



GAIETIES 2007

HERBERT HOOVER AND THE  
ORDER OF THE BEARCLAW

An Original Musical Comedy

by

RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 28, 2007

Directed by Olivia Harewood

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2007

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STANFORD  
UNIVERSITY

## Gaieties 2007: Herbert Hoover and the Order of the Bearclaw

Act I

Scene 0: Mexican Standoff

Mendicants: *(singing a complicated arpeggio)* Die, die, die, die... DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE!"

*(They all draw guns. The music from The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly starts.)*

Fellatia: Give me the book.

Tucker: Don't do it, Evan!

Evan: Why don't you find me attractive?

Kitty: Evan, don't worry. I love you toots.

*(Karl pulls a gun on Molly.)*

Karl: Everyone stop, or she dies.

Molly: I don't want to die a virgin.

Paul: I don't want you to die a virgin either!

Fellatia: There's no way out of it. Stanford ends here.

*(Everyone stares each other down.)*

Larry: Ooooooooooooooh! Stanford's Dooooooooomed!

*(The lights blackout. There is the sound of thunder/gunshot. Curtain closes to reveal...)*

Scene 1a: Narrator

Narrator: Woowee, that was more excitin' than last Sunday under the porch with ma cousin Coochie Sue and her pig Clementine! Now y'all are probably wonderin' what in tarnation is goin' on here? What you've seen is the climax of this here tale! I'm gonna take y'all back to the...ah, shoot. I fergot to 'ntroduce mahself. Well ma name's Narratin' Joe, and sho as poke berry pie, I'll be your narrator for the remainderance of this here tale. So sit back, hold on to your britches, turn off your cell phones, and enjoy the show...

SONG

Scene 1: Late Night

*(Lights up on Late Night. There are a bunch of tables on stage with students sitting all around them. The line is moving terribly slowly if at all.)*

Trainer: Whose next?

Freshman 50: I'll take a tricombo plate of tricombo plates, with French fries for all nine items. And to drink... could you just pour the lard from the fries into a cup for me?

Trainer: Okay.

Freshman 50 (turns to Paul): Probably not the healthiest snack in the world, but hey, Freshman 50 right!

Paul: Uh, It's the freshman 15.

Freshman 50: (turns back to trainer) Uhh can I change that order of liquid lard to a diet coke?

Molly: Hey Paul, aren't your parents the Resident Fellows?

Paul: Unfortunately.

Molly: Why unfortunately?

Paul: Molly, I was born and raised in a freakin' RF cottage. My parents were always too busy with their research to actually raise me. You know how I learned about sex? The horny freshman couple next door asked me to videotape them when I was 8. And now...

Molly: OH! It's 8:15! I have to go back and study chemistry!

Paul: Wait, don't leave me alone. Kim's coming.

Molly: Who's Kim?

Paul: He runs Lag Late Night. Don't make eye contact.

*(Kim appears out of nowhere. The actor should visit him an evening or two to learn his character. He sounds like a broken man, with depressing, slurred speech, and a sad demeanor. He takes pride only in his delicious late night entrées, and being the best late night option on campus.)*

Kim: How's it going my guys? Are you enjoying your late night delicious options tonight?

*(Molly and Paul are both uncomfortable and slightly amused.)*

Molly: Umm, yeah, Kim, it's all great, thanks.

Paul: Yeah, it's great Kim.

Kim: *(sighing)* It's great now guys. You're young. Got strong backs. You still think you got a future. But someday, you too will you feel trapped and alone and your children won't return your calls. Not even the wonderful, juicy kiss of a chicken strip sub will be enough to get you to let go of the cold trigger-

Paul: *(cutting him off, excitedly)* Oh these are so delicious, Kim! Mmmmm! Mmmmm!

Kim: Right on, my brother.

*(Enter Tucker and Kitty in the middle of a heated conversation. Tucker is a step ahead of Kitty.)*

Kitty: Don't you walk away from me Tucker; I'm not done talking to you yet!

Tucker: Look Kitty, I'm sorry. What do you want from me?

Kitty: Maybe I just want my boyfriend back, the boyfriend who plays videogames and football, NOT the boyfriend who broke up with me because he'd rather have penises in his butt!!

Tucker: C'mon, this is still new for me, I just came out, and I could really use your support, Kitty.

Kitty: Well maybe I could give you my knee pads for support so you could suck wiener all day long on your knees and they won't get sore cause you'll be wearing knee pads.

Tucker: Kitty, c'mon I... I...

Kitty: What's the matter? Penis got your tongue?

Tucker: No, no, penis does NOT got my tongue.

Kitty: It's just, how could you not be in love with me? I mean, I'm so pretty. Just look at these full but perky breasts! And this round, firm ass! And now you're saying that I turned you gay! I flipped you! I'm a spatula!

Tucker: Kitty, you didn't turn me gay, and I didn't like you just for your looks. *(sigh)* Let's just take a seat. Mind if we sit here?

*(Paul shrugs and gestures to chair. Tucker and Kitty sit, Kitty is really petulant.)*

Tucker: Hey I'm Tucker.

Kitty: But you can call him Mr. King Gay of Gayland. He likes men to sex with.

Tucker: And this is-

Kitty: *(turns to Paul and Molly and is nice all of a sudden)* Kitty McGina, it's a pleasure to meet you both.

Paul: *(Spits out Late Night drink)* Kitty... Mc...Gina? *(She nods)* Nice to meet you, I'm Paul.

Molly: And, I'm Molly. Hey, you're not in Chem 31 are you? Or Math 51? Or E40? Or BioChemEngineering 5,000? Anyone??

*(No one is taking those classes.)*

Paul: *(Intentionally messing with her)* Why are you taking so many classes?

Molly: Because I'm a pre-med!

Paul: Why are you a pre-med?

Molly: So I can get into medical school and be a doctor!

Paul: Why do you want to be a doctor?

Molly: Why do I want to be a doctor? Why does anyone want to be a doctor? So...*(frustrated)* So I can be a doctor!

Paul: I've seen thousands of type A pre-meds like you in this dorm, each one of them desperately trying to substitute A+s for hugs. And you *(turns to Kitty)*, lemme guess, cheerleader who dated the star quarterback in high school and got into Stanford cause daddy donated a new wing to the library.

Molly: Wait, YOUR dad built the new McGina wing?!?

Paul: And you, *(turns to Tucker)* ... you seem like a pretty cool guy.

*(Progressively during their convo, people in Late Night start to leave. Man stumbles in from offstage with a bunch of arrows sticking out of his back. This is all very dramatic. He's shouting incoherently. More stumbling, always stumbling. He may even cough out a ton of blood. He comes and sits down at the table with all the main characters.)*

Tucker: Dude, are you okay?

Man: Bhrrraaaahhhh! *(This is the part with the spitting blood. He spits blood everywhere)*

Paul: I think we should do something. Hey Dr. Molly, do something.

Molly: I don't know anything yet! It's only fall quarter.

Man: Bhhrrraaaaah!

*(He falls out of his chair and starts crawling away from the table. They all crowd around him and keep asking if he's okay. The MAN lifts his head up one last time...)*

Man *(dyingly)*: ORDER OF THE BEAR CLAW!

*(...And then he collapses, dead as shit.)*

Paul: Wait, what'd he say?

Molly: Something about a Bearclaw I think?

Tucker: Wow, late night just got really weird really fast. We gotta get out of here.

Molly: Well what do we do with this dead guy?!

Paul: Just leave him. The cleaning staff will take care of it.

*(4 leads exit. Rosa enters)*

Rosa: First drunk freshman vomit, and now this... *(Spanish muttering)*

*(Rosa sighs and grabs dead Callie. She drags him offstage as lights fade and curtains close.)*

Scene 2a: Narrator

Narrator: AaaaHehehe whoowee! A mysterious stranger dies at Late Night in a puddle of honey mustard... What are these intrepid youngsters going to do? I'm just gonna leave y'all to brew on that while I show ya where our dead stranger came from: a dark and foreboding place, a place where evil reigns supreme and hippies are a close second, a place where "aborting fetuses while smoking pot" is the top interest of students on Facebook...fuckin' Berkeley.

Scene 2: Order of the Bearclaw

*(Robed figures enter the stage in a line, holding candles, singing a Gregorian chant and moving in a synchronized walking pattern. All of a sudden, someone rips a giant, audible fart.)*

Larry: *(throws off his hood)* Stop! Stop the ritual! Unsanitary! Who did that? *(massive giggles)* I demand to know who did that!

Sunflower: (*Stomach hurting, raising her hand*) Guhhhhhhh. Dude. It was totally me. I cooked up some special brownies and they're giving me mad indigestion.

Larry: We don't have time for your ass-shenanigans. We now commence the 200th annual meeting of the Cal Berkeley Order of the Bearclaw! And now for our first order of business: the ceremonial burning of Stanford's beloved mascot... the tree.

(*Nothing happens. Pledge runs over to Larry and whispers something in his ear.*)

Larry: WHAT! We don't have a TREE? WHY?

Pledge: Well, the Greenpeace Coalition on campus sent us a letter saying if we cut down one more tree to burn at our meetings, they will... (*taking out letter*) "Beat the living fuck out of us... nonviolently, of course."

Larry: Oy veyismere... I buy forty gallons of kerosene at Home Depot, and now no tree? Well, what are we supposed to burn?

Pledge: Well, we could save it for your annual Hanukah party.

Fellatia: (*sexily*) Mmm...I love Hanukah. Sooo many presents.

Larry: Dammit, Felicia. Why do you have to focus on the commercialization of...

Fellatia: First of all, your sexiness, my name is pronounced FELLATIA. And second of all, Larry, I have a gift for you...right here.

(*Fellatia dips Larry and licks his face. She smushes his face in her cleavage for effect. Titties! Upstage, the Callies begin preparing the stage for their meeting. Karl pulls Fellatia aside to talk in private.*)

Karl: Dude, Fellatia, why are you always hitting on Larry? In case you haven't noticed, he's a complete doucherocket.

Fellatia: He may be a lowly little worm now, but with my help he will pull off one of the most evil schemes to destroy Stanford of our time! And behind every evil man stands a cold, calculating, ridiculously sexy queen bitch cracking the whip.

Karl: Yeah, so why don't you just concoct your own evil plan?

Fellatia: Fool! Napoleon had his Josephine, Hitler had his Eva Braun, and Larry will have Fellatia. He wants Fellatia, he needs Fellatia, and by the time I'm done with him he'll have so much Fellatia he can barely walk!

Karl: So you're going to be the Hillary Clinton of evil.

Fellatia: No, Hillary Clinton is the Hillary Clinton of evil.

*(Silent Killer walks in trailed by two robed henchmen. All have quivers of arrows on their backs and a bow.)*

Larry: What the Jones? Oh, you're finally here, Silent Killer.

*(Silent Killer and henchmen drop their bows.)*

Larry: Did you complete your mission? Did you kill the traitor?

*(Silent Killer nods and bows. Silently.)*

Larry: Did anyone see you?

Henchman: Just some drunk Stanford students in the late night cafeteria.

Fellatia: What? There were witnesses? Did the traitor say anything?

*(SK nods)*

Fellatia: Well, what the fuck did he say??

Henchman: He said Order of the Bearclaw.

Larry: *(freaking the fuck out)* .....Fuck! They know the secret name?!? We're dead. We're all dead. Our 80-year-old plan is ruined. Ruined!

Pledge: What plan?

Karl: Yeah, I've been financial manager of this society for 15 years and I've never heard you mention a plan. Do you even have a plan? *(To others)* I don't think he has a plan.

Fellatia: Of course he has a plan, Karl! A sultry plan, a plan just dripping with evil...

Larry: And now I will finally share it with you. *(Lighting dims and focuses on Larry)* It all began in the 1920s, a time when the ships were made of wood and the men were made of iron. A young mensch named Herbert Hoover, checked out the only book from our library here at Cal...

Pledge: What book was it?

Larry: Well it turns out that our library had a large collection of pornographic literature. The book was called "A Tale of Two Titties" by Charles Suck-my Dickens.

Fellatia: Regardless, Hoover never returned the book--



Larry: --And the book has been racking up late fees for the better part of the 20th century. Right now Hoover, and by extension Stanford, owes Cal..... 126 dollars!

Pledge: That's it?

Larry: That's it. 126 smackaroos! We can buy some bagels, some gifelte fish, maybe a subscription to the New Yorker!

*(Everyone is noticeably disappointed)*

Karl *(making calculations on his Blackberry)*: But wait! Adjusted for inflation that's 126 billion dollars!

Larry *(surprised)*: Wow, so we can buy a lot of bagels.

Fellatia: You sexy fool, \$126 billion dollars is the exact monetary worth of Stanford University!

Larry: Uh, we could BUY Stanford!

Fellatia: Brilliant, Larry! Stanford will be ours!

SONG

*(Massive Cheers)*

Pledge: Wow, think about what we can do with all that money! We can turn their new stadium into the world's largest compost heap.

Patrick Fitzadam: We can tie-dye White Plaza.

Sunflower: We'll hotbox Hoover Tower.

Red Marx-Engels: And we'll maintain the high level of excellence while introducing more egalitarian financial aid and admissions policies.

*(Crickets. He's a complete tool.)*

Karl: Shut up, Red. Now we have a serious problem. If the Stanford kids are onto us and they find the book and return it by Friday, they will only have to pay... *(Blackberry calculating)* a \$5 restocking fee.

Fellatia: But that will never happen! If those cockwads haven't returned it by now, they never will.

Larry: Not quite, Fellatia. The fact that the traitor blabbed our secret name to those Stanford kids complicates matters. Those Stanford crumb bums have foiled too many Cal plots before. If

they return the book, our plan will be ruined, just like my 11th birthday party.

Pledge: Well, then how do we get them to owe us the money?

Fellatia: We must go to Stanford and track down the book and destroy it so they can never return it. We must find “A Tale of Two Titties.”

Larry: To the Bear-cycles and Stanford!

*(Group erupts into a frenzy of Masonic shit, hollering, breaking boards over heads and chanting. Group exits in this manner.)*

Scene 3: RF Teatime

*(Paul, Tucker, Molly, and Kitty are sitting at a table in the RF's apartment.)*

Molly: Where is Ralph? I mean, he said in the email that Teatime with the RF was at 3:30, and he's the RF and it's after 3:30. I was supposed to be studying for my chem test three minutes ago. Those flashcards aren't going to memorize themselves. Where's your dad, Paul?

Paul: Hey Molly, I talked to some people in your class and they've been studying all day. Man, there's no way you're going to pass that test if you don't start applying yourself more!

Molly *(freaking out more)*: That's exactly what I'm saying!

Tucker: Listen Kitty, I know you're still angry at me-

Kitty: Who, me? I'm not angry. I turned my boyfriend gay. I'm having a wonderful year.

Tucker: I'd really appreciate it if you didn't go around telling everyone. I don't know how well Evan could handle it.

Kitty: Why do you care so much about what your roommate thinks? *(gasps)* HE'S the one who turned you gay, isn't he?

Tucker: No of course not! Wait. Here he comes.

*(Evan comes running in.)*

Evan: Guys! Did you see the Daily today? Some guy died at Late Night last night.

Tucker: Dude, we were there when it happened. He had like a billion arrows in his back.

Evan: What? Dude, I'm your roommate. You have to tell me when cool shit like this happens. That would've made such an awesome facebook picture. *(to Kitty)* Hey Kitty, how's my favorite

roommate's girlfriend doing?

Kitty Oh actually, Evan, Tucker likes men.

Evan: Tucker likes men? (*realizingly*) Wait, I'm a man! You wanna fuck me??

Tucker: No! Of course not.

Evan: Oh. (*beat*) Why not?

Kitty: It's because he's NOT REALLY GAY. You've been not gay for as long as I've known you. You used to be not gay with me two or three times a day.

Evan: Why don't you want to fuck me? Is it my pecs? Do I need to work on my pecs?

(*Tucker sighs.*)

Molly: I don't know how much longer I can wait, guys, I really need to hit the books!

Paul: Yeah, cause you know what Daddy always says...

Molly: One B plus and I'll stop loving you?

Paul: Wow, your parents are almost as screwed up as mine.

(*UPSTAGE -- on platform?*)

Ralph: YOU THIEVING WHORE!

Esmerelda: Sweetie, don't overreact. Just because there's another man in bed with your wife...

Ralph: But why's he wearing anal beads and a bike helmet?

Esmerelda: Chad is a grad student, and a strong advocate for safe sex.

Ralph: GAAHH! I'll deal with you after the teatime!

(*Ralph storms downstage and sits down in a huff, everyone is very quiet, collects himself so that he is cheerful but rage is clearly boiling within*)

Ralph: Hey kids! Welcome to Teatime with the RF! (*breaks a giant baguette in half, angrily*) As you all know these tea times are designed to help you get to know me and my wife, the whore.

(*In the background, grad student walks out wearing only bike helmet, socks, and tighty whities, with Esmerelda in lingerie*)

Tooly Guy #2: MILF! MILF! MILF!

*(Paul punches him.)*

Esmerelda: Hi there, Paulie-poo!

Chad: Well Esmerelda, I really should get back to EV. Whoops, forgot these!

*(Chad buckles helmet, attaches Velcro reflector to his bare ankle and pulls anal beads out of his underwear and tosses them at Evan. Esmerelda kisses him goodbye and proceeds to engage in stereotypically feminine domestic activities in the background, all while in lingerie.)*

Evan: Hey Tucker, I got you a coming-out present!

Tucker: No thanks. I don't want used anal beads.

Ralph: HEY! Okay, kids, I feel like I'm really getting to know you all, but according to the RF manual we have to play at least one icebreaker.

*(Ralph brings out gigantic phone book type thing and set it down on table. It should make a really loud, drum-assisted THUMP.)*

Ralph: Let's see... We could play Never Have I Ever, Crossing the Line, Personality Bingo...

Adam Fitzpatrick: How about two truths and a lie!

Ralph: Perfect, I'll go first. Ahem. My wife is a whore, my wife is a whore, my wife is NOT A WHORE!

*(Awkward silence. Molly raises her hand.)*

Molly: Oh! Oh! Oh! Your wife is not a whore!

Ralph: YES SHE IS!

Paul: I'll go. My name is Paul, I am wearing a red shirt, and I have a lot of respect and love for my dad.

Ralph: Hey, why doesn't someone else go? How about you, Cowgirl?

Cowgirl: Okay. I grew up on a farm in Texas, I dated the star quarterback of my high school, and...*(slight pause, obvious she is lying)* I have six teats and an udder!

Joe Blow: That's easy. The last one is obviously the lie.

Cowgirl: Got you! I do have an udder! (*opens shirt to reveal her six-teated udder*)

Paul: Oh god! (*cringes*) I hate this game. It's so gay.

Evan: That is offensive to gay people! And I know, because my roommate is a raging, flaming, skinflute playing, taint tickling, poo stabbing gay!

Tucker: I am not!

Kitty: I told you!

Tucker: That's not what I mean! I love the skinflute!

Molly: (*quietly*) Hey guys, can we just get back to the game.

*(Everyone starts yelling at each other. Evan: I'm just trying to be a supportive roommate! Kitty: For the millionth time, you're not gay. You just couldn't handle all this woman. Tucker: Just because I'm gay, doesn't mean I'm "flaming", you ignorant bastard. Paul: You all think your problems are sooo unique and no one could possibly understand you.)*

Molly: (*flipping out*) AAAAHHH!

*(Everyone stops talking. Evan doesn't get quiet as fast as everyone else, and there is awkward last moment:)*

Evan: ...anal BEADS!

Molly: I haven't studied in twenty minutes, I'm going to fail my midterm, I'm never going to get into med school, and it's because you all won't SHUT THE FUCK UP!

*(Silence.)*

Ralph: Whoa, whoa, this has gotten out of control. Everybody out (everyone starts to go), except for you four. We need to talk.

*(All leave except leads.)*

Tucker: Sorry about ruining your Tea Time, Ralph, we're all just freaked out because of that guy who died at Late Night last night.

Kitty: Yeah. This dude just ran in, said something weird, and then dropped dead.

Ralph: What did he say?

Molly: It was something like "Order the Bearclaw."

Ralph: Wait, Order OF the Bearclaw?

Tucker: Yeah, that was it!

Ralph: The Order of the Bearclaw! So it DOES exist.

Kitty: What are you talking about?

Ralph: Secret legend has it that the Order of the Bearclaw is a secret society started by Cal that holds a secret that could someday ruin Stanford forever. I've never been able to prove their existence, even after decades of secret research.

Paul: Is that what you were doing instead of coming to my little league games?

Ralph: Precisely! The scriptures say that Stanford owes Cal an ancient debt that was left unpaid long ago. The secret lies in Stanford's past, about the time of the Great Depression. Unfortunately, I don't know the exact year.

Tucker: What about those stones with class years on them in the Quad? Aren't time capsules buried under there?

Ralph: Tucker, that's a great idea! Man, you're like the son I never had!

Paul: I'm sitting right here.

Ralph: Yeah, I know. Okay kids, if this is true, then the Order of the Bearclaw is implementing its master plan to take over Stanford. Time could be running out!

Tucker: Guys, don't you see, it's up to us to save Stanford! (jumping onto table, raising arms in heroic gesture) To the Quad!

Paul: He is pretty gay.

Scene 4a: Narrator

Narrator: Well hey, I didn't see you there! (*walks down from bead room, zipping pants as he kisses Esmerelda goodbye*) Shame about Paul and his father. You hate to see that kind of animosity between a daddy and his doe, but something tells me that this here little caper is gonna bring them closer together than ever.

(*Ben Savage walks onstage.*)

Narrator: Well now, if isn't my old buddy and recent Stanford alum, Ben Savage! You may know him better as Cory Matthews from the hit show, *Boy Meets World*! How goes it, amigo?

Ben (*visibly drunk*): Terrible. Sean and Topanga won't return my calls.

Narrator: You still call them by their character's names?

Ben: Shet up. You don't know me. I had a rough childhood. How would you like it if the only time anybody thought about you in the last 7 years was when a MySpace rumor said you died in a car accident? How would you like it if people only know you as 'that kid from that show'?

Narrator: Well I sure am sorry for your troubles, but I gotta get back to narratin' this doohickey.

(*Ben Savage stumbles offstage singing to himself "When this boy meets wooorld..."*)

Narrator: Now then, as I was saying...(*Curtain rises behind him*) ... our heroes are off to a running start, but don't count out those Callies too quickly! That saucy Fellatia is pure evil. We now join our villains as they stumble upon the Stanford Activities Fair... Take it away, chillen!

Scene 4: Main Quad

(*Scene opens in the main quad. Our heroes enter with their guide, Ralph. It's daytime, there's a fair amount of people traffic. People are getting married, playing Frisbee, all of that stupid shit.*)

Ralph: (*wearing a safari hat*) Ah, the Main Quad! My old stomping grounds. And it looks like there is an Activities Fair going on! Back in the day, I used to...

Paul: Dad, no one cares.

Band Guy 1: Hey, join the Band!! We drink lots of alcohol and wear crrrraaaazy costumes!!!

Diane: When are your rehearsals?

Band Guy 2: From drunk o'clock to blackout thirty!! Woo!!! Band High Five!! (*play celebratory, terrible note*)

Diane: I played the viola in my high school orchestra. We won a Grammy! What instruments do you play?

Band Guy 1: I play the butt trumpet!! (*Farts*)

(*Diane runs away screaming*)

(*Fast Johnny walks by in an exaggerated manner, wearing a bike helmet. Old Man Jones, from the stupid, piece of shit quad pedestrian zone patrol raises a finger angrily.*)

Tucker: Hey, Fast Johnny, how's it going?

Fast Johnny: Fast, Tucka, fast.

Old Man Jones (*still waving his finger*): Little boy student, you must not operate your fast bicyclical propulsion machine in the arcades. You have endangered us all, shame!

Fast Johnny: Hey, old man! Fast Johnny's so fast he doesn't need a bike, see, he's already the fastest man at Stanford, see.

Old Man Jones: You charlatan, leave the pedestrian zone immediately, or else I'll be forced to grimace at you sternly.

Fast Johnny: Go eat fuck, old man. Fast Johnny's the best, see.

*(A hundred bicyclists all charge Old Man Jones, he is crushed like the fragile little failure he is.)*

Ralph: (*loudly*) Now, hear ye, children! We will never find the correct time capsule in time unless we split up and start digging! According to my map, the secret is hidden somewhere near the years of the Great Depression.

Paul: Dad, you're saying we should just start destroying the Quad?

Ralph: Precisely! Everyone grab a pickaxe! (*Ralph starts handing out pickaxes and the Stanford kids split up to search around the quad.*)

*(Several Asian tourists enter. They do all sorts of suspicious things like photographing the ground, peering through holes in Asian newspapers, and poking out from behind things.)*

Tucker: Hmm, those Asian tourists are acting kind of strange.

Molly: They're walking around in a big group and taking pictures of the most random things on campus. And they can't stop smiling.

Tucker: Yeah, I guess you're right. Pretty normal.

*(The tourists congregate on the other side of the stage. They remove their disguises temporarily.)*

Karl: Excellent! Our disguises seem to have fooled them.

Larry: How do they know what's in the capsules? Oh, our plan is falling apart. Panic attack! Panic attack!

Fellatia: Larry! Focus!

Karl: Fellatia's right. If we put our minds on it, I'm sure there's a simple solution that will-

Fellatia: Larry, you have to kill them!



Larry: Whaaa? Kill? Them? Me? Larry? You?

Fellatia: Do it, honey (*she hands him a gun*). Kill them. Kill them with your big, strong gun. (*starts stroking his thigh and biting his ear*) When we control Stanford, we will crush the life out of our enemies, and make love in a river filled with their blood.

Pledge: Wow.

Karl: Shhh! They're looking at us, get back in character!

Asian 1 (*yelling*): Look at the tower over there! Doesn't it make you think of vertical Great Wall?

(*Across the stage, Israeli and Palestinian guys are setting up their tables at the activities fair. Each of them is trying to hang a poster. An activities coordinator walks by*)

Activities Coordinator: Hey, you guys need some tape to put up your posters?

Israeli: Yeah, that'd be great actually.

Palestinian: I'd love some. (*they are friendly at first*)

AC: (*realizing he's out of tape*) Oh, sorry, looks like I only have one strip left. I guess you'll have to share it.

Israeli: (*Suddenly angry*) NO WAY! I will not share! It's my birthright! Give ME the strip!

Palestine: It's not your birthright! I had it first! Give ME the strip!

Israel: It's my strip! You can move your table over to Tressider, by Wells Fargo, the Bank of the West.

Palestine: Fine! I'll go over to the Bank of the West, but I'm taking the strip too! (*grabs the strip and storms offstage*)

(*Evan enters wearing very GQ-attire – long sleeved collared shirt that's unbuttoned to his belly button, slicked-back hair, tight jeans, etc.*)

Evan: Hey Tucker, do you like my new clothes? It's a new look I'm trying. You like it?

Tucker (*absentmindedly*): Yeah, looks good.

Evan: Yeah, now that I think about our time as roommates, I guess it makes sense that you always watch me undress. Redress. Stretch nakedly.

Tucker: You don't do any of those things. You shower in a swim suit. I'm gonna go help the

others look.

*(Tucker goes over to help Paul and Ralph)*

Evan: Look Kitty, maybe you should leave him alone. It's pretty clear that you're blocking him from expressing his feelings for me.

Kitty: Listen, clown, I'm going to flip his hetero-switch, and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Evan: Oh, it's on, biotch.

Ralph: Eureka! I think I've found the correct capsule!

SONG

Fellatia: Now Larry! Do it now!

Larry: Okay. *(Holds up gun)* Okay. Okay. *(Falls over stiffly and writhes on the ground)* Okay. Okay. Okay.

Fellatia: Larry! Larry! You weakling!

*(Fellatia picks up gun and shoots Ralph in midnote.)*

Paul *(yelling)*: Dad! *(runs to embrace his father)*

Pledge: You just shot someone!

Fellatia: *(In ecstasy. Grabbing breasts.)* I feel so alive.

Karl: We should get out of here.

Larry: *(writhing on the ground)* Fellatia, save me! I'm blind! I can't move!

Fellatia: ABORT MISSION! ABORTION! ABORTION!

*(All Callies scramble and exit in all directions. Larry is having some kind of neurotic panic attack and running around in circles.)*

Tucker: Get him!

*(Tucker, Molly, and Kitty grab and restrain Larry, using rope from sack of tools to tie his hands together.)*

Molly *(finds Cal patch)*: He's from Berkeley!

Ralph (*dyingly*): So it's true! The Order of the Bearclaw has arrived to finish the job. Paul, come closer. (*he does*) Closer (*he does*) Closer. (*he does*) Okay too close. That's gay. (*Paul moves back a tiny bit*) Perfect. Son, you need to finish my quest. I know I wasn't always the best father, but you're my son and I've always been very proud of you, son. (*Ralph stops breathing, appears to die, but then says one last thing*) Oh, and, tell your mother that I cheated on her first. With Counterpoint.

Paul: Really?

Ralph: Nope. But that'll piss her off. God I love that thieving whore. (*dies*)

Paul (*holds father and looks to the heavens*): DAAAAAAAAD! I swear vengeance! I will not rest until every son and daughter of Berkeley is super fucking dead! (*To Larry*) Who are you? What is Berkeley's master plan? Where is the secret hidden? Which time capsule? What's your name?

Larry: I... I... I don't have a name! (*he smiles, proud of his lie*)

Tucker: He's lying. Let's torture him. Someone call the C.I.A.

Larry: It's in the capsule for 1923! If you open it, it'll explain everything! Oh, Larry, now you've done it...

Kitty: I'll open it! (*grabs the pickaxe*) I need to break something! I'm coping! (*she lays into the capsule, quite destroyingly*)

Evan (*to Tucker*): Wow, she's so assertive and powerful. She's like a man, almost. I can see why you were attracted to her.

Tucker: Evan, I didn't like Kitty because she reminded me of a man.

Evan: Yeah, me neither. I only like girls who remind me of girls. Not Kitty. She's like a man, except a really hot man. Woman. And I'm not attracted to that. Women. (*awkward beat*) I'm gonna go help her dig!

Tucker: You do that.

Kitty: Almost there!

(*SUDDENLY: Loud percussion SLAMS, the whole stage goes black. A light shines straight UP from the opened capsule (a la Lost and the hatch) The following lines said fast, almost overlapping:*)

Kitty: I'm blind! Tucker, hold me!

Molly: Paul, where are you?!

Tucker: Jesus, Kitty. What's in there?

Evan: Me, too! Tucker, hold me! Wow, Tucker, your chest is surprisingly... chesty.

*(Lights onstage return to normal. Kitty and Evan are in fact hugging each other.)*

Evan: *(realizes)* Wait a second...YOU'RE not Tucker!

Paul reaches into capsule and pulls out a film canister.

Molly: What is in there, Paul?

Paul: It looks like film.

Tucker: I bet if we watch it, we'll know what we should do next!

Paul: Let's go to the history corner! Did anyone bring popcorn?

*(Kids run off the stage.)*

Narratin Joe: *(also emerging from capsule)* Well hidey hick ho! Looks like the plot is thickening indeed! Now if y'all don't mind, its time for us to take a little piss 'n smoke break.

Ralph: *(dead, stands up suddenly)* Where am I? How come my stomach feels all bullet-y?

Narratin' Joe: Ralph, I'm takin' you to a better place, where there ain't no cheatin' wives around for miles!

Ralph: Are we going to heaven?

Narratin' Joe: Even better! We're going to intermission!

CURTAIN FALLS

Act 2

INTRO MOVIE with Narratin' Joe (Mystery Science Theater 3000, w/ silhouettes of kids?)

Scene 1: 1920s

*(Enter Kittyworth, Tuckford, Paulford and Mollyworth.)*

Paulford: Hey Mollyworth! I didn't think you'd make it out here tonight. I thought you had a big Phrenology examination tomorrow.

Mollyworth: Oh Paulford, I wouldn't dream of missing Dean Julieworth's Frosh Flapper Folly. Oh! There she is!

*(Enter Dean Julie, perhaps with team of administrators and prohibitioners with signs that say things like "ALCOHOL IS FOR SINNERS" and "PROHIBITION IS TOTALLY SWEET")*

Dean Julieworth: Hey everybody! Thanks for coming. Can I get a cheer for what will surely be the greatest class ever: Twenty-THREE!

Dean Julieworth: Ahem. And now, I'd like to thank you all for taking the new alcohol EDU course so seriously.

Shiningtime Sam: Alcohol EDU? Ha, I was so drunk I failed the test six times!

Paulford: How could you fail? There was only one question.

Mollyworth: Yeah. "True or False: Since 1919 drinking alcohol is absolutely illegal."

Shiningtime Sam: Six times, it was glorious!

Dean Julieworth: ...and because you all did so well, one of you may be the winner of a portable music player – this i-Gramophone weighing only 45 pounds!

Adam Fitzpatrick from Trancos: Wow!

Dean Julieworth: And the winner is, Azia Kim of Okada! I'll just need to see your SUID please!

Azia Kim: *(walks up to Paul)* Can I borrow your SUID and live with you for the year?

Paul: Are you even a student here?

Azia Kim: You'll never catch me! I'm the great AZIA KIM! *(runs offstage)*

Dean Julieworth: *(shrugs)* Oh well, see you kids at Full Moon On the Quad, and remember: get frisky, but forget the whisky!

Kids say "awww" and one vomits.

Branner: Heeeey, how's it swinging, fellas?

Paulford: *(annoyed)* Hey, Branner...

Branner: Hey, good news: I hear the Hoov is ready to bust in and bust down!

Mollyford: Wait, you mean Stanford graduate and Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover? What's he doing here? Didn't he graduate almost 30 years ago?

Paulford: Yeah, he likes to come back to campus to, uhh, poll the electorate.

Branner: With his penis!

Kittyworth: That's kind of pathetic.

*(The doors blow open, and the one, the only, the Hoov enters, accompanied by 4 beautiful flapper girls, known as the Hoovies. Some big band type music begins. One hand is always snapping to the beat. The Hoov is always mooving, mostly shuffling, ideally leading with very large steps and shoes. His other hand is twirling a beautiful cane. Again, he doesn't stop moving! His suit is large and flowing. He often stops to dance with women, much to their delight. At one point Tucker tries, and the Hoov shuffles away. People are overjoyed.)*

The Hoov: This scene is sick, and Doctor The Hoov is checking in.

Everyone: The Hooooooov!

SONG

Hoov: Hey gents, looksie at what I gots. This is fresh from those bears beyond the Bay; it's a naughty little book of ladies, featuring some real tender cherry blossoms and their mammoth bosoms. It's called "A Tale of Two Titties."

Paulford: Hoo-hoo. They can starch my stockings any day, see!

Tuckerford: I'm not attracted to these women because I'm gay, see!

The Hoov: Me too, slapjacks. We're all gay now that The Hoov is here! *(slides towards Branner)* Hey, Branner, how would you like to hit the drink horn?

*(Everyone gasps.)*

Branner: *(finally feeling accepted)* I'd love to, the Hoov.

*(The Hoov nimbly dumps booze into a beer bong.)*

The Hoov: Commence, Branner.

*(Branner struggles...)*

Branner: *(mumbly)* I can't do it. *(Branner stumbles back, a failure.)*

Adam Fitzpatrick: Yah. Get out of here, Branner. You just aren't cool.

Branner: This I swear, someday I'll succeed at the drinking horn! I'll suck down more booze than you can brew! When people hear the name Branner, they'll know...

Everyone: Branner sucks.

*(Branner stumbles the whole way off stage. The party starts back up.)*

Paulford: Hey Mollyworth, how 'bout a nip of this nog?

Mollyworth: Heck! I couldn't! I worked so hard to get into Stanford, I'm not going to throw it away with frivolity and libations. Didn't you hear? The acceptance rate for the class of '28 is going to be under 80 percent! I shudder to think of how hard our offspring will have to work to get in.

Paulford: They may even have to be literate!

The Hoov: Nuts to all this flim-flam, let's light this fucker up! I gotta find a dame so I don't end up alone with this here pornographical.

Daily Girl: Gosh, the Hoov. You're just Hoovy.

The Hoov: I sure am.

Daily Girl: Is that a tower in your pocket or do you just want to have sex with me? How about you come back to my place.

The Hoov throws away THE BOOK.

The Hoov: Yes! I won't be needing A Tale of Two Titties tonight!

The Hoov throws Daily Girl over his shoulder.

Daily Girl: Oh, the Hoov!

The Hoov: The patient is cured, and Doctor the Hoov is checking out!

*(Then a xylophone goes: Shave and a haircut. Two bits!)*

Mollyworth: Jeepers! The Hoov's parties really tickle my fancy!

Tuckford: Yeah, he can tickle my fancy anyday!

*(Stanford Police bust into the party)*

Stanford Police 1: Everybody freeze! This party's going belly up!

*(Everyone scrambles to hide the alcohol. The Hoovies dive back into the bathtub. Rum splashes. People are alarmed.)*

Mollyworth: I didn't have a drop, officer, I'm the sober monitor! Please don't tell anyone! I have to get into Home Economics grad school!

SP 2: Quiet missie! There are three unregistered bikes outside and someone's parked in the West Campus lot with an East Campus permit. This flagrant abuse of the law will not stand! Officers, take them away!

*(Other Police officers grab the protesting Stanford students and start dragging them off stage.)*

Paulford: Gosh, I can't wait until we can have parties without the university always looking over us like a watchdog.

Kittyworth: Yeah, the future will be a much better time! Fuck you Prohibition!

*(Everyone scatters, spotlight left on the lonely book.)*

## Scene 2: Green Library

Narrator: As you saw, Herbert Hoover, hot on the trail of a fine piece of ass, tossed the book away. Each subsequent decade brought a new owner and a new adventure for "A Tale of Two Titties."

40's WWII soldier: During WWII, I used the book as a barricade to protect me from Nazis. Needless to say, I died there.

50's girl in poodle skirt: In the 50's, I found the book in Lake Lag where some Tiger Salamanders were using it as a nest. Now let's TWIST, SHOUT and go to our separate but equal schools! (dances off stage... racistly)

60's hippie1: In the 60's, I found the book before I was drafted to Vietnam. Back then we called it Nam. Needless to say, I died there.

70s discoman (with some friends): Apparently, one of those crazy hippies placed the book on the tip of Hoover Tower. When I saw the book teetering up there, I told my foxy friends, "Look up there at that book" (points up and diagonally at where book would be)

70s disco friend: Wait, down there? (disco point down)

70s discoman: No, up THERE (does disco point)



70s disco friend: Oh, up THERE (also does disco point)

70s discoman: And that's how disco was invented.

CONDOLEEZA RICE: The pornographic book spent decades stuck to the wall of a Sigma Chi bathroom. One day, as Provost, I, Condoleeza Rice, broke up a rowdy party at Sigma Chi. That was when I discovered the book and that I am, in fact, a lesbian.

*(Curtain closes. Stanford heroes re-enter back in their present day clothes and join narrator in front of curtain. Also, Larry is on stage but only detained by a dog leash and collar, yet for his character it seems to be a formidable challenge. The leash is in Evan's hand.)*

Narrator: The book was lost, history became legend, legend became myth and for years, the book passed out of all knowledge.

Paul: Alright, we all knew that Condoleeza was a lesbian, but how are we going to find this book?

Narrator: Oh right. A few days ago, some kid found it in the steam tunnels and returned it to Green Library.

Paul: Wow, that was easy.

Molly: Can you believe that? Herbert Hoover, former Stanford student and President of the United States is the reason Cal's going to be able to take over Stanford! It's his fault the book has been missing all these years.

Paul: We gotta get this book. Molly, what time is it?

*(Larry, in the background begins to furiously chew on the leash.)*

Molly: 11:30, why?

Paul: Green Library closes in a half hour!

Tucker: Let's go!

*(Everyone runs offstage, except for Larry who begins to run, but falls back; he successfully got through the polyester leash. He then gets on his cell phone to call the Callies)*

Larry: Fel...(Spits out a bit of leash)...Fellatia? It's me. No, not Tony Danza, ME. I figured out where the book is. It's in Green Library. Library. A big building with books in it. Books. Things with pages in them. No? Still nothing? Fine. The building by the big red fountain. There you go. But you guys have to promise not to leave me behind this time. Meet us by the—

Evan: *(coming back onstage, with the broken leash)*: HEY! I thought I told you to stay with us!

*(Larry begins to protest)* SHUT UP! Now, heel! *(Larry follows obediently)*

Scene 2b: Green Library

*(Curtain opens on the entrance to Green Library. Stanford kids all walk on in the order they walked off)*

Paul: I think we'll find it a lot faster if we split up. Molly and I will take the South Stacks. Evan, you and Kitty take the Bing Wing. And take him *(Larry)* with you.

Evan: Tucker, you go by yourself and hone in on it with your Gaydar! Call us if you find it!

Tucker: *(about to protest)* Fine. I will find the book with my Gaydar.

*(Everyone leaves except for Tucker, who goes to the Information desk)*

Tucker: *(to Santa Claus library guy)* Excuse me sir.

Santa Claus: Hi there, son, what can I do you for?

Tucker: This is a long shot, but I'm looking for a book originally from Cal's library but was just returned here the other day. It's called A Tale of Two Titties. Have you heard of it?

Santa Claus: Does the Dewey Decimal System give me a hard-on? Yes. I've read every book in this library. But I can't remember exactly where it is. There are some frat boys over there studying. One of them probably knows where that hot little porno is.

Tucker: Thanks Santa Claus guy!

Santa Claus: I have a real name, you know.

Tucker: I'm sorry, what is it?

Santa Claus: Santa!

Tucker: Thanks for the tip, Santa.

Santa: Anything for you Tucker.

Tucker: Hey, frat guys! I was wondering if you could help me find something.

*(All of the fraternity brothers should have classy, crisp British accents)*

Sigma Chi: *(taking off glasses)* Of course, dear friend!

Phi Psi: What might you be looking for?

Tucker: Well, it's this book called "A Tale of Two Titties."

Theta Delt: Ahh yes, I know it well. West Stacks, section G20 I believe.

Tucker: Wow, I didn't expect you guys to be so helpful... Come to think of it, I didn't expect you to be in a library.

KA: Well frat boys have to study too, you know.

SAE: Yes. We take our studies very seriously. You mustn't assume we're all walking stereotypes just because we're in fraternities.

Tucker: I guess you're right. I had you all wrong. Sorry about that guys.

Sigma Chi: Oh! It's 11:40, time for another study break!

*(Suddenly, SAE and Sigma Chi double team an innocent girl studying in the background (a la Night at the Roxbury). Theta Delt starts hitting a giant bong. KA catches a basketball thrown from offstage and starts dribbling. Phi Psi busts out a video game controller and starts doing mad crazy key combos. They're all screaming for this 10 second pandemonium, then all stop at the same moment.)*

Theta Delt: Okay, break over. Back to the books.

KA: Hey, how did you find us by the way?

Tucker: Actually, I just followed my gaydar.

*(Exit Tucker to Downstage Right, lights up on platform with Molly and Paul in the South Stacks)*

Molly: I'm pretty sure the book isn't here. I've checked out almost every book in this section and I've never seen one with the title we're looking for.

Paul: Molly, you work too hard all the time, you need to loosen up a little bit. *(Enter a couple who immediately start having sex)* Like those two.

Molly: Does that really loosen you up?

Paul: Molly, are you a virgin?

Molly: No! I've kissed a guy before! With tongue!

Paul: I mean, have you ever had sex?

Molly: No...I just haven't found the right person. I haven't really had time, between studying, and...studying.

Brent Pirucello: Hey, could you keep it down over there? We're trying to have hell of sex over here!

Molly: This is a library!

Sex Girl: Fuck yeah it is! Do that thing with Jane Eyre again! Do it to me!

Brent: Oh, I'll do it to you! Just call me Mr. Rochester (*sucks on pipe*).

Sex Girl: Oh! Mr. Rochester! Oh!

*(Lights down on Molly and Paul. Lights up on Evan, Kitty and Larry in another part of the library. Larry is leaning away from the leash, struggling)*

Evan: Oh man, my gay roommate is going to do so much freak-nasty gay shit to you, dude. You're so dead!

Kitty: (*defeated*) Damn it. I can't believe Tucker's actually gay.

Evan: Why not?

Kitty: Well, back when we were dating, Tucker was a dynamo in the sack. He really knows how to please a woman – he touched me in all the right places.

Evan: Yeah, yeah, labia, clitoris, cervix, fallopian tubes. All that shit.

Kitty: Wait a minute? Evan...have you ever had sex?

Evan: Yeah! I've had sex, almost, plenty of times.

Kitty: Is that why you're so desperate for Tucker to like you?

Evan: No one's ever liked me like that before. And if I can't get a gay guy to like me, who will?

Kitty: Evan, there are a lot of girls who would go for you, if you just showed some interest.

SONG

Tucker: Guys! Guys! I know where the book is! It's in the West Stacks!

*(Paul and Molly come running)*

Paul: We have to hurry! The library's closing!

*(All run to the West Stacks. The Callies are hiding behind a bookshelf, waiting for their arrival.)*

Tucker: Here it is, guys! It's in this section *(scans for the book, finds it)* I got it! *(raises it up)*. We've saved Stanford!

Fellatia: Not so fast! Grab her! *(points to Molly. Silent Killer grabs her)* Give us the book!

Evan: But we have him too! You can't get the book and your leader. You have to choose!

Fellatia: I don't care. Keep him!

*(Larry yelps)*

Fellatia: Suck my dick, you pussy! You have five seconds to give me that book, or I'm gonna shove this arrow right through her pretty little face!

Molly: Oh my God! She's gonna kill me! I'm never going to be a doctor! I'm never going to kiss a boy with tongue!

Paul: I thought you said you had.

Molly: I'm a dirty liar!

Fellatia: Five, four, three....

Paul: Okay, okay! Don't hurt her! Tucker, just give her the book.

Tucker: Fine. But, you're not going to get away with this.

Fellatia: Like hell I'm not. By this time tomorrow, Stanford will default on its debt and Cal will rule the world! Let's go!

Larry: Larry! *(At this point, Larry breaks off the leash, grabs the book and runs off stage)* What did I do?

Fellatia: After him! Get the book!

*(Callies exit)*

Paul: Molly, are you okay?

Molly: I'm fine. But we were so close to saving Stanford. Now Cal's gonna take over everything! You're going to have to get dreadlocks and I'm going to have to stop shaving my armpits.

Tucker: C'mon guys. It's never too late! We just have to chase after them and get the book back.

We have to hurry!

*(All exit. Blackout)*

### Scene 3: The Climax

*(Scene opens at the mausoleum exterior. There should be statues of Leland Stanford, the wife, and the child. Also Gargoyles. And mist. Lots of mist. The scene begins with no characters on stage. There might be mist. Larry frantically runs on stage, cradling THE BOOK. He is out of breath, and almost in tears. He takes out an inhaler and takes a couple puffs.)*

Larry: *(fast and frantic as shit)* Oh god, I did it. What do I do? What do I do? Get a hold of yourself, Larry. You're a hero. You're financially stable. Okay, we need to destroy the book. How do we do it. We burn it. Do we have matches. No--

*(Fellatia, Silent Killer, and Karl enter.)*

Fellatia: What the hell are you doing, Larry? Give me the fucking book. *(Fellatia grabs it from the ground.)* Karl, where's my dagger?

*(Larry screams and curls up into a ball.)*

Karl: I'm the financial manager. I don't have a dagger. This is the worst job I've ever had. I went to Wharton business school. Maybe you've heard of it.

Fellatia: Do I have to do everything myself? Larry hold the book; I'm going to get the sword from Leland Stanford Senior.

*(She tosses the book back to Larry. Larry is frightened by the book. He yelps. Fellatia begins to climb up next to the statue. Enter Paul, Tucker, and Kitty at the edge of the stage.)*

Tucker: Okay, guys. Let's think this through.

Kitty: We should call the proper authorities.

Paul: Dad, I will defend your honor. Attack! *(runs towards Larry)*

Kitty: Paul, no!

Tucker: Subtlety never was his strong suit.

Larry: Oh jeez. I surrender!

*(Paul runs to get the book. Right before he gets to it...)*

Fellatia: Not so fast! Freeze! *(She draws a gun)*

Paul: Dammit. Why do you want to do this? Why do you hate Stanford so much?

Fellatia: I'm glad you asked. Larry, tell them.

Larry: Well, The Order of the Bear Claw has been waiting to take over Stanford for eighty years. I just want a chance to be great.

Fellatia: What are you talking about? We're fucking here, because we're goddamn fucking Berkeley. Instead of focusing on academics, reputation, and athletics, we focused on the offensive. Eventually, destroying Stanford, and become the best by default.

Kitty: But, what about Princeton?

Paul: And Harvard?

Tucker: And Columbia?

Fellatia: Enough. Let's just say, they all have a book overdue.

Tucker: Really, you got all those schools to borrow a book?

Fellatia: The book of destruction! Larry, throw me the book. I'll finish this once and for all.

Paul: No you won't. We'll find SOME WAY to stop you.

*(Gunman enters with a wheelbarrow filled with guns. The wheelbarrow is labeled "Guns!")*

Gunman: Guns, guns, get your free guns. Guns for free. Nearly two hundred guns, preloaded. To have prices this low, you'd have to be an insane Deus Ex Machina like me!

Fellatia: Larry, throw me the book!

*(Molly enters, and grabs two guns. She aims at Fellatia.)*

Molly: Stop! I love him!

Larry: Me! Somebody loves me?

Molly: No. I love Paul.

Paul: Molly, I thought I told you to stay in the dorm!

Molly: Paul, we're going to have to talk sometime about your 1950's mentality towards things. I just wanted to do something spontaneous. *(becoming increasingly agitated)* And you know what? I can do anything I want! Let's have sex. Let's do it!

Paul: We're a little tied up right now.

Fellatia: Well, I guess we're all fucked. Just like I like it.

Tucker: Well, shit. I'm getting a gun.

Kitty: That is the most manly thing I've heard all day.

*(They run to get guns. Evan enters, he's wearing a speedo. He has 'boy toy' painted on chest.)*

Evan: Well, Tucker. Fancy seeing you here.

Tucker: Evan, we told you to go home. I specifically said "don't put on a speedo and don't paint 'boy toy' on your chest."

Evan: Oh, I didn't know you guys would be here. This is just where I go to be sexy. This is my sexy place. Don't you find this *(rubbing body)* a bit sexy, Tux?

Tucker: Evan, not right now. We need to get the book.

Evan: The book, the book, the book. That's all I ever hear from you any more. *(walking over to the book, he easily grabs from Larry)* Is this what you want? Girls? With their breasts? And their girl-asses? And their female genitalia? Is that what you want?

Tucker: Yes, that's what I want. Give me the hetero porn book. Give it here, Evs.

Evan: Why don't you find me attractive! Fuck me, fuck me. And fuck your book. *(starts to tear out pages)*.

Fellatia: Yes. Yes!

Karl: Stanford kids are weird.

Evan: Fuck all of you. Every last page...

*(Tucker draws a gun on Evan.)*

Tucker: Stop, Evan. You've been a good roommate. I don't want to have to do this.

Evan: No, Tucker. It's too late.

Kitty: Stop where you are, Tucker. *(Draws her gun, and points at Tucker.)*

Tucker: Kitty!



Kitty: I guess this means I'm over you.

Tucker: (*sarcastic*) Good for you. Now we can be friends again.

Kitty: Evan, I know I'm not Tucker. (*heartwarmingly*) But, I would love to fuck you. Right in the heart.

Paul: Come on, Evan. Kitty wants to have sex with you. Drop the book.

Evan: No!

(*Paul draws a gun, and aims at Evan.*)

Molly: Paul, where'd you get that gun?

Paul: I'm always packing heat, Molly.

Molly: Well, Paul, I really don't want my boyfriend to continue carrying firearms.

Paul: Boyfriend?

Molly: I already declared us on facebook.

Paul: (*annoyed*) We'll talk about this later, honey.

Evan: Daaah!

Kitty: Dammit, Paul. Leave my Evan alone. (*pulls out another gun, aims it at Paul*)

(*Cowgirl enters.*)

Cowgirl: Kitty, you're going down. You pretty whore.

Kitty: Cowgirl? What are you doing here?

Cowgirl: I have a real name you know.

Kitty: Really, what is it?

Cowgirl: (*mumbles something, obviously doesn't have a name*) Shut up. With you dead, I'll be the prettiest girl at Stanford by default.

Paul: Umm, that's the same flawed logic as Berkeley's stupid plan.

(*Kim and Daily Girl enter.*)

Daily Girl: *Headline: Your unhealthy late night snacks are bad for students. (Aims gun at Kim.)*

Kim: Ohh no. I have failed you, my kimberlies. *(Aims gun at himself.)*

*(Freshman 50 waddles out.)*

Freshman 50: No, Kim. Without you, I'll never hit the freshman fifty! *(Aims at Daily girl.)*

Everyone: It's the freshman fifteen.

Freshman 50: That's what I said! *(pause)* I know I'm fat.

*(Fast Johnny enters. There is a whip crack.)*

Fast Johnny: Not so fast, fifty. Only Fast Johnny is that fast. *(Aims at Freshman 50)*

Freshman 50: I don't want to fast. I want to eat.

*(Quad Pedestrian Patrol Man Old Man Jones enters.)*

Old Man Jones: Suspect apprehended. Dismount, Fast Johnny. *(Aims at Fast Johnny)*

*(Two Pi Phi girls enter.)*

Pi Phi Girl 1: Hey Cowgirl, You got into Pi Phi!

Cowgirl: Yay! My udder is swollen with joy!

Kitty: What about me?

Pi Phi Girl 2: A Pi Phi has to be beautiful on the inside, Kitty, not just the outside.

Kitty: Oh.

Pi Phi Girl 1: Just kidding, bitch! Your breasts are too small and your nose job needs a nose job!

*(Pi Phi Girls both draw very impressive pink shotguns and pump them very loudly.)*

Pi Phi Girl 2: Come on baby angels, let's Pi Beta FUCK SHIT UP!

*(The entire rest of the female cast enters as the Pi Phi Baby Angel Killer Gun Death Squad. All are wearing angel wings. Israel and Palestine walk on stage. Israel is holding cotton candy, and Palestine is holding a balloon. They are skipping arm-in-arm.)*

Israel: Hi guys. What are you doing?

Karl: It's a conflict, Israel and Palestine. You guys should be right at home.

Palestine: Actually, this afternoon we went to a fair, the movies, and then Israel took me out to dinner.

Israel: There's this great Italian place on University.

Palestine: Oh, my, the pasta's to die for!

Larry: I don't want to die. I can't, man I can't.

*(The Mendicants enter.)*

Mendicant leader: Did someone say, MENDICANT?

Act 1 - Scene 0 begins all over again.

*(They sing a complicated arpeggio: "Die,die,die,die,DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE!" They all draw guns. The music from The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly starts.)*

Fellatia: Give me the book.

Tucker: Don't do it, Evan!

Evan: Why don't you find me attractive?

Kitty: Evan, I love you toots.

*(Karl pulls a gun on Molly.)*

Karl: Everyone stop, or she dies.

Molly: I don't want to die a virgin.

Paul: I don't want you to die a virgin either!

Fellatia: Stanford ends here.

*(Everyone stares each other down.)*

Larry: Ooooooooooooooh! Stanford's Dooooooooomed!

*(The lights blackout. There is the sound of thunder/gunshot. There's yelling, and panic. And then silence, and the gleaming door of the mausoleum opens. Out steps John Hennessy, who is in a robe or tunic, beard, and wizard hat. He should resemble Albus Dumbeldore. He is flanked by Dean Shaw and Narratin' Joe, both with wizard hats and wands.)*

John Hennessey: Not on my watch! Expelliarmus!

*(There is a whooshing sound. Everyone drops their guns and falls back in shock!)*

Molly: Holy horcrux! It's Professor Dumbeldore! He's saved our lives! And Stanford!

John Hennessey: Actually Molly *(removing beard and wizard hat)* it's President Hennessey. You kids have done a great job. Cal couldn't have been defeated by my magic alone, and I couldn't have done it without the help of all you smart, sexy, cunning, glowing, incredible Stanford students! (etc, etc, etc) Now all that's left to do is crush those Weenies and Win Big Game!

Fellatia: No! Evil will never be vanquished! *(runs and grabs book, and she tears it apart)*

All Stanford kids: No!

*(Shaw and Narratin' Joe remove their wizard hats and step forward.)*

Shaw: No need to worry, kids. Fortunately, we were prepared for something like this.

Kitty: But how, Dean Shaw? With the book destroyed, Stanford will default on its debt and we'll be doomed!

Shaw: Not so fast Kitty. I think our friend here may be able to help out with that. You see, Narratin' Joe here is much more than just a narrator. He's also University donor and real estate tycoon, John Arrillaga! Come on President Hennessey. Our work here is done. I think Mr. Arrillaga can take it from here.

*(Shaw and Hennessey shake Arrillaga's hand, then exit.)*

Arrillaga: Thanks, gentleman. Kids, I don't think that 126 billion dollar debt is going to be anything to worry your heads over. Consider it... *(Arrillaga throws money in the air)*... taken care of. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to catch my ride.

*(The baby angels all lift up Arrillaga and carry him off stage.)*

Everyone: Thanks Arrillaga!

#### Scene 4: Resolution

*(Curtain opens on a set of stadium benches, with big Stanford banners and stuff in the background. It is Big Game. Paul, Molly, Kitty, and Tucker are standing in the middle of a crowd of cheering Stanford fans. "All Right Now" is playing.)*

All: Five Six Seven Eight Woo!! *(jump; music dies down)*

*(Molly and Paul kiss cutely. Kitty sighs sadly)*

Tucker: Kitty, what's wrong?

Kitty: I'm just... *(sighs)* so lonely, Tuck.

Tucker: Well, what about Evan?

Evan: Yeah, what about me?

Kitty: I thought things were going well, but he hasn't made a move.

Evan: Yes I did! When we played scrabble, I spelled "Sex," "sexy," and "sex-you-me."

Tucker: Kitty, Evan's like five years old. You have to make take the initiative.

Kitty: Maybe you're right. *(looks at Evan)* Let's make out.

Evan: *(nervous)* Now? But there are people here!

Kitty: Shut up and kiss me, you dumbass!

*(Kitty jumps up and makes outski with Evan, then turns back to Tucker and says very very sweetly as though she is about to thank him for being such an awesome feminist (which he is))*

Kitty: Oh, hey, Tuck? Can I have my kneepads back?

*(Larry and Karl walk on.)*

Karl *(to Tucker)*: Hey, I saw what you did for Kitty – that was really nice of you.

Tucker: Well, as my hero Ronald Reagan always said: “When you can't make them see the light, make them feel the heat.”

Karl: I love Ronald Reagan! I only wish President Bush would bring back Reaganomics.

Tucker: Really? It's so hard to find a fiscal conservative on a college campus these days.

Karl: Almost as hard as it is to find someone to go hunting with.

Tucker: Or a good pick-up game of football

*(Karl and Tucker exchange a passionate kiss.)*

Larry: Wait, Karl? Tucker? You both acted so straight. *(deep sigh)* I guess I'm all alone. Again.

Like I always say, masturbation is just sex with someone you love, or in my case, someone you hate.

*(The Hoov enters with Cowgirl)*

The Hoov: Not so fast, Larry!

Everyone: THE HOOV!

The Hoov: After all my years hanging around campus, fooling around with co-eds, I finally found the prettiest little filly on the Farm.

Cowgirl: I'm not a filly! I'm a cow!

The Hoov: Anyway, I'm dating the best-looking girl in PiPhi. Anyway, Larry, I won't be needing these ladies anymore – Hoovies!

*(The four Hoovies run onstage and all kiss Larry. Extras on stage pair off. Fellatia enters wearing ripped up clothing.)*

Molly: Paul! That crazy fuckbitch is back!

Larry: Fellatia, you... you... you came back?

Fellatia: Not for you, twerp! I've finally found a real man, one who can give me everything I want.

Tucker: Wow, who is it?

*(Narrator enters)*

Narrator: Wooooooooowheee.

Molly: John Arrillaga?!

Fellatia: Yes. With his money and my evil we can blow up God.

Arrillaga: Or at least fund a few construction projects and throw the biggest party Stanford has ever seen.

The Hoov: Oh yeah, The Hoov can get into that. This party needs some study help, and Professor The Hoov is holding office hours! Hoovies, let's move to this Hoov Groove!

Hoovies come onstage, playing banjos and violins and trombones and tubas. Larry stands in the middle of them playing the clarinet. He's Jewish! Everyone starts dancing.

The Hoov: Hey everybody! We're all gonna get laid! (*Everyone cheers!*) Now let's go out there and WIN BIG GAME! (*Everyone cheers again!*)

CLOSING SONG

Gaieties ends. We lose Big Game.