR I SWEAR  
ANY SMALL ISSUE ON CAMPUS ERUPTS TO TIANANMEN SQUARE  
ALWAYS SEXED OUT OF MY ROOM, ALL MY SHIT SMELLS LIKE REEFER  
AND FOR PUTTING ME HERE, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS WILL SUFFER  
CAUSE I'M EVIL, YEAH I'M EVIL  
YA BETTER WATCH ME  
I DRINK JUST LIKE KNIEVEL  
(YOUR DEAD. TAKE ME OUT. MANIACAL LAUGH)

### **CHORUS**

BA BA  
EVIL IS AS EVIL DOES AND  
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES  
LIKE OUR GARISH MASTER SAID  
SOON ALL OF YOU WILL END UP DEAD  
BA BA

**END SCENE**

**Act I Scene 2a, Vignette:**  
**(Sign drops down on stage, beautiful sign reads METAPHYSICAL MOMENT.)**

**Announcer (booming, offstage voice):**  
And now it's time for this year's Metaphysical moment with head writer Woody Allen!

**Background Singers:**  
METAPHYSICAL MOOOOOOOOUMENT!

(Spotlight cues two men sitting in armchairs. One man is a bearded academic looking type smoking a pipe. The other is highly respected writer, director, comedian Woody Allen)

**Bearded Academic:**  
Mr. Allen. This year's plot, is...to say the least, rather confusing. Would you care to explain what is going on?

**Woody Allen:**  
No.

**Background Singers:**  
METAPHYSICAL MOOOOOOOOUMENT!

**END SCENE**

### Scene 3 Setting: First day of IHUM Class

TF:

Hey guys, welcome to IHUM 65: Metaphysical Passion of the Existential Microcosm of the Inner Self. I'm really excited for this quarter, I hope you are too. My name is Ulysses P. Marvin, and I wrote my doctoral thesis on the metaphysical romantic poets of Uganda.

*(cut to Juliet scene showing the professor's play. One man is wearing an African mask, and the other is wearing a Nixon mask. They are shaking hands and clothed only in loincloths)*

TF:

One day I hope I'll become a real Stanford Professor. Currently, I live in Escondido Village with my three cats. So, now that you know a little about me, how about we go around and all introduce ourselves; we're all friends here. *(Looks Sky to his left)*

Sky:

Well, whadda ya want me to say?

TF:

Just say your name, where you're from, and something we'd never expect about you.

Sky:

Oh. *(Spotlight. Pulls out a "cigarette".)* My name's Sky Lipinski. I'm from a little slice of heaven called Des Moines, Iowa. Cozy place if you don't feeling your soul **die** a bit everyday. Kids grow up fast in Des Moines: I stopped praying a long time ago - when you've lived so far off the edge for so long, you realize that the whole world's a big trash heap, it's just that some places smell more like roses and less like the leftover anchovies you finally find in the refrigerator three years later. Yup, my life up to now has been a real shit sandwich. *(Takes a long drag on his cigarette; light comes on throughout the stage)*

TF:

Well, thank you Sky, that was... magnetic. *(pause)*

Boy With Computer:

You know, that's just a candy-sugar cigarette.

*(Sky takes a bite off the "cig")*

IHUM TF:

Well, hopefully the rest of you can introduce yourselves quickly, without launching into an introspective monologue. They'll be plenty of time for pointless rambling later in the course, no need to start on the first day.

IHUM Kid 1:

Hi, I'm Jen I'm from Palo Alto.



IHUM Kid 2:

Hi, I'm Josh I'm also from Palo Alto.

IHUM Kid 3:

Hi, I'm Jane I'm from Menlo Park.

Foreign Boy:

I am Frederick. I am of indetyerminate Eastan Uropane origins. My awksent is a pastiche of Boris Badenov, golden age Ahnold, and da fat kid from Chawlie and the Chocolit Factory. I am much smahter den you think, but my awkwad English mahks me as a simpleton. Also, I am liking da sex of the Amyerican gyerl.

IHUM Kid 4:

Hi, I'm Jake I'm from Palo Alto.

WALDO:

*Waldo is silent, turns his head left and right and disapears below the table*

Clara:

Hi, I'm Clara. Let me just say that I'm really excited for IHUM this quarter, I've already read three of the books, and I think that Nitzche's theory of the ubermensch and Einstein's theory of relativity, though seemingly unrelated, can tell us a lot about post-modern society, its search for an absolute, and its failure to find one.

Sky:

Yeah, okay...*(coughs out)* IHUM girl

Clara:

Excuse me? What did you just call me?

Sky:

Oh. I was just saying that you're the IHUM girl. You know, actually does the reading, asks questions during lecture, answers them during section, and then goes home and does research for next week's reading.

Clara:

Well at least I'm not pretending to be some badass with a jaded past. Tell me if I'm wrong, in high school you were probably president of the math club. Every week you'd get together with your geeky math friends and make dick jokes..

Sky:

*(laughing)* Hehe. Did you hear the one about the rabbi that accidentally circumcised a triangle and circumscribed a baby? *(Clara gives him a look)*...Oh.

*(Enter the Fonz, a greased, superhip Grad student in a leather jacket, white shirt and jeans. Our Fonz is a sublime blend of the finest of Happy Days era Fonzie with a light touch of Family Guy's Quagmire. Oh yeah!)*

Fonz:

Sorry I'm late, Teach. My T-Bird broke down on my way over from Rains. .

TF:

That's all right, just take a seat and tell us about yourself.

Fonz:

I'm a co-term who's hot to trot and loves to party. I'm 25, that's five times one-two-three-four-five chicks in this coop I'll be looking for at Full Moon. Oh yeah.

IHUM Kid 2:

What are you co-terming in?

Fonz:

Feminist Studies. Hey hey, know your enemy!

IHUM Kid 3:

Why are you still taking IHUM?

Fonz:

Cocaine's a helluva drug. *(To Summer)* What's your name, Chesty Larue?

Summer:

Hi, I'm Summer. Summer Rain. I play with my hair and look thoughtful?

Clara:

What are you thinking about?

Summer:

My hair.

TF:

All right everyone, let's get started. For class today you read the reader up to page 47. Nietzsche wrote this manifesto when-

IHUM Kid 4:

*(to Foreign Boy)* Did you read?

Foreign Boy:

I am being the busy watching the late-night pay Cable.

IHUM Kid 5:

They ran out of readers at the bookstore.

IHUM Kid 2:

Yeah, I don't have mine either.

Sky:

What's a reader?

Fonz:

Where trees go to die.

TF:

Well, does *anyone* have their reader?

*(CLARA raises her hand enthusiastically)*

TF:

Oh great, IHUM girl, why don't you-

Clara:

Actually, my name is Clara. Well, every story corresponds to the Indo-European myth of the neoclassical hero who struggles to complete his personal quest in the face of adversity—

TF:

Very good IHUM girl, now—

Clara:

*(Red lights, Lightning strikes)* Can I fuckin' finish?! The hero represents the metaphysical passion of Post-Lapsarian man's inherent primordial instincts. Thus, the personal quest epitomizes the preeminent urge for intrapersonal maturation.

*(Blank stares from all other students as well as the TF, painfully long pause.)*

Fonz:

'Eyyyyyyyyyy.

Sky:

Actually... I hate to admit this but I think that makes a lot of sense. The way I understood it was, say I'm the callow young hero trapped for years on a humid corn farm in Iowa, suddenly let loose into the big wide world, conquering unexpected adversity at every turn. And I have a love interest.

*(The spotlight starts on Clara, she starts standing up, but suddenly it shifts to Summer. Summer raises her hand)*

TF:

Yes, Summer, what do you want?

Summer:

Um, yeah, I was just going to say...that.

TF:

Great. Well, it looks like we're almost out of time. I know that you kids have been blasted with a lot of information this past week, so I'd like to spend the last five minutes on a little breathing exercise.

Fonz:

'Eeeeyy, teach, wish I could groove to that, but I gotta go early.

TF:

You know what, fine! If you wanna go, just go then! I'm trying to teach a class here and if nobody wants to bother listening, you can just leave!

*(Everybody Starts to leaves except Clara.)*

TF:

Wait, come back! I was just being passive aggressive, guys! I didn't mean it!

Clara:

Don't worry, Dr. Marvin. I'll remind everyone that we should prepare three discussion questions in preparation for tomorrow's section.

TF:

Would you? Great. Now get the fuck out of here. *(Puts on African mask and begins crying.)*

END SCENE

#### Act I, Scene 4: Hoover Tower Takeover

*(A group of people clutching red cups are playing sloshball on the lawn. Afterward, Kallies wander on, lost, in front of what is BLATANTLY Hoover Tower, searching around for Hoover Tower.)*

Co-Op:

What does this mean? (struggles with a Marguerite map) ‘Line A counter-clockwise meets up with Line B at the Stanford Shopping Center, and then they both seem to go someplace called SLAC?’ Where is the Hoover Tower?

Sandra:

Look, mutha fucks, time is running out and we need to find a way to get to that Hoover shit and lay down the transmogrifier machine. Hey, wait. Let’s join up with this tour.

*(Tour Group passes by.)*

Guide:

And that’s the story of why Palm Drive is called Palm Drive. *(tour nods interestedly)*. Onto our next stop, HOOVER TOWER. *(Sky’s mother, on the tour, raises her hand for a question.)* Yes, Mrs. Lipinski?

Mom:

Hi, I’m Norma Li–

Guide:

Yes, ma’am, you introduced yourself on another of my tours this morning. I remember you. You’re feeling distanced from your asthmatic son and you’re trying to familiarize yourself with his surroundings so he won’t leave you in a nursing home.

Mom:

Yes, exactly, but I was jus–

Guide:

Anyway, moving on to HOOVER TOWER. *(Callies’ hand shoots up from the back.)* Yes, you in the back?

William:

What building is this?

Guide:

This, again, is HOOVER TOWER.

Co-Op:

Which one?

Guide:

The large tower behind you.

William:

...is Hoover Tower?

Guide:

YES. Hoover Tower is part of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Penis, named after Herbert Hoover, a member of the university's pioneer class of 1895 and the 31<sup>st</sup> president of the United States of America. Its phallic shape is indicative of the president's large and rather unwieldy...

William:

If my calculation are correct, this is Hoover Tower.

Sandra:

No shit! Let's go get Dredd Scott on their ass.

*(They run in. Hoover Tower backdrop flies out, sign reading "Welcome to Hoover Tower" flies in.)*

Co-Op:

Follow my lead, I've got a plan. *(Drags on their giant cardboard box that says "Transmogripher" on it.)* Special delivery for Hoover Tower!

Librarian:

Oh, how nice!

Co-Op:

Hi, we're students from The University of Cal Berkeley...

Librarian:

Oh my, that's a shame.

Co-Op:

...and we're really sorry for trying to destroy your school so many times, so we've brought you this very special gift.

William:  
*(laughs)*

Librarian:

Why, thank you, that's very kind. *(Sets the box on her desk, but goes back to her work. Awkward pause. Kallies look at each other anxiously.)*

Co-Op:

Aren't you going to open it?

Librarian:

Oh! I hadn't even thought of that. (*When she opens the box, lights go crazy, smoke appears, crazy noises, she is transmogrified. From behind her desk emerges Giant Black Squirrel. Screeches and bounds offstage.*)

William:

Lookie! Transmogrifier worked!

Sandra:

Quick, let's get moving. We need to install this thing and get it up and running.

Co-Op:

Right! Sandra- you get the transmogrifier in place, and make sure you register the IP address with the RCC. William- you go get some water for my bong.

William:

(*running off*) Don't go chasing waterfall!

Co-Op:

Carmen- stick to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to. Waldo- get lost! (*Waldo appears, meagerly walks away.*) Oh! Carmen- go get us some test subjects so we can try out the machine.

Sandra

(*typing furiously at box-computer.*) Hmm, the installation process is getting sort of tricky. It says there's a firewall that needs to be- wait, wait. Ooooh, e-mail! (*Eudora sound*), Al Gore has listed you as a facebook.com friend-REJECT, , increase your penis size... (looks down to her lap) No, no, I'm good. (Instant Message noise.) What? No, William Rhenquist, I will not have cybersex with you!

Co-Op:

Are we in yet?

Sandra:

What? Oh, yeah, yeah, we're in. (*Strokes her chin and ponders the chilling implications of a technologically advanced society without morals or ethics.*)

(*Carmen enters with CS guy, who is clutching a slide rule.*)

Carmen:

Excellent job, gumshoe. Now, behold, the *transmogrifier*!!

CS Guy

(*excited*): Ooooh, wait, is that a Transmogrifier 7,992? I always wanted to see one of those, but

the last time I left Sweet Hall was in an unsuccessful attempt to sleep with Doctor William Dement.

Carmen:

Maybe you'd like to go inside?

CS Guy:

OOOOh, can I? *(Goes inside)* OOOOOO-*(Puff of smoke, loud weird noises. He is transmogrified. Out steps Cal Frat Guy.)*

Cal Frat Guy

*(dazzlingly backlit)* Hey, are you going to finish that bowl? *(Gestures at co-op girl's bong)*

William Hung:

Wait, I don't get it. Why do we want more frat boys?... Ooooo, a frat boy! *(Bursts into song)*  
"I'm a dirty frat boy, on a dirty soccer team..."

Co-op Girl:

Oh for the love of god Shut up.

Carmen:

Kids, kids. Look, on his own, he may be nothing more than another moronic Cal frat boy, but just you watch: Boy! *(Frat boy looks up from the hit he is taking)* Put down the bong. *(He does.)* Sit. *(He does.)* Roll over. *(Etc.)* You see, people, he obeys my every command. Soon we'll have an army of peons—

William Hung:

You want me pee on him?

Carmen

*(sighs, ignores him)* An army of **peons** to succumb to our every demand. Now, Frat Boy: go fetch me the sheets from Leland Stanford Jr.'s last nocturnal emission! Go! *(He eagerly departs.)* Don't you see? With the army we will build, Stanford will soon be **ours!!!**  
Bwahaha!!!

*(Callies laugh evilly, END SCENE.)*



**Act I Scene 4 a: In Front of Red**

**Announcer:**

And now it's time for this year's moment of objectifying women.

**Background Singers:**

OBJECTIFYING WOOOOOOOOOMEN!

(Two scantily clad vixens come on stage. THEY ARE NOT NAKED, JUST SCANTILY CLAD. One is doing jumping jacks, and the other is juggling. Juggling is so hot. Enter CLARA and CO-OP Girl)

**Clara:**

Oh my god! This is terrible! You cannot just flaunt the fact that you are objectifying women!

**Co-op Girl:**

Yeah! Objectifying women is wrong!

**(Scantily clad women look at each other and shrug.)**

**Announcer:**

Fine. Then it's time for this year's naked guy to do lunges across the stage.

**Background Singers:**

NAKED GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUY!

(A naked guy does lunges across the stage.)

## Act I Scene 5: FROSOCO

*Scene opens outside Frosoco, Santa Teresa Avenue, desert-esque environment (sand dunes, camels, a lone palm tree). Stanford Heroes, sans Fonzie bike up, wheezing.*

Summer:

Wait, you guys live in Suites? I went to a beer pong tournament here, I think.

Clara:

No. This is Frosoco.

Summer:

No, it was *BEER* pong, not SoCo. They used **beer**.

Clara:

No, this is Freshman-Sophomore College, it's a dorm and two-year program designed for highly-motivated students who want to pursue a rigorous academic curriculum in their residential community—

Sky:

Basically, they trick you into living here by telling you you get two-room doubles and barbeques with Dean Bravman.

*BRAVMAN waves from background, wearing MC Hammer pants and "No Fear" shirt.*

Bravman:

Hey, kids!

Sky:

Whatever, it blows, let's just hurry up and do these IHUM discussion questions.

*Random peppy guy jogs over*

Winston:

Hey, guys! We're gonna go play some Ultimate on Roble Field! Wanna come?

Clara:

No, we've gotta do some work for IHUM.

Winston:

Whatever, it's cool, catch you on the AHHHHHHHHHHH! *(He is zapped by Kal's Evil Transmogripher in shocking display of pyrotechnics and light effects. Blue Smoke. Or just a Blue Spotlight, as budget demands)* Oh, hey guys.

Sky:

What was that?!

Winston:

Hey, I gotta go over to Hoover Tower.

Clara:

What? I thought you were going to play Ultimate Frisbee...

Winston:

Um, yeah, I'll just play in the elevator.

*Winston leaves in a zombie-like trance. His Frisbee partner follows, confused.*

Sky:

What?!

*Three skinny girls in Stanford booty-shorts jog across stage.*

Jenny:

Jessica, didn't I see you at Tresidder Fitness earlier today?

Melinda:

Yeah, I was there, but I was doing Stairmaster then. I have to run now.

Jenny:

Tote-bags. Working out is AWESOME.

Jamie:

You guys, I'm really depressed and unhappy about my body image.

Jenny:

Shut the fuck up, Jamie, just run faster.

*Transmogripher zaps all three of them. Quick change into Cal booty-shorts, their running styles change. They now speak in unison.*

Clara:

It happened again! What was that? Are you guys okay?!

AllGirls:

*(in altered voice)* WE NEED TO GET TO HOOVER TOWER. JOIN US.

*All girls run offstage.*

Clara:

Something's gone awry here...

*Sky is looking at Summer's boobs, not paying attention.*

Clara:

You guys, something is really wrong here.

Sky:

Yeah, yeah...we really need to get on those IHUM questions. Racism sucks.

Clara:

No, not about that. It's bigger than that. It's bigger than any of us!

Summer:

I'm, uh, hungry.

Sky:

Let's just go eat, we can do our questions over dinner.

*They walk up platform to Ricker Dining, DOZENS of signs say things like "Peanut Sensitive!" "No Peanuts!" "Mothers Against Peanuts!" "Penis." "No shirts, shoes, or peanuts." "Absolutely no peanuts." Etc.*

Jason:

Hi, Welcome to Ricker, a part of Stanford Dining Services, where It's All About You! Before I swipe your cards, please step aside so you can go through our peanut-screening process, since Ricker is a peanut-sensitive dining hall. Please open your bags and backpacks.

*The Peanut Gang (aka Charlie Brown, Lucy, Snoopy, etc.) get in line, attempt to get into Ricker.*

Jason:

YOU, we don't serve *your* kind here. Get out.

Charlie Brown:

Good grief.

*Trumpety "adult" voices from Peanut Gang, "bwa bwa bwa bwa" come from offstage.*

Clara:

(Speaking to writers) Hey! You stole that joke from the Daily!

Charlie Brown:

Nobody reads the Daily!

*Two big security guards, Ernie and Bert rush over and slam our trio against the wall, start patting them down violently.*

Ernie:

*(indicating Summer)* We're gonna have to do a full cavity search on this one. If you could come

with us, please.

Summer:

Hot.

*(Sky and Clara walk up to lunch counter)*

Chef:

What would you two like to eat today?

*(Two people in line behind them look on interested.)*

Clara:

I'll have 32 oz. T-Bone...medium rare.

Reynold:

Noice!

Sky:

Wow. Never seen a girl eat like that. Impressive. Most impressive.

Clara:

Yeah, you know. I work up an appetite after my daily boxing lessons.

Sky:

Boxing? You mean kickboxing. Oh, you girls and your kickboxing...always out to prevent assault.

Clara:

What? No, really, I swear. Here watch.

*Clara punches guy behind her. Sky is attracted, but won't admit it.*

Timothy:

Noice!

Clara:

Let's go sit down. *(Goes to sit. Leaving Sky looking in awe behind her)* Sky, are you coming?

Sky:

Uh...yeah. Hold on. Can I get some Parliaments and Black Coffee?  
*(They Sit Down)*

Clara:

It looks like we might be spending a lot of time together this year, Sky. I want to get to know you. Tell me something interesting about yourself.

Sky:  
(puffing on his cig, affecting maturity): Whoa there. Let's not move too far too fast, babe.

Clara:  
Babe?

Sky:  
You want to know something about me? All right. Here's something: I think that Ulysses S. Grant is far and away the classiest man on any denomination of U.S. currency.

Clara:  
Get out! I wrote my college entrance essay about that! You know, I don't like to admit this *(furtively looks around)* But I consider Ulysses S. Grant a soldier second...and a leader first. *(lights start to dim to a soft blue. Soft rock song from Jerry McGuire starts playing.)*

Sky:  
NO WAY! Ole' US Grant! Let me ask you something, does it ever piss you off that Grant is by far the least appreciated Gilded Age president?

Clara:  
YES! Oh my god, how many times have you been to Grant's tomb?

*(they get closer and closer as they get more and more worked up about Civil War history)*

Sky:  
How many grains of sand are there on the beach?

Clara:  
Or stars in the sky? *(Long Pause)* You know, for a slightly grating poser, you're pretty thoughtful.

Sky:  
And, you know, for an IHUM Girl, you're not that pedantic.

*(Now realize how awkwardly close they are. Pause, Sky is embarrassed at how mushy things have gotten. Tries to lighten things up with a joke.)*

Sky:  
You hear that one about a priest, a rabbi, and president US Grant?

Clara:  
Yeah, the one where they...

Sky:  
Yeah they...

Sky and Clara:

*gibberish, oh you go, no you go, oh.... (laugh the delightful laugh of two young people ravishingly in love.)*

*(Lights up on US Grantlike character fat, bearded, uniformed, old-timey sabre.)*

Grant:

HOHOHO. Well, there's nothing I like to see more than two young people in love.

*(Fonzie walks in, slaps Sky Lepinsky on the back)*

Fonz:

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Lepinsky, what's he talkin' about? You settlin' down? Turnin' square? What do you think this is, a romantic comedy starring John Cusack?

Sky:

*(emasculated)* Yeah, well hold on there. I don't love this...skirt. Yeah, sure, we both Civil War history. We're just friends. Nothing more, nothing less. Well, maybe less.

Clara:

*(rebuked)* Yeah, yeah. I don't even like him that much. I mean, he's so callow, and roguish.

Sky:

*(now also rebuked)* And she's...IHUM girl. You know. Talks a lot. Gets good grades. Really annoying.

Clara:

And he's such an asshole. You know, thinks he cooler than he is. Act all tough, but secretly gets the immunity boost when he's at Jamba Juice.

## **WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG**

**CLARA**

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MEET ANOTHER PERSON WHICH, WOULD  
REVIVE MY TACTFUL YET VINDICTIVE INNER BITCH, SINCE  
MISTER DIEGO IN GRADE SCHOOL  
GAVE ME A B ON MY REPORT  
WELL NOW YOU SLEEP WITH THE FISHES  
WHO HAD THE LAST RETORT?

(Sky: You killed him!?!)

Clara: No, he's churro vendor at Sea-World)

SKY, WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG  
NO WE'RE NEVER GONNA SING A LOVE SONG

I'D SOONER FUCK IN JELLO  
AT EXOTIC EROTIC  
THAN BE WITH YOU, OH

WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG  
NO WE'RE NEVER GONNA SING A LOVE SONG  
AN INFINITE REGRESSION  
I HATE YOU

**SKY**

NOW PLEASE JUST GIVE THIS ONE MORE MOMENT  
A CHANCE TO LET YOU THINK THINGS THROUGH  
A CATCH LIKE ME NOW THERE'S A KEEPER  
FOR FROSH FORMAL, HOW BOUT US TWO?

**CLARA**

(TALKING: YEAH...ABOUT THAT)  
FIRST DAY YOU'RE STRUTTING UP  
MAN, IOWA'S HOT STUFF  
PLEASE, YOU'RE JUST A PUSSY WHIPPED MAMA'S BOY  
WITH HIS COFFEE AND CAP'N CRUNCH AND  
WHEN I THINK OF YOU I SELF-INDUCE VOMITING  
RATHER THAN KISS YOU, I'D LICK THE TOILETS IN GREEN  
YOU'RE AS SMART AS A COUCH  
YOU'RE AS SMOOTH AS A RAKE  
DO THE WORLD A FAVOR  
PUT A BAG OVER YOUR FACE  
YOU'RE AS STRONG AS A JUICE BOX  
AS BRAVE AS A SQUIRREL  
IS THERE SOME CHARM?  
NO! LIKING YOU MAKES ME WANT TO HURL!

(Let's Dance! – Spoken by either Sky or Clara)

These next spoken lines occur during the ballroom dancing music

(C: You know your sweat stains aren't as bad as I first thought)

(S: Thanks, and I find your apparent lack of estrogen refreshing)

(C: Thanks)

(C: Ow! That's my foot asshole!)

(Alternate Sky / Clara, starting with Sky)

NERD

TURD

HAG

DRAG

CUNT

RUNT

UGLY



ED  
WEENIE!!!  
OH TOUCHÉ

SKY

WHEN I WAS LEAVING FOR THIS CITY  
MY MOMMY WARNED ME OF YOUR KIND  
A KNOW-IT-ALL AND DADDY'S PRINCESS  
YOUR MUSTACHE IS BETTER THAN MINE

BITCH  
WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG  
NO, WE'RE NEVER GOING TO SING A LOVE SONG  
I'D SOONER SHOVEL SHIT, MARRY A HEIFER BACK HOME,  
THEN TAKE YOU TO DINNER

WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG  
NO WE'RE NEVER GONNA SING A LOVE SONG  
IT'S JUST LIKE EATING VEGAN  
I LOATHE YOU

SKY & CLARA

(C) WHILE I'M WRITING MY PWR PAPER  
YOU'LL HAVE DRANK AND PASSED OUT LIKE A TURD

(S) YOU'LL GAUGE OUR SWEET SWEET LOVING  
WITH A SUPPLY AND DEMAND CURVE

(C) YOU WON'T SHOWER OR WASH YOUR SHEETS  
(S) YOU'LL GO FREE SPIRIT LIVE IN EBF

(C) MULTIPLAYER ON MY PLAYSTATION  
(S) NOW A TRIP TO THE SOUP KITCHEN NOW THAT'S THE BEST!

(C) THAT'S NOT ME  
(S) YES IT IS  
(C) THAT'S NOT ME  
(S) FACE THE TRUTH  
(C) THAT'S NOT ME  
(S) TA'S PET  
(C) THAT'S NOT ME  
(S) (GEEZ CLARA YOU'RE SUCH A...)

(Tradeoff same as before starting with Sky)  
NERD  
TURD

HAG  
DRAG  
CUNT  
RUNT  
UGLY  
ED  
PISSY  
SISSY  
BITCH  
SNITCH  
LARD  
'TARD  
SKUNK  
PUNK  
SASS  
ASS  
SKIRT  
FLIRT  
(SLOW DOWN)  
DEEP  
SWEET  
TOMATO  
TO-MAH-TO  
(TOGETHER WITH A PAUSE) LOVE?

(Talking over the accompaniment:

(S) Wow I never noticed your eyes before; they're so huge and bulbous

(C) My family all has big eyes, what's it to you?)

**SKY AND CLARA** (Clara sings first two stanzas and Sky sings final stanza)

(C) WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG

NO, WE'RE NEVER GONNA SING A LOVE SONG

PLEASE NOTHING MORE THAN ONE SINGLE MINUTE WITH YOU

YOUR FACE IS MAKING ME NAUSEOUS

(S) WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG

NO, WE'RE NEVER GONNA SING A LOVE SONG

I'M NEVER GONNA MAKE AMENDS WITH YOU

TOGETHER

WE'RE NEVER GONNA GET ALONG

NEVER GONNA GET ALONG

NEVER NEVER NEVER NEVER (2X)

I HACHU HACHU HACHU HACHU

WHY WON'T YOU DIE

WHY WON'T YOU DIE

DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE  
SO, THERE!

Sketchy Sam:

Suck it, Stanford! *(He throws a handful of large, very oversized and not real peanuts into Ricker Dining, laughs maniacally)*

*(PANDEMONIUM ensues, all students scream and run in different directions, shit is fucked up)*

Clara:

Oh my God, Sky, what are we gonna do?

Sky:

What's going on? Everyone's going nuts... get it? Get it?

*Summer returns, rubbing her sore ass. Security Guards return and zip up their pants.*

Clara:

Why has everything gone crazy? Suddenly everybody needs to get to Hoover Tower, and everyone's acting like zombies!

*One of the Stanford Dollies walks by.*

Dolly:

Hey guys, coming to the Stanford pep rally?

Sky:

Oh, I didn't even know there was one. Where is it?

*She is suddenly transmogrified with lights and smoke and all that.*

Dolly:

IT'S IN THE EVIL KAL LAIR AT HOOVER TOWER. SEE YOU THERE! *(she exits)*

Summer:

You guys, I think something's going on.

Clara:

No shit, Summer. Sky, I think I get what's happening now. Kal has somehow managed to transmogrify all these Stanford kids, and are drawing everybody to Hoover Tower.

Summer:

This is just like the Cuban Missile Crisis.

Clara:

What?!? No, Sky, what are we going to do??

*(The Fonz skids in.)*

Fonz:

Eeeeeyyyyyy! Guys, let's hit up Hoover Tower.

Clara:

Oh no, they got him too!

Sky:

*(shaking Fonz violently.)* Why're you going to Hoover Tower? Did Kal get you too?

Fonz:

What? Did you see those three sweet-ass hotties jogging over there in those booty-shorts? They must'a had a keg in those backpockets, cuz I gon' tap that!

Clara:

You guys, get serious. We've gotta do something about this!

Sky:

Clara, I don't think there's anything we can do.

Anyone:

*(pops out of curtain)* ANYTHING?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

Clara:

We need some help! Let's go to the largest all freshman dorm on campus and see if we can recruit anyone for our crusade!

*(Song begins, that explains how they must go on a quest, what they must do, etc. The song is explicative of everything that must happen, all the tasks they must perform. Starts off Fellowship)*

Give Em The Axe (Sky, Summer, Clara, and Fonz)

**ALL** (spoken over baseline)

I pledge Allegiance to the S  
of this memorial university  
and to the Board of Trustees for which it stands,  
one campus, Cardinal, indivisible,  
with housing and education for all.

**SKY**

Is everyone listening, I've been planning this course of action for a while  
WELL TROUBLE'S BEEN BREWING ACROSS THE BAY, SCHOOLS EVERYWHERE

SHOULD LOOK  
THE HEMP FILLED STREET OF TELEGRAPH HIDES TRANSMOGRIFIER NOOKS

BUT WE MUST BE GENTLE  
TAKE THIS THROUGH THE PROPER CHANNELS  
THEN UNITE AND ACT RESPONSIBLY

TOGETHER WE'LL SCOUR THEIR STREETS  
AND EXPOSE THIS FOR COMMON GOOD  
WHILE OUR SCHOOL LOVES CIVIL ARGUMENT  
WE HATE PUTTING AXE TO WOOD

AND GIVE EM THE AXE?  
WE WON'T GIVE EM THE AXE  
THOUGH WE'RE ALWAYS CHANTING  
TO USE IT IS FRIGHTENING...TO US

SUMMER, DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO ADD?

SUMMER  
THE ANTS GO MARCHING ONE BY ONE, HURRAH, HURRAH  
THE ANTS GO MARCHING ONE BY ONE, HURRAH, HURRAH

**SKY**

Summer that's not helping

**SUMMER**

Sorry

**SUMMER**

WE'RE SURE OUR SOURCE OF WOE AND FEAR'S  
ATOP OUR TOWER'S BELLS  
YOU'D BEST BE SCARED NOW THAT YOUR FRIENDS  
ARE WEENIE DRONES FROM HELL

OH WE WISH THIS WERE A TEST  
BUT YOU AND YOUR HALLMATES COULD BE NEXT  
THOUGH IT'S JUST US FOUR  
WE ACT FOR EACH OF YOU

CAUSE WE WANT TO SAVE OUR SCHOOL  
SCREW WHAT THOSE SCHOLARS SAY  
WE'LL CHARGE HEADFIRST INTO BATTLE  
TO TAKE THIS THREAT AWAY

AND GIVE EM THE AXE  
WE'LL GIVE EM THE AXE  
SINCE ALL ELSE HAS FAILED  
HAIL STANFORD HAIL...RIGHT NOW

**CLARA**

SO NOW WE SAY A MANIAC HEADS UP THEIR GHASTLY BUNCH  
THE FEAR AROUND THIS RIVALRY IS TOO GOOD TO PASS UP

THOUGH WE KNOW YOU'LL ABHOR  
THE CRAP WE SELL IN THE BOOKSTORE  
BUY MERCHANDISE AND ADOPT OUR CATCHPHRASE

SINCE THEIR LEADER'S A FERAL MONSTER  
YOU MUST HELP US MAKE HIM FALL  
THE TRANSMOGRIFIER? YEAH...ABOUT THAT  
WILL YOU ANSWER THE CALL?

TO GIVE HIM THE AXE  
WE'LL GIVE HIM THE AXE  
FORCE HIM TO OBEY  
PUT HIM ON DISPLAY...FOR ALL  
(Extended Clara vocals)

**FONZ**

THAT WHOLE CAL SCHOOL'S A MELTING POT OF TOIL, BLOOD, AND STRIFE  
THEY HATE US FOR OUR RIGOROUS YET LAID-BACK WAY OF LIFE

SO WE'LL FREE THE DRONES WITH FORCE  
SET EM ON A CHANGE OF COURSE  
THEN WE'LL SMILE AND SHAKE HANDS IN THE END

CAUSE WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES, IF THEY WANT  
A FUTURE IT STARTS TODAY  
LIVING UNDER THE "S" OF OUR VICTORY FLAG  
WILL TAKE THEIR BREATH AWAY

**ALL:**

WE'LL GIVE EM THE AXE  
SO GIVE EM THE AXE  
KNOW THEY'RE SUBHUMAN  
LEAVE THEM IN RUINS  
SO GIVE EM THEM THE AXE  
WE'LL GIVE EM THE AXE  
ALL WE ARE SAYING, IS

GIVE SLASHING A CHANCE

WHERE?

RIGHT IN THE NECK

RIGHT IN THE NECK

RIGHT IN THE NECK

YEAH!!!

RIGHT IN THE NECK

RIGHT IN THE NECK

RIGHT IN THE NECK

YEAH!!!

YOU'RE GONNA

KILL THOSE PEOPLE THAT ARE GOLD AND BLUE

KILL THOSE PEOPLE THAT ARE GOLD AND BLUE

FEAR THOSE GUYS CAUSE THEY'RE DIFFERENT THAN YOU

PRANK THEIR CAMPUS AND THEIR LITTLE BEARS TOO

(HA HA HA!!!)

MUSIC SOLO

**ALL**

AND WHEN THE GOOD FIGHT IS DONE

AFTER WE TAKE TIME TO REFLECT

WE'LL EYE OUR PALLY BORDERS,

AND PLAN OUT WHO IS NEXT

**SKY:**

Everyone ready to move out?

**END ACT I**

**Act 2 Scene 1: Dorm of Assholes**

*(A bunch of Assholes all sitting around playing "Would You Rather".)*

Tom:

Mike, it's your turn.

Mike:

Okay. So, would you rather have genital warts, or *be* genital warts?

Dave:

Um, I'd rather have genital warts.

Mike:

Then, would you rather be genital warts or eat genital warts on pizza?

Dave:

I'd rather..*vomits*.

*(Cheers and high fives all around. RA enters carrying a bags of chips and candy and a pack of soda. Along with a flood of assholes)*

RA:

House meeting everyone! It's ten o'clock! Time for house meeting!

*Random "fuck you"s shouted throughout the dorm.*

RA:

We have free soda!

*More "fuck you"*

RA:

We have candy and chips! And Tanner's on his way with some Krispy Kremes...

*Ditto*

RA:

Just shut up! This is only gonna take two seconds.

Harry Dick:

I took two seconds with your mom last night!

*(chorus of "OHHHHSSS!" in the background)*

RA:

Calm down. We have just a few dorm announcements. East Palo Alto Tutoring starts on Tuesday.

Harry Dick:



Your mom needs a tutor.

(OHHHHHHH)

Theme Assistant Alpha:

Good one, Clarence. My fellow Theme Assistant and I have a few reminders for you. As you all know, although being a member of the Asshole Theme Dorm makes you cooler than everyone else, you also have a few Theme requirements to complete. You must attend at least three Asshole seminars.

Theme Assistant Omega:

Next week, I'll be teaching "Roofies and the Metrosexual: How to trick her *TWICE*".

Alpha:

And, we have a special guest lecture by our RF, returning Provost Condileeza Rice, who will be giving a presentation called: "Iraqi Prisoner Abuse in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century: There's Plenty More Where That Came From, You Fucking Camel Toed Turban Face."

Jim:

*(raises hand, acknowledged by Alpha)* I've been living in the Asshole Theme Dorm for a few months now, and I don't see how it's so different from any other dorm...

Omega:

Oh, Jimmy, there's so much you have to learn.

### **THE ASSHOLE DORM THEME SONG**

ASS  
HOLES  
ASS  
HOLES  
ASS  
HOLES  
ASS  
HOLES  
SOUNDOFF!!!  
GIRLS ARE  
GREAT FOR FUCKING!!!  
WHAT ELSE?  
LATE NIGHT SUCKING!!!  
YOU DON'T  
AGREE?  
WE'RE ASSU APPROVED, WE HAVE LOTS OF SPECIAL FEES,  
ATTENTION, DICKS UP!!!

**CHORUS**

WE'RE ASSHOLES, WE'RE ASSHOLES  
WE KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE ARE  
THOUGH WE SNEAK THROUGH THE SHADOWS  
YOU'LL KNOW OUR CALLING CARD

WHEN THERE'S PISS ON THE TOILET SEAT  
A BIKE LOCKED TO A DOOR  
YOUR FOOD IN THE FRIDGE IS NO MORE

WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES,  
DON'T TAP ON THE GLASS OF THE ASSHOLES  
WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
WE WARNED YOU AGAINST FEEDING THE ASSHOLES

(ANY ASSHOLISH BEHAVIOR TO REPORT?)

**ONE GUY**

THERE'S THIS GIRL IN MY CHEM CLASS  
WITH A SPELLBINDINGLY PLUMP AND ROBUST ASS  
WHEN I THINK OF PENETRATING HER ANALLY  
I CAN'T FOCUS ON CHIRALITY

SLIP SOME ROOFIES IN HER JUICE SQUEEZE  
BUT SHE SPOTS ME AND CALLS ME A PERV  
SO NOW I'M GROPPING SWEET ASS ON MY HUFFY  
IT'S MORE EFFICIENT, WHEN I'M PEDDLING AFTER HER

ASSHOLE! (YELLED BY ALL)

**CHORUS**

WE'RE ASSHOLES, WE'RE ASSHOLES  
WE KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE ARE  
THOUGH WE SNEAK THROUGH THE SHADOWS  
YOU'LL KNOW OUR CALLING CARD

MEDIA-MICROTEXT IS FINING YOU  
DORM DRYERS BLOW A FUSE  
THE FRAT PARTY RUNS OUT OF BOOZE

WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
WE'LL DO BLIND DATES WITH YOU AND AN ASSHOLE  
WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
WE'LL DRINK TILL YOU'RE ATTRACTIVE, WE'RE ASSHOLES

(ANYONE ELSE?)

## **SECOND GUY**

MAN IT'S DARK, I'M LOST, FUCK I GOTTA PEE  
I GOT WASTED AT TAIKO WITH THAT SAKE  
AT ENCINA I'M PISSING ON THE SIDEWALK  
SO I STOP AND SMOKE ALL MY POT

WHY'RE MY URINE-DRENCHED HANDS SO SLIPPERY?  
MY ZIPPO LIGHTER FALLS INTO THE GRASS  
SO NOW EAST CAMPUS IS FLAMING AND COOKING  
THE COLORS ARE BRIGHTER, WHEN YOU'RE STONED OFF YOUR ASS

ASSHOLE! (YELLED BY ALL)

## **CHORUS**

WE'RE ASSHOLES, WE'RE ASSHOLES  
WE KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE ARE  
THOUGH WE SNEAK THROUGH THE SHADOWS  
YOU'LL KNOW OUR CALLING CARD

THE ATM'S OUT OF ENVELOPES  
AND AXESS GOES AWAL  
YOU STEP IN CUM IN YOUR SHOWER STALL

WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
THE FIRST RULE, DON'T TALK ABOUT ASSHOLES  
WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
THE NEXT RULE, DON'T TALK ABOUT ASSHOLES  
(YOUR TURN JIMMY...MAKE US PROUD)

## **JIMMY**

WELL IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, MY CHINESE HOMEWORK, IT LAYS OPEN, UNTOUCHED  
BY A PEN  
AFTER BOKCHOY AND WATER IN THE DINING HALL, I THEN GO TO A SIMPS  
SHOW WITH A FRIEND

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT I'M UP TILL ELEVEN  
HIGH ON DIET VANILLA COKE  
BUT THANK GOD THAT I MASTERED THAT VOCAB.  
IT'S NEARLY SATURDAY, SHUCKS THAT WAS CLOSE

(MAN WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WICH YU? LITTLE LELAND DIED TO GIVE YOU  
ALL THIS, AND THIS IS HOW YOU TREAT HIS NASTY ASS CARCASS?)

(J): I...UM...I JUST

AH I'M JUST PLAYING WICH YA. BREAK IT DOWN HOLES!)

MUSIC SOLO WITH DANCE

**EVERYONE**

EVERYBODY,  
WE'RE ASSHOLES, WE'RE ASSHOLES  
WE KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE ARE  
THOUGH WE SNEAK THROUGH THE SHADOWS  
YOU'LL KNOW OUR CALLING CARD

WHEN YOU QUESTION, NOW WHY IS IT  
MY GOOD PLANS GO AWRY  
YOU BREAK DOWN AND CRY AND CRY  
(REMEMBER US!)

WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
THE LIFETIME MOVIE'S CALLED BAND OF ASSHOLES  
WE'RE ASSHOLES, ASSHOLES  
SET YOUR TIVO TO RECORD THE ASSHOLES

TAKE US OUT BOYS

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

ATTENTION, DICKS DOWN!!!

-FIN-

RA:

OK everybody, we've got some outside announcements.

Alice:

(A cheery, peppy girl) Remember, please try to keep it under twenty seconds. Or we'll cut out your tongue.

*(Sky, Clara, Summer come onstage. Cancer people walking off, pass Stanford Heroes Assholes cat-call at Summer, make obscene gestures.)*

Summer:

Hi! Hi, how are you? Hey, hi...ooh, hi! Hi there!

Clara:

Where the hell are we?

Sky: .

I don't know. But these guys seem like huge assholes. Is this SAE?

*Walk in all the way to give outside announcement.*

Summer:

Hey guys, listen up. Hoover Tower just hit an iceberg and now IT'S SINKING and THERE AREN'T EVEN ENOUGH LIFEBOATS FOR EVERYONE and EVERYONE IS GOING TO DROWN!

*Dorm of assholes has no response because this makes no sense.*

Clara:

What? No...these Callies took over Hoover Tower and they installed this machine that's going to change everything!!! And we need your help to stop them.

RA:

You want help? From these assholes? What in-- (his cell phone rings) Oh! It's Tanner! (talks into phone) Tanner? Where are you? Where're the Krispy Kremes? Uh-huh, uh-huh, yeah...what?! You're stuck in traffic? You guys! Tanner's stuck!

Everyone:

Tanner's stuck?!?!?!?

RA:

Uh-huh, uh-huh. You took the wrong exit? Tanner, fuck!

Everyone:

Tanner, fuck!!!!!!

RA:

Uh-huh, uh-huh? Shit! You just got rear-ended! Tanner's truck!

Everyone:

Tanner's truck!!!

*(giant duck walks on)*

RA:

Look, it's Tanner's duck!

Everyone:

Tanner's duck!!!

Duck:

Quack.

(Pause)

Everyone:

BRANNER SUCKS!

*(Madness ensues as Branner does something. Stuff goes on in background marching band, etc. etc. or whatever).*

Clara:

Oh my goodness you guys, this is getting really serious. We need to get to Hoover Tower as soon as possible.

*(The Fonz appears)*

Fonz:

Hey! Party!

Clara:

Where the hell have you been?

Fonz:

Hey it's Full Moon on the Quad Day at TriDelt! And by Quad I mean foursome. And by foursome I mean—

RA:

Hey, calm down everyone, we're almost finished. I guess now it's time for dorm Kudos! Would anyone like to start?

Dillan:

I'd like to give a Hot Carl to Jake. For taking a shit in all the downstairs washing machines and pissing in the dryers. Man, that was fuckin' sweet.

Josh:

Yeah, uh, I'd like to give a Dirty Sanchez to Mike. He gave that guy crabs. *(Points to random guy in the audience.)*

Annette:

I'd like to give a Rainbow Kiss to Alex ...for giving me a Rainbow Kiss.  
*(Clara can't take it anymore and stands up in front of the group.)*

Clara:

You guys! This is really important! Don't you want to save your school?

*Two assholes run in. Actually, one asshole and his former asshole friend who is now a Callie*

Jason:

Hey guys! We were just on our way to MemChu to take the Lord's name in vain, when all of sudden this giant beam of light from the top of Hoover Tower totally fucked Drew in the ass and

now he's talking about how Cal is so much superior to Stanford, and how being a mindless Cal drone isn't so bad. (*Drew acts really fuckin' weird.*)

Drew:

We need to get to Hoover Tower RIGHT NOW.

Clara:

Look, you assholes! Don't you get it? The Callies at Hoover Tower are transforming all us Stanford students--we have to go there and stop them!

Alvin:

Oh, man, that totally reminds me. I want to give a Donkey Punch to Dylan and Derrick. They helped me sneak into Hoover Tower through the steam tunnels and put Saran Wrap on all the toilets.

Clara:

That's it!

Summer:

Yeah, we'll stop the Callies with Saran Wrap!

Clara:

Just Shutup, okay? We'll sneak through the steam tunnels to get to Hoover Tower!

Simon:

Wait, wait, wait, wait. Before you guys go, we have to give one more kudos. Mikey, I wanna give you a Flaming Amazon for clubbing THIS (*points to Sky*) motherfucker in the knee-cap.

Sky:

What? That didn't happen. (*Mike clubs Sky in the kneecap*) Owwww! Why did you just do that??!?!?

Mikey:

I don't know? Why is building 550 in the Quad the Men's Bathroom?

(END SCENE)

**Act II Scene 1a:**  
**(THX Music plays in the background.)**

**THX Logo comes up, reading**  
“The Audience is drunk”

END SCENE



**Act II, Scene 2: Vaden**

*(Sky, Clara, and Summer, Fonz run in. They are all in HYSTERICS, except for the Fonz, Sky has a bloody, DISGUSTING wound that is visibly outrageous, they are all screaming.)*

Sky:

AHHHHH THE PAAAAAIIIIINN!!!!

Clara:

HELP!!! SOMEONE HELP!!!!!!

SUMMER:

AHHH!!!

*(More screaming. Very calm receptionist at front desk looks up patiently, smiles, elevator music plays, silence.)*

Receptionist:

Hello. *(Giant friendly smile.)*

Clara:

My friend is seriously injured, we need some medical attention NOW. He just had an accident like five minutes ago!

Receptionist:

Okay, do you have an appointment?

Sky:

What? No, this happened five minutes ago!

Receptionist:

Hm. Okay, please step to the right and we'll be with you in a moment.

*(Overly-pregnant girl walks in the front door. She is the Testimony girl from the Admit Weekend scene. Clara recognizes her.)*

Clara:

Oh my God! Weren't you that girl from Testimony who was singing at Admit Weekend?

*(Fonz is visibly disturbed.)*

Testimony:

Yeah, that's me! Oh! *(Notices Fonzie)* It's you! I've been looking for you everywhere, how are you?

Fonzie:

Yeah, I'm fine pancakes. How...are you?

Testimony:

Good, good. You know, I can't stop thinking about our magical night together. You and I, wrapped in a lover's embrace, whispering sweet nothings into each other's ear...

Clara:

Good God!

*(They all look at Fonzie, disgusted.)*

Fonzie:

Eeeeeeeey!

*(They all laugh and shrug their shoulders.)*

Sky:

How can you stay mad at the guy?

Receptionist:

Bun in the oven?

Testimony:

Oh, no thanks, but I can't, I'm on Atkins.

Summer:

*(aside)* She's on Atkins? She looks kind of fat...

Clara:

She's pregnant, you idiot. *(back to Testimony)* So you're on Atkins? Isn't that kind of dangerous? I mean, how far along are you?

Testimony:

I'm a sophomore.

Clara:

No, I mean...what trimester are you in?

Testimony:

Actually, at Stanford, we're on the quarter system.

*(Juliet Scene, Jerry Seinfeld delivers his monologue on the quarter system)*

Jerry:

What's the deal with the quarter system? I mean, are there three quarters, are there four? Make up your mind! And if there are three quarters, shouldn't they be called trimesters?

(BACK TO THE ACTION ONSTAGE)

Clara:

So...when's it due?

Testimony:

The take-home midterm? It's due on Monday. I'll see you guys later, nice seeing you! (*exits*)

Clara:

Sky?! Are you done with those forms yet?

Sky:

Yeah, yeah, hold on a second. (*reads from clipboard, confused*) "Please list your extracurricular activities?"

Clara

Okay...

Sky:

"Two trains are fifty miles apart, traveling towards each other at 30 miles per hour. Given this information, do you have insurance?"

Clara:

What?

Sky:

These questions don't make any sense!

(*Clara grabs notepad hastily from SKY*)

Clara:

"Jot a note to your future roommate," what? What is this? Come on, my friend is seriously bleeding here and needs help FAST. Can we just go in there?

(*Receptionist hasn't been paying attention this whole time. Looks up from his desk.*)

Receptionist:

Hi...can I help you?

Clara:

WHAT THE FUCK! (*They push past the receptionist anyway.*)

(*Lights quickly fade to spot in front of stage or somewhere, girl is standing, fellating a large banana, in front of a circle of students. There is a sign that says Sexual Health Peer Resource Center. Dina, a PHE, is leading an info session with attentive students*)

Dina:

As part of the SHPRC's ongoing sexual health awareness series, this week's lesson will be on oral sex, and to demonstrate I'll be performing fellatio on this banana. (*She begins fellating, while person in front raises hand.*)

Doug:

Um, excuse me, do you actually know how to do anything other than fellate bananas?

Dina

(with banana in mouth): Mwhwohanohwanoah

Doug:

What?

Dina:

(*now in normal voice, not with a mouthful of banana*) No.

Audience plant:

Fellate away, baby!

(*Lights go back up on the heroes, waiting in the doctor's room.*)

Clara:

Sky, I'm so worried about you.

Fonzie:

Oh, it's nothing sweetcheeks. He'll be fine.

Sky:

NOOO! I won't! The pain! THE PAAAAIN!

Fonzie:

(*pulls Sky aside for conversation*) Lepinsky, relax. If you wanna get the girl, you gotta play it cool.

Sky:

But, I'm hurting! Hurting in a bad way!

Fonzie:

Listen to me, and listen good, the most successful womanizers throughout history were those who suffered in stoic silence.

Sky:

Really? Like who?

Fonzie:

How about Gandhi? He nearly starved himself to death, but it was all worth it in the end when he ended up with the girl of his dreams.

Sky:

Wait, wasn't Gandhi trying to obtain Indian independence? I didn't know there was a woman involved.

Fonzie

*(Chuckles to himself)* There's always a woman kid, Always.

*(Doctor enters.)*

Doctor:

*(Doctor Hibbert style, from the Simpsons)* My, my, it looks like we got another case of mono here...Johnson, what do you recommend we do?

Johnson:

I recommend the nine iron, sir.

*(Doctor pulls out nine iron)*

Clara:

What? He doesn't have mono, look at his leg!!

Doctor:

Oh my, I've never seen such an awful case of leprosy in all my years as a physician. Johnson, better hand me my putter..

Sky:

Leprosy? What are you talking about? Look how swollen and puffy my leg is!!

Doctor:

You are absolutely right. I've got some big news for both of you. This man's leg is pregnant. That's what we in the business call a "preg-leg." All right, who knocked up this gentleman's leg?

Clara:

Are you even a real doctor?

Doctor:

Why, sure! DeVry, Class of '82, and three years residency at the Stanford Driving School.

Clara:

Oh fuck it! I'll do this myself. (*She finds gauze and tears it with her teeth, makes bandage and fixes Sky's leg.*) There, good as new.

Sky:

Wow, that feels a lot better.

Doctor:

My, my. Couldn't have done better myself. I'm sorry to have to run, but I have a more pressing appointment with the Lynx. I bid you good day, and congratulations again on that preg-leg!

*(Doctor and caddy exits. Heroes go back to the reception area, where Summer again joins them, with banana.)*

Summer:

Hey you guys, I learned the coolest thing! (*begins peeling banana.*)

*(Tiny Tim, a small boy on crutches wearing tattered 19<sup>th</sup> century wear (trousers, newsboy cap, etc.) comes hobbling in, coughing weakly.)*

Receptionist:

Well hello again, Tiny Tim, how's that tuberculosis?

Tiny Tim:

Well, it's doing okay, but I actually came in for a more sensitive matter. I need to pick up the morning after pill for my girlfriend.

*(DISGUSTING girl in Chi-O shirt barges in, loud, reiterate: DISGUSTING)*

Chi-O:

TIMMY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What's takin' so long? Did you get the pill? I just spilled my Pannido all over your Escalade!

Clara:

Come on, guys, we gotta get to Hoover Tower.

Sky:

But we can't go outside, everyone who goes outside gets zapped!

Clara:

Guys, don't you remember? We can use the Steam Tunnels to get to Hoover Tower, it's the perfect plan! We'll be safe from the evil rays of the transmogrifier underground!

*(Exeunt, End Scene)*

### SCENE 3: STEAM TUNNELS OF LOVE

*Curtain opens to Stanford Heroes in steam tunnels with lots of steam. Lots of steam. The background is a painted version of Super Mario Brothers I, the underground levels.*

Sky

Hey, this place is vaguely familiar... (Cue Mario Brothers Underground theme song). Man, I can't see anything down here. Clara, is that you?

Fonzie:

Hey, that's me. Hey, don't stop.

Clara:

OK guys, lets split up and look for the entrance to Hoover Tower.

*Heroes break up. Clara/Sky, Fonzie/Summer go in pairs.*

*Summer and Fonzie run into the Stanford Labor Action Committee . SLAC has a ridiculous number of signs, is protesting everything. Possibly one person has a misspelled sign, with another protesting the grammatical error of the first sign.*

SLAC1

What do we want?

SLAC:

Justice!

SLAC1:

When do we want it?

SLAC:

Sometime in the foreseeable future!

Summer:

Oh my god, Clara, it's a party!

Fonzie:

Yeah. The communist party.

Summer:

Hey, who are you guys?

SLAC2:

We're the Stanford Labor Action Committee. We're selling Stanford Labor Action Figures,

wanna buy one?

Fonzie:

Not really. Why are you guys down here anyway?

SLAC3:

President Hennesy said he'd meet us down here.

SLAC4:

Of course, that was almost a month ago. He must be really busy.

*Juliet Scene: President Hennesey's Office*

Assistant:

President Hennesy, its time for your meeting with the Labor Action committee.

Hennesy:

*(screaming)*Not on my watch!

*Steam. Switch to Sky and Clara. Zimbardo is conducting a pysch experiment in the steam tunnels. Lots of people who are all missing their left arms are in various stages of pain, ruckus, confusion. Zimbardo is sitting on a throne.*

Sky:

What's going on here?

Zimbardo:

Oh hello, I'm Professor Zimbardo. Are you here to observe my experiment?

Clara:

What in God's name are you doing down here?

Zimbardo:

Well, I've cut off all these subjects left arms to test the effect of forced amputation on my own general well being.

Sky:

What? Isn't that slightly unethical?

Zimbardo:

Why would you say that? Which psychological association did you say you were with?

Sky:

None, we're just a couple of Stanford students

Zimbardo:



Delightful. Now come over and bring your left arm.

*Sky and Clara run. Back to Fonzie and Summer, who happen upon guys in really kinky leather outfits.*

Fonzie:

What the hell is going on down here? No women, male bonding, latent homoeroticism? What is this: A Western?

Summer:

Who are you guys?

DKE:

We're DKE, now leave us alone. No girls allowed.

Fonzie:

Oh I get it, this is a fraternity rush.

DKE2:

No, no. Just Friday.

*(Focus shifts back to Sky and Clara. Sky is nervous, about to confess his love.)*

Sky:

Clara, there's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Clara:

What is it Sky?

Sky:

I...(can't make himself do it, unless it is in song form, of course) I really hope we save the school. That would be... uh, the best.

Clara:

Oh...

Sky:

Were you expecting me to say something else?

Clara:

Well...

*(cue song that begins with them singing their thoughts separately, and then end up singing with each other to reveal their love.)*

## SO THIS IS LOVE

### SKY

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HER  
THE WORDS NEVER COME LIKE I PLANNED THEM  
I BET MY BREATH EVEN STINKS  
DAMN THAT THAI FOOD

BUT CLARA WHEN I'M WITH HER I SMILE SO BRIGHT  
I THINK ABOUT HER DAY AND NIGHT AND  
GOD THIS IS STUPID  
COME OUT AND SAY IT

SO THIS IS LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
FROM MY HEAD  
TO MY TOES  
MY VOICE CRACKS  
AND IT SHOWS  
THIS IS LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
WITH HER

SO I'LL JUST TELL HER SHE'S SPECIAL  
SHE COMPLETES MY VESSEL  
I'LL HOLD HER  
AND HUG HER  
AND KISS HER  
AND CUDDLE HER  
I'LL TELL HER I NEED HER  
I'VE LOVED HER  
SINCE WE'VE MET  
(YEAH RIGHT, I'LL BE A STATUE)

### CLARA

THE DICHOTOMY IS SUCH  
HOW I'VE LONGED FOR HIS TOUCH  
BUT IF I DISCOURSE LOVE  
I-HUM SHIT FILLS THE AIR

SHOULD I JUXTAPOSE THIS THOUGHT  
WITH THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD

WHAT'S A PITHY AND LUCID  
WAY TO SAY I CARE?  
(SHIT I DID IT AGAIN)

SO THIS IS LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
HATE TO SAY IT  
IN LOVE WITH HIM

AND SINCE THIS IS LOVE  
I'LL TAKE THE PLUNGE  
CAUSE ALL THROUGH ME  
THIS FEELS SO RIGHT

SKY (Monologue in ala President, Morpheus or Independence Day) music is in background  
(Clara? She answers "Yeah?")

{Love, can any mortal ever truly understand the devilishly quixotic yet often times brutish emotion? I cannot be so certain. {But after she leaves and I am reduced to a puddle of despair collapsed in my own ocular secretions, {I stand up, my fists raised to the heavens and yell this is my fight, this is my burden, {I can change, I am not a stereotype! I assert with the collective strength of all those who have come before that {I am not staring at your bosoms, I am staring at your heart, I will shave, I will watch Gilmore Girls, I am in love with love!

**Clara:** Sky WHAT THE FUCK!!!

**Sky:** (free of tempo, comes out of his daze) Look Clara, what I'm trying to say is  
(Tempo starts up)

THAT I'LL BE THERE  
I DO CARE  
WHEN I'M WRINKLED, WEAR DENTURES AND HAVE NO HAIR  
I'LL KISS YOU  
STILL LOVE YOU  
YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY

SO THIS IS LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
HATE TO SAY IT  
IN LOVE WITH OH  
I'M IN LOVE OH  
I'M IN LOVE OH  
I'M IN LOVE  
SO DAMN MUCH  
WITH YOU

**SKY & CLARA**  
SO THIS IS LOVE

WE'RE IN LOVE  
WE'RE IN LOVE  
WE'RE IN LOVE  
FROM OUR HEADS  
TO OUR TOES  
OUR VOICES CRACK  
AND IT SHOWS  
THIS IS LOVE  
WE'RE IN LOVE  
WE'RE IN LOVE  
I'M IN LOVE  
WITH YOU

SO THIS IS LOVE  
WE'RE IN LOVE  
HATE TO SAY IT  
IN LOVE WITH HIM/HER (LOOK AT AUDIENCE AND POINT TO EACH OTHER)

AND SINCE THIS IS LOVE  
WE'LL TAKE THE PLUNGE  
CAUSE ALL THROUGH US  
THIS FEELS SO RIGHT

{FADE OUT MUSICALLY}

-FIN-

Sky:

Clara, I like you a lot.

Clara:

Yeah, me too.

*(Cue Spot on Clara/Sky making out. Spot moves to Summer/Fonzie. Cued by spot, they also start making out. ANYONE (the character, not just any damn person on the street) comes on stage, dressed sharp. During the shift in focus, Summer slips offstage.)*

Anyone:

Hi, everyone. We've had a lot of laughs tonight, but I'll tell you something that's not funny: Pre-marital intercourse. We here at Gaieties would like to remind you: don't feel pressured. Wait till you're ready. The right person will come along.

NAKED GIRL RUNNING ACROSS STAGE:

I'm the right person! Orgy in the claw!

All:

*Excited exclamations about joining her... There she goes! The right girl! She's mine!*

*As everyone except Heroes runs off (Summer follows offstage), Sarah Ball comes on stage, cries quietly in the corner.*

Clara:

Hey, it's disgruntled pro fro, Sarah Ball! Sarah, what are you doing down here?

Sarah Ball:

(Shivering) It's the only place on campus that reminds me of the East Coast.

Clara:

Man, we have got to get out of here or the school is doomed! How are we going to get to Hoover Tower?

*(Exit Sign Flies in)*

Sky:

How convenient! Let's get out of here!

Fonzie:

Hey, what happened to Summer?

Summer:

(From offstage) Oh my god, you guys, look! I found my virginity! I haven't seen her in forever!

*(Exeunt. END SCENE.)*

Act II, Scene IV THE RETAKEOVER OF HOOVER TOWER!

*Open to Stanford Heroes and a Hoover Fellow in elevator shaft.*

Sky:

Well, uh, here we are in the elevator SHAFT.

*Hoover Fellow snickers.*

Summer:

Hey, did you guys know Hoover Tower was ERECTed in 1912.

*Though he's conservative, Hoover Fellow cannot contain himself.*

Fonz:

And it's still hard and firm after all these years, oh yeah.

Clara:

This place is kinda creepy. It's this massive...throbbing...bastion of conservative thought.

Hoover Fellow:

I'm a Hoover Fellow. And I work in a Penis!

Stanford Heroes:

C'mon... that's gross... No need for vulgarity... boo

*Elevator dings. The ride is over. Opens to Callies and Dr. Cal with their Transmogripher.*

DR. CAL:

And now that we've transmogrified Mike Montgomery into the Coach of the Golden State Warriors, its time for a really evil act of evil: turning the ASSU into a bunch of ineffective, soul less, yes-men.

Stanford Heroes:

*Shrug* OK

DR. CAL:

Oh, and did I forget to mention that they're working for Kal!

Stanford Heroes:

Nooooooooooooo

*Soulless ASSU minions come onstage carrying an ASSU flag. In addition, they are carrying a flag or sign denoting this occasion to be an Absolute Fun event.*

DR. CAL:

Now you are going to die. ASSU, attack! (*ASSU is about to attack.*)

Sky:

Wait! First one offstage gets thief soul back! (*ASSU minions fall over themselves attempting to be the first ones offstage.*)

DR. CAL:

Ah, quite clever, my young rogue.. Luckily we have a plan B in place, turning President Hennessy into a bottle of Hennessy. How will your University function when your President is 40% Alcohol by volume?

*Transmogripher is warming up, Summer jumps in front of the beam.*

Summer:

No, not that!

*Summer is transmogrified into a bottle of Hennessy Cognac. Note that Hennessy was a favorite beverage of the late, great, 2pac Shakur.*

Sky:

How can you do that? You can't just turn my friend into a bottle of Cognac!

Sandra:

OVERRULED!

Clara:

What are you talking about, we're not even in a courtroom!

Sandra:

SUSTAINED?

Clara:

What are we going to do, I can't think of anything!

Anyone:

Anything? (*Dressed in leather, kinky, you get the picture.*) Here, take these fuzzy handcuffs.

Sky:

Wait, I've got an idea! We can just appeal to their nobler instincts through song!

Clara:

That's right! Everything is more convincing in song form!

*(SONG: Entitled, **Please, stop it.** The song is appeals to Co-op girl's sense of environmentalism, Sandra's keen use of judicial precedent, Carmen's jet setting life style, and William's utter inability to cut it as a performer)*

**CLARA, SKY & FONZ**

PLEASE STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T DESTROY OUR SCHOOL

WE BEG YOU

BEG YOU

BEG YOU

BEG YOU

BEG YOU

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

STOP IT

PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T DESTROY OUR SCHOOL

Sandra:

That was a surprisingly convincing song.

Co-op girl:

Yeah, you're right. Let's not destroy Stanford.

William Hung:

My gift is my sooooooong!

Dr. Cal:

*(Shocked)* You idiots! All it takes is one song to convince you to give up your hatred of Stanford University?!?! Well, fine! I'll continue my plan regardless! Stanford is doomed!

Co-op:

Not so fast!

*(Callies grab Dr. Cal, and hold him tight in front of transmogrifier ray.)*



Carmen:

What should we do with him?

Sandra:

Let's turn him into a benign, second tier administrator.

Co-op Girl:

Yeah! Like University Registrar, Roger Printup!

Dr. Cal:

NOOOOOOOO! Please! Have mercy! I'm an evil genius, I LIKE who I am. Just let me go, and I promise not to wreak havoc on your campus!

Clara:

Well, I'm sure this is a terrible idea, but let's give him the benefit of the doubt. You're free to go, as long as you don't cause any more trouble. (*Motions to Callies to let him go. They do.*)

Dr. Cal:

(*Now free*) MWHAAAAHA! FREEDOM!

Sky:

Wow. In retrospect, the decision to let him go was a terrible one. I sure hope it doesn't bite us in the ass.

Fonzie:

Eeeey! Don't worry about it, Lepinsky. At least the transmogrifier is out of commission.

Sky:

Don't speak too soon. Sure, nobody is using it, but it hasn't been destroyed. How in god's name are we supposed to destroy such potent, futuristic technology?

*Stanford heroes walk up to transmogrifier cardboard box, Sky crosses out the word transmogrifier, and puts the word "car" underneath it. Sound of an engine starting from offstage. Box gets up and starts walking offstage with engine sound.*

Sky:

Wow, we just saved the school! Looks like I achieved my destiny after all.

Fonzie:

Too bad Summer had to die, she was one cool chick. That's going to be some fine looking cognac.

Clara:

Yeah, and too bad Branner is still full of assholes.

Sky:

And Ricker dining is contaminated with peanuts.

Clara:

I guess the only thing we've left to do is go to Summer's Funeral. (END SCENE)

Act II, Scene 5 – FINALE, BABY!

*(At Summer's grave, in front of mausoleum. People somberly carry Summer's casket to her final resting place, somberly. Sky, Clara, the Fonz, and other random Stanford students)*

Sky:

Wow, I can't believe Summer is dead.

Clara:

*(Gives him the look)* Yeah. Just thinking about her rotting underground makes me realize how fragile life is. *(short pause)* Speaking of life, I have a bio midterm tomorrow. Can we get going?

Fonz:

What I wouldn't give for one more romp in the oval with Summer. One more frolic through the Sterling Quad. At least she'll live on through her work.

Sky:

What work?

Fonz:

Let's just say the work she did in the stacks. Oh yeah. Or should I say sacks. Oh yeah.

Julie Lythcott-Haines:

*(Woefully mourning)* Ohhhhhh seven.... Ohhh eight.

*(Robin Mamlet comforts Julie)*

Clara:

Wow. I've never seen her so lifeless.

Sky:

What, Summer? Yeah, she's dead.

Clara:

No, Dean of Freshmen and Transfer Students Julie Lythcott-Haines. All of the administrators are taking this really hard. No one's ever died trying to save the school before.

Mamlet:

I know this has been a hard day for all of you. But I just wanted to say that you've all really stood out today. Just like everyone else here.

Sky:

It's true, we do make a pretty good team.

Clara:

Yeah. We saved the school.

Julie Lythcott-Haines:

*(profoundly)* You two should go to Freshmen Formal together. You never know where life will take you. You won't be freshmen forever.

Sky:

You're right. Clara, will you go to Frosh Formal with me?

Clara:

Sure!

PHE:

97% of Stanford graduates marry other Stanford graduates!

*(Clara and Sky look at each other awkwardly. Dr. Cal comes back on stage.)*

Random Student 1:

Oh no! Dr Cal is back!

Random Student 2:

His vague promise to leave us alone must have been a lie!

Random Student 3:

Summer's funeral is doomed!

John Hennessy:

Not on my watch! *(Uses a Nerf gun to disable Dr. Cal, knocking him down.)*

Everyone:

Hurray!

*(Students rush in to grab Dr. Cal. Summer wanders back on stage.)*

Sky:

Wait, Summer, what are you doing here? I thought you were dead.

Summer:

I thought **you** were dead!

Clara:

What?!? Wait, but if you're not dead, who did we just bury?

Sky:

Uh, has anyone seen University Registrar Roger Printup?

*(pause)*

Hennessy:

Let's go win Big Game!

*(Administrators excitedly rush off after Hennessy in a sort of conga line.)*

Clara:

Sky, I'm so happy. Summer's alive, we're going to frosh formal, and now we're going to win Big Game!

## FROM THE FOOTHILLS

### **SKY**

I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING  
ZOMBIFIED AND SNORING  
I'M TRUDGING MY WAY TO CLASS  
SLOUCHING IN SECTION  
YAWNING AT THE QUESTIONS  
WHEN I'M ASKED  
MY MOM SAYS I'M HOMESICK AND DEPRESSED  
AND YET I'M SMILING INTO THE WEB CAM  
IT'S THE FRIENDS, THE GOOD TIMES  
THE BEAUTY OUTSIDE  
JUST TAKE IT IN FOR A MINUTE  
THAT'S ALL I ASK

FROM THE FOOTHILLS, TO THE BAY  
AND THIS CAMPUS, SUN DRENCHED YET GRAY  
SOME STUDENTS'LL LEAVE YOU, FOR A TURKEY DINNER  
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, OR TO SEE THEIR LITTLE SISTER

BUT STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
WE'LL KIT THANKS TO IM-ING  
THE SUPER SHUTTLE'S AT MY DOOR  
I SAY GOODBYE TO MY FRIENDS, AND EACH TIME I'M FLOORED  
STANFORD  
MY HOME SWEET HOME

### **CLARA**

IT WAS CUTE WHEN YOU SUCKED ON AMERICAN IDOL  
YOU CORNER THE MARKET FOR MOOSE CALLS IN HEAT  
KIDS IN STITCHES LIKE RANDY, REPLAYED YOU ON EBAUM'S  
THE LAUGHTER HAS DIED, NOW WE JUST GNASH OUR TEETH

SO WHAT KEEPS YOU GOING, WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO TALENT

THOUGH IT'S FUN TO TAKE SHOTS WHEN YOU GO OFF KEY  
YOU'RE WORSE THAN RALPH WIGGUM, AND DEAF PEOPLE CRINGE  
WHEN AT FRY'S THEY SPOT HANGIN' WITH HUNG DVDS

**HUNG** (Singing She Bang')

IT'S TRUE

IN SPECIAL EE CLASS

WITH MY HELMET ON

CAUSE I WORK LIKE I SING

AND SING LIKE BANSHEE SPAWN

AND I SUCK, I SUCK

OH BABY I CAN'T SING, CAN'T SING

YOU GO CRAZY

BUT THEY PROMISE BRING LOADED DUMP TRUCK OF MONEY TO ME

IF ONE-HIT WONDER

SELL SHIT ON TV

AND I SUCK, I SUCK

MORE ANNOYING THAN RYAN SEACREST SHOW

SING IN TUNER AND IT EXPLODE

NOW I DECIDE SINCE I DONE WITH THE VERSE I CAN GO AND CRY

(weeping to himself)

**SKY** (Singing theme song to Where in The World is Carmen San Diego?)

TELL ME, WHERE IN THE WORLD IS

CARMEN SAN DIEGO

WHY IN THE WORLD IS SHE WORKING FOR BERKELEY

WELL SINCE 9.11

ISN'T IT HARD TO BE JET-SETTIN'

THOSE DAMN SECURITY CHECKPOINTS

SIT BETWEEN FAT GUYS ON THE PLANE

NOW HOW ABOUT YOUR LOVE LIFE

WHEN'S THE LAST TIME THAT YOU'VE BEEN LAID AND

AT STANFORD WE HAVE

OUR OWN PRIVATE AIRPORT

OKAY SO WE LIED

IT'S STILL BEING BUILT

**SANDIEGO**

I FLY ABROAD ROUTINELY

BUT THIS LAST TIME SURE FREAKED ME

HAD TO CHECK MY NAIL CLIPPERS

IN THE TERMINAL I'M SITTING

SLOWLY ADMITTING

I WANT A CINNABON

I CAN'T RECALL A DAMN THING I LEARNED IN GUAM

BUT I MADE TOILET MERLOT IN PRISON

GUESS I'LL HANG UP MY HAT, CALL IT QUILTS, LIVE IN VIETNAM

**SKY AND CLARA**

FROM THE FOOTHILLS, TO THE BAY  
AND THIS CAMPUS, SUN DRENCHED YET GRAY  
YOU'LL LEARN PLENTY, IN YOUR STUDY ABROAD  
AND FOR YOU, THERE'S A SOUNDPROOF PRACTICE ROOM IN BRAUN

**SANDIEGO AND HUNG**

STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
LIKE THE GERMAN SAYS  
THE WIND OF FREEDOM  
I'LL HAVE A QUIET ROOM IN 680  
I'LL AUDITION AND STAR IN GAJETIES  
STANFORD  
OUR HOME SWEET HOME

**FONZ** (friendly boy band like when he's talking to O'Connor then coarse for Co-op girl)

THE FIRST WOMAN ON THE BENCH  
ASK YOURSELF WHY YOU NEVER LEFT  
MAYBE YOU FOUND SOMETHING THERE  
WORTH FIGHTING FOR  
WELL SO DID WE AND IT STANDS RIGHT HERE  
GOING STRONG 113 YEARS THIRTEEN  
WHAT ABOUT LAST YEAR'S GRADUATION  
THE COURT'S AFFIRMATIVE ACTION DECLARATION  
WHILE NO DOUBT YOU CAN RECALL  
STUFF THAT'S CHANGED SINCE YOU WERE CARDINAL  
YOU'RE PART OF OUR FAMILY, YOU'LL NEVER BE SHUNNED  
THIS MESSAGE FROM THE THE STANFORD FUND

THESE MORALS ARE DRAINING, MY PATIENCE IS FAILING  
BE YOURSELF, STANFORD'S GREAT, KID STOP COMPLAINING  
EAT YOUR GRASS, KISS YOUR WHALES  
AT JASPER RIDGE CLEAN GRIME OFF SNAILS

(NOW IS IT) FINALLY TIME FOR US GOOD AND BAD GUYS  
SIDE BY SIDE TO END THIS MUSICAL WITH PRIDE  
BELT MONOSYLLABLES THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
WHILE WE DANCE AROUND AND FLAIL OUR HANDS?

**EVERYONE**

BA BA SECTION REPEATED  
ENOUGH OF THAT NOW TELL ME WHO ARE WE?  
WE'RE CARDINAL REPEATED  
ENOUGH OF THAT NOW TELL ME, TELL ME, TELL ME, TELL ME, WHO ARE WE?!!!

WE'RE CARDINAL REPEATED

IT'S THE FRIENDS, THE GOOD TIMES  
THE BEAUTY OUTSIDE  
JUST TAKE IT IN FOR A MINUTE  
THAT'S ALL WE ASK

**EVERYONE**

FROM THE FOOTHILLS, TO THE BAY  
AND THIS CAMPUS, SUN DRENCHED YET GRAY  
SOME STUDENTS WILL DRIVE BACK, FROM A NEARBY CITY  
OTHERS'LL USE THE BAGGAGE CLAIM WHEN THEY REENTER THIS COUNTRY

BUT STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
DAY OR NIGHT SEE THOSE PALM TREES WAVING  
BACK WHERE I STARTED AT MY DORM  
I SAY HELLO TO MY FRIENDS AND EACH TIME I'M FLOORED

**EVERYONE**

STANFORD

(WHERE) WE'RE LEARNING EACH DAY

STANFORD

(WHERE) WE'LL TAKE SOME TIME TO PLAY

STANFORD

JUST DON'T FORGET ABOUT US

WE'RE SURE YOU'LL BE BACK NEXT YEAR

BUT IN THE MEANTIME LETS

WIN BIG GAME!!!

STANFORD

OUR HOME SWEET HOME

**-FIN-**