



GAIETIES 2008

DAZED AND CALFUSED

An Original Musical Comedy

by

RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Music and lyrics by Charlton Gholson

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Directed by Nick DeWilde

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STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Act 1 Scene 1: The Big Bad Game

Offstage, we hear the sound of Stanford winning Big Game, Cal losing, the clock running out.

Big Game Announcer: 10 Seconds left and counting! Cal has one last chance--can Stanford stop them? The ball is hiked... Cal looks for an opening--still looking--Wait, what's this? Stanford just broke the line! Here's the rush, and the takedown. Stanford stops them! The game is over! Holy Fucking Shit! Stanford wins Big Game '07! Ahhh! My penis is barfing!

Lights Up. Stanford students run on-stage, excitedly celebrating their historic victory.

Song: "Stanford (Fuck Yeah!)"

WE JUST WON BIG GAME...FUCK YEAH!

IT'S JUST A GAME, WE USED TO SAY
BUT WE JUST SAID THAT CUZ IT DIDN'T GO OUR WAY
AND NOW WE WON, IT'S WAY MORE FUN
CUZ NOW WE FINALLY GET TO SAY...

Chorus

FUCK YEAH! TURN AROUND AND GO AWAY
GET BACK ACROSS THE BAY
AND TELL YOUR STUPID MASCOT OSKI WE DON'T WANT TO SEE HIS
UGLY FACE
(WE HEARD HE'S GAY)
FUCK YEAH! WE DON'T HAVE TO TAKE SHIT ANYMORE
ABOUT A STUPID FOOTBALL SCORE
WE FUCKED YOU GUYS HARDCORE
FUCK YEAH!

IT'S TIME TO SIT BACK AND RELAX, ENJOY THE VICTORY
CUZ NOW WE'VE GOT THE AXE, SO BOW DOWN TO THE TREE
CALL US ASSHOLES IF YOU WANT, OR EVEN CALL IT LUCK
BUT YOU'RE THE ASSHOLES NOW, SO WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK...

Chorus

Chorus

SO PARTYING'S IN STORE
WE'LL DRINK FROM NOW TIL FOUR

Nerdy Guy:
TONIGHT I MIGHT ACTUALLY SCORE

All:
FIND A WHORE (A DRUNKEN WHORE!)...FUCK YEAH!

At the end of the song, there is a big happy gay pose and then everyone runs off in celebration revealing Oski the Bear, 2 dirty old hippies, and a crackhead. Oski tears off his bear head and throws it across stage. His eyes are burning like hot coals. His fists are tight like a 13 year old girl scout. Lashes around, pissed. Falls to his knees. Looks toward god.

Oski: Fuuuuuuck! (Gets up, pacing, speaking to himself)
Motherfucking, shit eating, cock sucking, shit ass eating,
motherfucking FUCKERS!

Labiella: Oh Rutherford, you did the best you could...

Oski: (angrily) That's not my name, skank tank.

Labiella: Right, right -- Oski. I'm sorry.

Oski: That's right. I'm Oski the Bear, the life blood and the beating heart of this university, even if our football team did just lose the BIGGEST FUCKING GAME OF THE YEAR.

Turtle: Relax, fuzzy child. It's only a game.

(Enter Pi Phi and Theta wearing Pi Phi and Theta shirts)

Theta : OHMIGAWD, I can't believe we just won!

Pi Phi: Yeah, OHMIGAWD Cindy, I know how we can celebrate...

Theta : FRAICHE?!

Pi Phi: FRAICHE!!!

Both: OMIGAWD FRAICHE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(both ladies exit.)

Oski: GAAAAH!!! How I hate Stanford...Now where the shit is Beef?
I'm going to kick his ass for missing that block.

Enter Beef, running on in football pads. He rips apart his Cal football jersey to reveal an undershirt that says, "USDA APPROVED GRADE C."

Beef: (angry crying) BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEF!

Oski: Beef, you flaccid fucking penis. I'm going to tenderize your fat ass! (starts to pummel Beef, but Beef is unaffected).

Enter Calista. She runs on and pulls Oski off of Beef.

Calista: Get off of him, Oski! It's not his fault. (turns to Oski, tenderly) I'm sorry we lost the game, but you did your best. I'm really proud of you, brother. (gives him a tender, gay-tastic embrace).

Oski: Thanks sis, but you're missing the point: Those Stanford cockwads beat us!

Calista: I'm sorry Oski.

Oski: "Sorry" doesn't win big game!

Labiella: (sighs reminiscently) Ahh, when siblings fight, 'tis an earthquake of the heartstrings.

Crackhead Dan: Earquake?! Ah shitz!! Stop, drop, and rolls! (rolls on ground).

Labiella: It was a metaphor, Crackhead Dan.

Crackhead Dan: What a helmet for? So I don't hurt my damn heeEAAAAADDDD.

Crackhead Dan picks up Oski's hat and starts stroking it.

Oski: What the hell is he doing? Beef! Fetch me my head!

Beef: (wrestles it away from Crackhead Dan) BEEF GIVE YOU HEAD!
(gives it back to Oski).

Strokes head trying to calm himself, still fuming

Calista: I know you're upset Oski, but we'll beat them next year.

Oski: No Calista, no more trying to beat them. It's time we end Stanford once and for all. And we know just what to do. (Lifts the bear head into the air and turns towards it) Don't we, Oski... By this time next year, the fountains of Stanford will run red with blood! (Pets the bear head)

All of the sudden, a reporter from the Stanford Daily runs in with camera and dictaphone.

Daily Reporter: Oski! Oski! I'm a reporter from The Stanford Daily and I was wondering if I could get a word with the Cal Mascot following your devastating loss today.

Oski: (trying to hide murderous rage. Clenching his teeth.) Are you fucking kidding me right now?

Daily: Greaaaaat. So, you may recall that 20 minutes ago Cal lost Big Game for the first time in six years.

Oski: I mean, let's remember that-

Daily: So who did YOU want to win the game?

Oski: Are you seriously asking me--

Daily: Are you happy or sad right now?

Oski: What?!?

Daily: So what you're saying is-

Oski: What I'm saying is that with my genius plan, I'm gonna kill every shit-eating Stanford piece of shit like you! I'm gonna pump poison into your water supply and watch you all fucking DIE!

Daily: I'm sorry, would you mind speaking a little clearer into the--

Oski: GAAAAAHH!

Stabs daily reporter

Crackhead Dan (removes a syringe from his arm and licks it): Geez. Wuz yo beef, spaceman?

Beef: BEEF!

Oski: Calista and I will never forgive Stanford for what they did to our family! The year was 1982. Mother and Father were professors in the Stanford physics department, and I was the biggest deal Bing Nursery School had ever seen. Our parents had their life savings riding on that fateful game -- and Stanford's fucking team couldn't even hold a lead with 10 seconds left. Because of The Play, we lost everything. Mom and Dad had no money, so they were forced into selling their bodies to the Stanford physics department. We got a call late one night saying that there had been an accident with the linear particle accelerator. Mommy and Daddy were dead. And it was all because of Stanford. Those bastards killed them and left us with nothing!

Cali: But Oski... we had each other.

Oski: Cali, we were homeless! You sold knock-off Tamagachis on the street corner! I only showered twice during the entire Clinton administration!

Turtle: (Gasp) Poor child. What ever did you do?

Oski: We did what all homeless people do. We moved to Berkeley. We raised ourselves on Cal's campus, eating only compost and discarded marijuana stems. And it's all because of Stanford. But now their day of

reckoning has finally come!!

Calista: What are we going to do?

Oski: Funny you ask Calista. Well, before the doctor over there (nods towards Crackhead Dan) found hard drugs, he was the most prolific chemistry student Cal had ever seen.

Calista: He's a doctor?

Crackhead Dan: Doctor Crackhead Dan, OB-GYN. (*he whips out a speculum and clicks it open and closed*)

Oski: Years ago, while working late at night in Cal's chemistry lab Crackhead Dan inadvertently stumbled upon the recipe for a poison, deadlier than any known to man. A poison so deadly- it is said that one milligram could wipe out an entire army.

Cali: Or a University...

Oski: Exactly.

Labiella: But can you still make it?

Crackhead Dan: Yo shitz spaceman, I can make dat shiz.

Oski: Yes, Crackhead Dan, you CAN make it. (with a psychopathic gleam) And then we'll take the poison down to Stanford and dump every drop of it into their water supply!

Turtle: But how will we get in? Security at Stanford is tighter than the arthritic sphincter of my darling Labiella's withered vagina.

Oski: Don't interrupt me! You don't think we have a fucking plan (Talking to the bear head once more)?? We will infiltrate Stanford with the help of our mole!

Calista: What? We have a mole at Stanford? Who is it?

Oski: You, Calista! (gaining crazy man-steam) You will submit an application to Stanford and enroll next fall in the class of oh-twelve.

You will gain information about the school and learn how we can access the steam tunnels. From there we will deploy our secret weapon: LSD.

Labiella: LSD! The hallucinogen?

Oski: No, cum dumpster!! Leland... Stanford... Destroyer.

Calista: Me? Go to Stanford? I was supposed to go to Cal--with you, remember? Can't Labiella or Turtle do it?

Oski: No. They're too old and hippie-y. Besides, they don't know anything about the world these days--Turtle would stick out like a sore thumb.

Labiella: (pointing at his crotch) Turtle, you're sticking out like a sore thumb right now!

Turtle: Count it! (does the "count it" thing with his finger).

Calista: But what if I don't get in?

Oski: Calista, you're student body president, you got perfect SAT scores, and you can write your essay about that summer that you taught AIDS education to dolphins! You'll get in.

Calista: But I...

Oski: Please Cali, get to work on those applications!! Our plan starts now.

Callies crowd around Cali. She feels the pressure.

Calista: Oh god.

Exit Callies.

Act 1 Scene 2: Welcome to Burbank

Open on Vanessa and Calista's room.

Vanessa: (To Calista) Oh! you must be my roommate!

Calista (Flustered): Me? oh...yeah! I guess I am! (Composing herself)
Hi. I'm Calista B-... Cardinal!

Vanessa: Calista! Nice to meet you! Can I call you CAL-i?

Calista: No!

Vanessa: So CAL-i... where are you from?

Calista: (looks at door sign) Uh. I'm from Fake-town, Texas.

Vanessa: No effing way, I'm from Faketon! Funny, I didn't see you at the send-off.

Calista: Uh, I couldn't make it that day. I was having surgery on my ...
esophogina. ...But you look strangely familiar.

Vanessa: Well, maybe we met at Admit Weekend or something,
because it's NOT like I'm a recognizable celebrity--

Cali: No! You're from that show!

Vanessa: (quickly) PUBERTY OR ELSE?

Cali: No...

Vanessa: Sextuplets Rule???

Cali: Nope...

Vanessa: Super Ethnic Buddies???

Cali: Oh yeah! That was it! I guess I just haven't seen the others
because my hippie parents didn't let me watch cable growing up in
Berk... Faketon.

Vanessa: Oh. Well anyway Cali, I'm trying to like keep this whole
child-star thing under wraps. (Does hair flip) That was a long time ago,

you know? And I don't want people to think I'm some spoiled brat, just because I have three or four serfs.

Cali: You mean surfboards?

Vanessa: No, like feudalism serfs! See? (Serfs lift her heavy stuff, Vanessa takes pity on Cali and tenderly asks serfs to help lift her stuff too). Serfs are totally the new Kaballah.

Serf 1: (in funny accent) I hate my life...

Vanessa: So, what do you do around here for fun? You wanna walk the dish? The serfs are so great for piggyback rides! (Serfs assume piggyback position...miserably).

Cali: Umm, I think Stanford students play Frisbee and stuff?

Vanessa: Or... we could buy unused books from the book store!

Cali: Wow you ARE rich.

STARWIPE TO JOSH, DICK ROOM

Josh enters his room with a rolling suitcase.

Josh: Hey you must be my roommate, how's it goin'?

Dick: Good afternoon, Josh. I'm Dick Ballsheimer. Lemme guess Josh, you look like a top bunk man, a real high altitude climber!

Josh: Uhh...

Dick: Perfect! 'Cause I've already set up shop on the bottom bunk.

Josh: Okay, that's cool.

Dick: So. What's your gameplan this year?

Josh: Gameplan? Well I guess I was planning on taking some IHUM, trying to meet some new people around the dorm, hopefully figure out what I'm interested in, the truth is I don't really know if I belong here

in the first place...

Dick: (On his iPhone, not listening) That's sounds great. Like really, good for you.

(short pause)

Josh: So, what's your---

Dick: Funny you asked, I plan to rush most of the frats, join the big five ethnic student groups, work for the Daily, and then... become ASSU President!

Josh: Aren't you supposed to be a senior to be President?

Dick: Not if you plan on graduating in two years. With all my AP credits, I'm technically co-terming!

Josh: Wow man. You seem like you're in quite a rush.

Dick: Well Josh... it's just like tip 4 says in my best-selling self-help book: "Taking Your Time Is For Homeless People." For example, I pre-auditioned so I'm already a Mendicant!

Josh: You sing too?

Dick: No. And speaking of time, we're gonna be late for the first dorm meeting!

Josh: Oh right. Let's go.

Lights up on Burbank Lounge

Ralph Toolface: I don't miss my parents at all!

Fat Kid: (stuffing face) STERN DINING IS AWESOME! Pizza for breakfast, lunch, and dinner!

Drunky: I love college! PARTYYY! Who wants to make out?

William Fitzpatrickstein: Did you hear about this child prodigy in the

dorm?

Patrick Fitzwilliamstein: I heard he's like a seven-year-old genius!

Josh enters the Burbank lounge accompanied by Dick, who immediately starts pointing out different people throwing them cheesy lines

Dick: Hey Jill, we still on for lattes at the CoHo? Oh hey Regina, same IHUM section... cross those fingers! Mordechai, hey there pal, saw you just ended that relationship on facebook, my condolences.

Jill: Have we met?

Dick: Poke me back, Jill! You see Josh, friends are political capital. Everyone's a voter, and their votes all count the same, even those awkward kids who still play Live-Action-Role-Playing Games on the first floor. (Points to awkward kids standing over by Vanessa)

LARP Kid: Ah-ha! There you are William! Prepare to feel the wrath of my level twenty-six sage staff!

Vanessa: If you don't get the fuck away from me, I'm going to shove that sage staff so far up your ass you'll bleed dragon tears.

LARP Kid: Dragon Tears?! Those are the rarest!

Vanessa takes a swing at him and he runs screaming off stage to go masturbate to the Dungeons and Dragons Monster Manual

Dick: (Looking at Vanessa) Well well, who do we have over here?

Josh: Why don't we go introduce ourselves.

Dick: Good idea, the female demographic is of particular interest to my penis. Just kidding, or am I? (no laughter) Oh that joke usually kills with the hetero-community. Are you gay? Think about it, answer later, 'cause I value the cultural contributions of the gay community.

Josh: I'll keep that in mind...

Dick: (to Vanessa and Cali) Well hello ladies, I'm Dick. I recognize you, you're Vanessa Odessa from Sextuplets Rule! You're quite the celebrity endorsement – ahem – celebrity.

Vanessa: Uh-huh. And you're quite the tool.

Dick: Me-ow.

Josh: Hey, I'm Josh. You may recognize me from 10 seconds when I was standing over there awkwardly.

Calista: It was a riveting performance.

Josh: Ha, thanks.

Calista: I'm Calista

Vanessa: Vanessa.

Josh: So, did you guys hear about this kid Andy Feinberg who's supposed to be in our dorm?

Calista: What? No...

Josh: Yeah, apparently there's this seven-year-old Einstein in our dorm! He's like the most famous person on campus.

Vanessa: ACTUALLY THAT'S NOT--- (realizes she DOESN'T want to be famous) I mean, yeah he like totally is.

RA walks on stage

RA: Alrighty gather round everybody. Welcome to Burbank! I'm Todd, I'll be you're RA and you're all gonna be my best friends by the end of the year! YAY! Well, now begins NSO week, which of course, is completely dry.

Drunky: BLAH! (vomits)

RA: Mmhmm. Well, like I was saying NSO starts now. And be sure to enjoy it, cuz it goes by über-duper fast!!! (commence NSO sequence)

RA: There's the new VOICES AND CHOICES!

Actor1: Diversity is fun!

Actor2: Mental health rocks!

Actor1: And now for a group that the Stanford Daily praises as, "kinda awkward", The Stanford Improvisors!

Simp1: Can I get a suggestion for something I could be holding behind my back.

Evan: Penis!

Frosh2: Dildo!

Evan: Penis!

Frosh3: Gonorrhea!

Evan: Penis!

Simp1: I heard Sandwich. Thank you. (begin scene, take exaggerated bite of mimed sandwich) Man I love this sandwich!

Simp2: It looks like you really like sandwiches!

Simp1: I sure do!

Simp1 and Simp2: And scene.

RA: REAL WORLD STANFORD!

Girl: I have anal genital diarrhea warts! Uhhh.

Rapist: I'll still do you.

Girl: Was I raped? It's so ambiguous, anyone can do it – even you!

RA: MEET YOUR PEER MENTOR!

PM: Hey kids – I made you some brownies! But, you'll never see me again. Peace!

RA: THE O-SHOW!

Talisman: We are Talisman, Stanford's only acappella group worth listening to. Our first song is called "Sum'Bulala Toyi Toyi Wahjeeleh" or in the common tongue " A Thousand Hand Jobs for Nelson Mandela". We learned it from a starving baby who died in our arms...of poorness.

Drunky: BLAH!

RA: CONVOCATION!

Admin: You know, this summer I read an exceedingly boring book about the life and times of a colonial blacksmith that loosely relates to something about Stanford, so I'd like to read it to you in its entirety.

Crowd: Ughhhhhh....

Back in the dorm lounge.

Josh: Man, NSO week did go by fast.

RA: But there was plenty of time to make this collage of all of my new best friends' faces. (shows collage). YAY!

Calista: Oh I think the child prodigy is here!

Enter Andy Feinberg and his mom. His mom is wearing mom-clothes, perhaps a business suit or jeans up to her navel

Andy: Okay mom, you can leave me alone. I'm a college kid now.

Mom: Okay Andy, (starts walking away) I'll just go--

Andy: Don't leave me! (starts wailing)

Mom: Okay, let's meet some friends. (pushes him toward heroes, as he tries to hide behind her legs) Come on, sweetie!

Andy: Hi, I'm Andy.

Calista: Calista.

Dick: Dick.

Vanessa: Vanessa.

Josh: I'm Josh. So, how old are you Andy?

Andy: This many (holds up seven fingers). And 292 days, which approximates to seven pi over three years old.

Cali: (looks up to mom) Smart kid.

Mom: I know! I'm very proud of my little Andy Wandy.

Andy: Stop it, mommy-

Drunky: It's that smart kid. HEY TOMMY PICKLES, I'M YOUR ROOMMATE!

Mom: Oh how nice. What's your name?

Drunky: I honestly can't remember.

Mom: Well, this is my son Andy and he's a teensy bit nervous about-

Drunky: Alright, that's it! We're throwing a Little Kid Party in honor of this guy tonight in our room.

Mom: (protectively) Excuse me?

Drunky: You fuckin heard me. We'll have Capri Suns mixed with beer, chocolate milk mixed with beer, and vodka mixed with beer. We're gonna get fucking shittier than shit, you little baby bitch! (tries to chest-bump Andy, knocks him over, runs off)

Dick: So... Andy, how many AP credits do you have?

Andy: 10.

Dick: 10?!? Baby genius my ass.

Josh: Dude, he's just a kid.

Dick: What was your SAT score?

Andy: 2120.

Dick: Are you kidding me?

Andy: I'm seven!

Mom: Ok, Andy, I'm gonna let you play with your new friends now, but if you need me, you know where to find me. (To heroes) I just moved in to the Sigma Chi study room – Lord knows they're not using it.

Josh: Well, that's lucky!

Mom: Yeah. I mean, at first I tried just sleeping in the Sigma Chi closet, but there seemed to be a lot of guys hiding in there...

Everyone: (Pondering) Hmm...

Andy's Mom exits

Andy: Bye mommy! So for the party tonight can you fill my Dora The Explorer sippy cup with beer? Otherwise mommy says I'll spill.

Cali: Yeah. We can help you out Andy.

Josh: Just make sure to go really easy on the alcohol though, little guy.

Dick: What's a matter, baby can't handle his liquor?

Calista and Josh: Shut up, Dick!

Quick moment of enjoying the fact that they jinxed each other

Dumsfeld is offstage holding a bull-horn.

RA: Everyone, please welcome Stanford's new safety coordinator and Hoover Fellow, Ronald Dumsfeld!

Ronald Dumsfeld enters with two Dumsfeldians

Dumsfeld: Good Afternoon Students. As the new safety coordinator for Stanford University I am enacting several new mandates. First of all, we will no longer allow the service of any alcohol on the Stanford campus.

Drunky: NOOOOOOOOOO!

Dumsfeld: And in order to ensure that this mandate is upheld, I and my associates will be conducting random room searches, as well as installing listening devices into your cellular phones.

Josh: What? You can't do that!

Dumsfeld: Oh can't I?

(Dean Julie enters)

Dean Julie: No. You can't.

Dumsfeld: Oh, uh...

Dean Julie: This isn't like your old job, Ronald, at Stanford we respect and care about the well being of our students. We treat them like responsible adults and assume that if they were able to get into Stanford, that they must be smart enough to make their own decisions.

Dumsfeld: Fine. Let's go. But be warned students, you haven't seen the last of me.

Josh: That guy gives me the creeps.

Calista: Yeah I know what you mean.

RA: (nakedly or in a speedo or bikini) Now let's all get naked and make friendship bracelets!

Act 1, Scene 3: Never Have I Ever...

Our Stanford Heroes and our mole sit in a semicircle in a nebulous location, at dusk, playing ten fingers. All hold up varying degrees of digits, while Andy's eyes are conspicuously glued to Vanessa's glorious tits.

Vanessa: ANDY! For the last time, my eyes are up here!

Andy: But my eyes are down here!

Calista: Don't be offended, Vanessa. He's probably just thirsty.

Vanessa: Excuse me?

Josh: Oh oh oh okay! I have one, I have one... Never have I ever hooked up with a Phi Psi.

Steve the Phi Psi claps and put a finger down

Vanessa: Wait. Steve, aren't you in Phi Psi?

Steve: (Unphased) Yeah!

Dick: So... you're in Phi Psi... and you had sex with a Phi Psi.

Steve: Yeah. It gets lonely sometimes. I haven't seen the sun in 9 months.

Creepy Synergy Guy: Hey friends, I've got one.

Vanessa: Why is that creepy old Synergy guy here?

Creepy Synergy Guy: Never have I ever been to an EBF happy hour without boning someone at least 35 years younger than me.

Chi-O: That was one time!

Creepy Synergy Guy: Oh, I remember. You were the one who said my ponytail smelled like a port-a-potty.

Vanessa: Go home Creepy Synergy Guy.

Ronald McRandom Porkchop Tits: Okay, okay! Never have I ever passed out at Terra, and woken up with three Fleet Street guys jerking off on my face.

Two random people from opposite ends of the semicircle simultaneously clap hands and put down a finger

Jeff Gilliland: Oh my god, that happened to you too?!

Stacy: Yeah!! (They embrace. It's fate. Romantic music plays.)

Guillermo: Fleet Street es so kinky.

Miguel: E-shut up, Guillermo. I's got a real one. Never has I evers geeven my roommate analingus in a bathroom of a Wendy's!

Guillermo: Ju said ju was not gonna talk about that Miguel! ...I jus keeding, I do do that!

Calista: Wendy's?!? That's gross, you guys.

Miguel: E-shut up, puta. Jour purse is so las season an jour perfume smells like dick queso. (High fives Guillermo)

Calista: Whatever. Okay... (nervously) I guess it's my turn. Uh, never have I ever been down in the steam tunnels.

Adam Fitzpatrick: Is that seriously your question? (Tries to high-five Miguel) Totes lame-zors!

Calista: Okay, fine. Never have I ever done coke while skull-fucking a hooker in the steam tunnels.

Guillermo: I deed that sheet twice already today.

Calista: Well don't blame me, guys. I mean... maybe I'd do it if I knew how to get into the steam tunnels.

Dick: Please... Don't you know everyone gets a map of the steam tunnels in their NSO folder? (Takes out folder and map) You should enter through here. This one's my favorite manhole.

Guillermo: (Pointing to Miguel's butt) I thought dees was jour favorite manhole!

Miguel (slapping him gayly): You Beesh! (Miguel chases Guillermo offstage)

Calista: Thanks, Dick. Actually, can I borrow this for a sec? I've just gotta go, uh, call my friend... who's uh... in the hospital! With scabies!

Dick: Delightful.

They continue playing 10 fingers while Calista gets on her cell phone and calls Oski. They both are illuminated by spotlights on opposite sides of the stage, and speak in hushed whispers.

Oski: Agent 3838?

Calista: (exasperated) Yes Oski, it's me.

Oski: Hey, use the fucking code name! It's 2685267.

Calista: That's just the Pottery Barn phone number.

Oski: YOU'RE just the Pottery Barn phone number!

Calista: Whatever, Sorry. I have the information we need to move on to Phase 2.

Oski: Excellent.

Calista: Should I bring the Steamtunnel Map to our hideout in the vacant Theta Delt laundry room?

Oski: No. It turned out there were too many Skanky hoodrats with syphilis living down there.

Calista: Oh OK. Then we'll mobilize from our other equally vacant hideout in Sigma Nu's Heterosexuality Room.

Oski: Then onto the steam tunnels, (staring at Bear head) then to conquer Stanford, and then conquer the World!

(Maniacal laugh. Cue Pinky and the Brain theme music.)

Calista: narf. (deadpan as a dead pan)

Blackout.

Act 1, Scene 4: The Other LSD

Spooky music then lights up in the steam tunnels... Fog machines like whoa. Callies enter. They are holding flashlights/matches.

Oski: Well, Calista, are these the steamtunnels?

Calista: I don't know, I've never been down here before. But it's full of steam and shit, and it smells like home. So I'd say yeah, bro.

Oski: What crawled up your ass tonight?

Calista: Sorry. It's just this whole double-agent thing has been a little harder than I thought.

Song: "Berkeley, Baby"

Cali:

OSKI, JUST LOOK AT WHAT WE'VE COME TO BE
SINCE OUR DAYS AT CAL, MAKING LOVE TO THE TREES
WE'D WAKE AND BAKE AND SPEND THE WHOLE DAY IN THE SUN
EAT SHROOMS FOR LUNCH, GIVE ABORTIONS FOR FUN

Oski:

THOSE DAYS ARE OVER NO MORE HIPPIE CRAP
NOW STANFORD IS GETTING A BIG CAL COCK SLAP
SO PUT AWAY THE GANJA AND PACK UP THE YERT
GONNA MAKE THOSE CARDINAL SKANKS FEEL THE HURT

WITH BIOTERROR WE'LL GET IN THEIR HEADS
WATCH AS IT FUCKS WITH WHINY PRE-MEDS
DR. DEMENT WILL WISH IT WAS A DREAM
WHEN THOSE STANFORD FUCKS ALL BOW TO ME - HAHA

I'M OSKI, BABY, SO WRONG I'M RIGHT
GONNA KILL EVERY STANFORD KID IN SIGHT TONIGHT
ONCE THEY'RE ALL DEAD, STANFORD WILL BE MINE
I'LL BE HENNESSY, SHAW, AND DEAN JULIE COMBINED

Cali:

BUT OSKI, THIS PLAN HAS GOT ME FEELING TORN
GOT IDENTITY QUESTIONS LIKE JASON BOURNE

Oski:

WE'LL MAKE THIS PLACE OVER TO BE CAL NUMBER TWO
TURN THEIR CARDINAL RED TO OUR RICH BERKELEY BLUE

Oski, Labiella, Turtle, Crackhead Dan, Beef:
YEAH, BERKELEY, BABY, WE'RE ON THE RISE
AND TONIGHT STANFORD FINALLY MEETS ITS DEMISE
ONCE THEY'RE ALL DEAD, STANFORD WILL BE OURS
AND WE'LL BE THE ONES WITH ALL OF THE POWER

IT WILL BE SUCH A BETTER PLACE

Labiella (to Turtle):
A NEW SET OF FIELDS WHERE I CAN SIT ON YOUR FACE!

Oski, Labiella, Turtle, Crackhead Dan, Beef:
TRY TO SEE WHAT WE'RE DREAMING OF

Turtle (to Labiella):
AND IT'S NOT JUST CLEVELAND STEAMERS FOR MY TURTLEDOVE!

Oski, Labiella, Crackhead Dan, Beef:
CALI, WE KNOW THAT YOU'LL LOVE IT TOO

Crackhead Dan:
YOU CAN GET CWAZY SHITS SPACEMAN, OOO OOO OOH!

Oski, Labiella, Crackhead Dan, Beef:
AND AFTER WE'RE DONE, WE CAN TOKE SOME REEF

Beef:
BEEF!

All Callies:
BERKELEY, BABY
BERKELEY, BABY
BERKELEY, BABY
BERKELEY, BABY

Turtle (stroking Labiella's breasts): Oski, please be kind to your sister,
she is under a lot of stress.

Labiella: All while blossoming into a woman.

Turtle: A beautiful rose, unfolding its delicate nipple leaves before our eyes.

Labiella: Oh yes! Nipple leaves. Turtle, do you recall the days when we would sneak down into the sewers at Cal and make love in the Feces Pipes?

Oski: (Disgusted) Enough! The last thing I want to hear about is your wrinkly, geriatric sex life. Now, one of these pipes goes straight to the Stanford Municipal Water Supply. By tomorrow morning, when those Stanford fucks take their first sip of water...BAM! Every Stanford student drops absolutely fucking dead. Crackhead Dan, what's the status on the poison?

Crackhead Dan is roused by the question, as if waking from a nap.

Crackhead Dan: WHHHAA!! AAWWW SHITZ. We gots it. (Scratches his neck, biting the air like a dog drinking from a hose) Where you needs it, spaceman?

Oski: Follow me. And to reward you retards for finally completing my plan to take revenge on Stanford, I got you all a present.

Labiella: Are you going to braid all of our pubic hair?

Turtle: Too late!

Oski: No! Actually, I scored (Oski pulls out another vial, that looks remarkably similar to the poison) thirty milliliters of the finest, purest, most-mind-fuckingly hallucinogenic L.S.D. that the Cal Berkeley campus has to offer!

Crackhead Dan: HALLELUJAH!

Oski: And once we poison these Stanford shittards, we are going to trip some serious balls tonight.

They all rejoice. Crackhead Dan swipes the LSD from Oski, admires it.

He now has one vial in each hand.

Calista: Um, Oski, not to criticize your evil genius, but you couldn't have put the drugs in a different bottle than, I don't know, THE POISON?

Oski: (mockingly) Um, Calista, I've had enough of your PMS tonight. We need to find the main pipeline - it should be marked with an "X."

Crackhead Dan: We're looking for X? I mean, we already got the LSD, but badangadang let's do some X too!

Oski: The letter X, you fucktard.

The X is prominently visible stage left. They reach it. They are all standing by it.

Labiella (a few seconds later). Oh! Oski! I see it! I see it!

Calista (quietly, beginning to question loyalties): Cali, I can't believe you.

Oski: What?

Calista: Uhhh, wowie, Bravman Bar-B-Q. At FroSoCo! It's the social pulse of the campus. Gotta -- gotta infiltrate! See you later! (Calista exits)

Oski: Whatever. (Quickly changing his attention) BEEF! This pipe here looks like it's rusting. Smash that shit open.

BEEF: ...BEEF?

Oski: (sigh) BEEF, BEEF that shit open.

BEEF: BEEF!

BEEF head butts the shit out of the pipe.

Beef: BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEF!

Water and steam spew out of the pipe.

Oski: Crackhead Dan, how much of this shit do we need to pour in?

Crackhead Dan: Takakakaka. Welllllllllll spaceman, one drop would
done kill all Stanfod! Waaaaaaaah! I got em...I got a million drops.
LEZ DO ZIT SHIT!

Oski: Whatever. Just dump it all in.

Crackhead Dan: Takakakaka. YEAAAAAAA spaceman. (starts pouring
in the LSD) Pourin it... Pourin it... (rapping) Pourin it... Pourin it...
Pourin it... Zip bit poison ba do bop titty bop!

Oski: Yes, yes! Good, Crackhead Dan!! We're done then?

Crackhead Dan (nodding): Affirmitivo spaceman! Let's drop some
acidy wassidy. MAAAAAAAAAAAA.

*Crackhead Dan hits the poison thinking its the LSD. He drinks the
whole bottle.*

Everyone: Whoa.

Crackhead Dan: Aw man, spaceman! Dis be some goooood shitz.
Crackhead Dan be trippin' balls! (Crackhead Dan dies)

Everyone freezes.

BEEF: BEEEEF!

Oski: Oh, shit! Did he just OD?

Labiella: Actually, my dear bear, it is impossible to overdose on
Lysergic acid diethylamide.

Turtle: I'm afraid my lover is right.

Oski: Wait, what? So you're telling me that that wasn't the-- (Realizes)
And so THIS must have been the-- AND HE DRANK THE--!!! (Freaks
out)

Labiella: Oh, golly.

Oski: WE JUST FUCKING PUMPED THE STANFORD WATER SUPPLY
FULL OF L.S.D.

Boom. Blackout.

Act 1, Scene 5: Trippin' Balls

Outside Green Library near the red fountain. Heroes are getting ready to go fountain hopping; they are all in bathing suits. Vanessa is wearing an itsy bitsy teeny weeny yellow polka dot bikini. Andy is wearing floaties and a blow-up duck around his tummy.

Josh: Come on, Dick! Don't be lame! Fountain hopping is a Stanford tradition!

Vanessa: What's the matter? Are you afraid, little Dick?

Andy: Don't be scared!

Dick: Fuck you, baby! (to Andy) I'm not scared... I just don't want any compromising photos. Nothing Chelsea Clinton can use against me in the 2024 election.

Vanessa: This just in, political scandal of the year: Dick has shrinkage.

Andy: Vanessa! Where did you get those floaties? They're huge!

Vanessa: I got 'em from my mamma.

Dick: I don't care how big your floaties are, I have a reputation to maintain.

Josh: You hate fun.

Dick: What do you mean?

Josh: That should be your platform.

Dick: That's ridiculous, I love "fun."

Josh: [impersonating Dick] Hey, nice to meet you, I'm Dick Fun-hater. I'd love to stick around, but unfortunately, "socializing" is for illegal immigrants.

Andy: Ha, that's so Dick.

Vanessa: Oh my God, you're identical! I don't know which one to kill!
(holds fake gun)

Dick: Hey, shut up.

Josh: Hey, shut up, guys. It's like tip 6 of my book says: I'm a fun-hating dildo-face!

Cali enters, exasperated.

Cali: You're a what now?

Josh: Oh, Cali, hey... I'm not, Dick is... I was just doing an impersonation... stupid.

Dick: Yeah, it was stupid.

Josh: We were just going fountain hopping, wanna join?

Cali: Fountain hopping? Like... in the fountain... with the *water*?

Josh: What's the matter? It'll be fun.

Cali: You know what else is fun? Naps. Long, dry naps...

Josh: It's cool, Cali, we'll jump together. Don't you trust me? (he reaches out his hand a la Aladdin and magic carpet ride, she takes it and pulls him down and he falls on top of her)

Josh: Whoa, maybe we should have dinner first?

Dick: Who hates fun now? Fuck it, I'll go first!

Andy: Yay, Dick!

Dick jumps

Cali: No! (she reaches for him...pause... he pops out of water like a buoy)

Dick: (He stares at her for a few seconds then says) Oh my God, Cali, your face is sliding off. Let me help you! (starts pushing her face back together)

Josh: What the hell?

Cali: Oh my God, they used the wrong bottle!

Josh: What?

Cali: Umm, you should be a ...thong... model!

Josh: What?

Cali: I like your body?

Tripping people start entering with nalgene, water guns, etc. As the scene gets crazier so should everything in the background. Animals, objects, sex. Go for it.

Maggie: Oh my god-ness! That duck that ate that baby is mega yellow!

Tina: Hey, Vanessa, did you cut your snake hair?

Josh: What the hell is going on?

SLE Kid: (Dressed as Beowulf) I AM BEOWULF!

Vanessa: Oh no! The SLE Kids are escaping!

RA enters

RA: Hey everybody, is everything okay out here? Unicorn, hippopotamus, Hamburgler? We're all good?

The whole Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority enters, singing their sorority song, they splash around in fountain and then begin making out with each other, some are pole dancing on the fountain while others are licking their hands like kittens.

Andy: Guys, there must be something in the water!

Max: That water is magical! (Runs into the fountain and meows at the sorority girls)

Craig: (With a water gun) Take that aliens! You can never have my toenails!

Carrot Peeler: A carrot! (points across stage)

Carrot: A vegetable-peeler! (points at peeler)

They embrace and rub together.

Carrot: It hurts so good!

Testimony is rehearsing in White Plaza. Tom, a dude, listens intently.

Tom: Testimony, you sound like angels! It's like God is cumming in my ear!

Josh: Jesus Christ, this guy is high!

Jesus runs on stage with a shovel.

Jesus: Dig it!

Chicken Little: The sky is falling! The sky is falling!

Andy's mom (in her business suit, with no jacket and blouse unbuttoned): I WANT TO FUCK THE SKY PURPLE!!!

Andy: Mommy?

She runs across the stage and out of sight.

Josh: What the fuck is wrong with everybody?

Vanessa: It looks like they're all...tripping balls!

Song: "Trippin Balls"

Dick:

WHAT'S GOING ON YOU GUYS?
THIS IS A FEELING I CAN'T RECOGNIZE
ALL OF A SUDDEN I CAN HEAR WITH MY NOSE,
AND TASTE THINGS WITH MY EYES

THERE'S PINK MONKEYS ALL OVER THE PLACE
I'M GETTIN FUNKY HERE IN OUTER SPACE
I'M FLYIN UP HIGHER THAN THE WHOLE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE
OOOH, FEEL MY FACE!

Vanessa:

I THINK I'VE SEEN THIS KIND OF THING BEFORE,
BACK WHEN I WAS A YOUNG TV WHORE
JUST MARY KATE AND ME, AND ASHLEY ON ALL FOURS
JUST TRIPPIN BALLS

Heroes:

TRIPPIN BALLS

Vanessa:

YEAH, TRIPPIN BALLS

Heroes:

TRIPPIN BALLS

Vanessa:

WHEN YOUR WORDS ARE SLURRED, BUT YOU'RE HIGH LIKE A BIRD
SO ABSURD IS THE WORD, YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRIPPIN BALLS

Heroes:

TRIPPIN BALLS

Vanessa:

YEAH, YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRIPPIN BALLS

Heroes:
TRIPPIN BALLS

Vanessa:
WHEN YOUR DICK TURNS INTO A LOLLIPOP STICK
BUT ALL YOU WANNA LICK ARE THE WALLS
YOU KNOW YOU'RE TRIPPIN BALLS

Oski, Labiella, Turtle, and BEEF enter during a lull in the song, no one notices them because they are so high.

Oski: God Dammit! All these Stanford fucks are supposed to be dead.

Crazy Tim (a high Stanford student) approaches the Callies, tripping crazy.

Crazy Tim: (to Oski) You're so pretty, panda. I love you.

Oski: Who the fuck is this guy? Get him outta here, we need to make a plan.

Labiella: What's the point, Oski, all is lost anyway.

Oski: No! All is not fucking lost! (distracted by Crazy Tim) Goddamnit! (Grabs Crazy Tim) Here boy, see these keys, want these keys? Yeah go get 'em boy. (Throws keys) Once that LSD begins wearing out, screams for justice and security will torment Stanford! We wait until they are at their weakest -

Crazy Tim comes back with the keys.

Crazy Tim: I found your treasures, Panda. I love you panda, you're so smart. I just want to hug you, Panda, and love you Panda, and butt love you Panda.

Crazy Tim tries to hump Oski.

Oski: I AM NOT A PANDA! Beef!

Beef picks up Crazy Tim and hurls him into the wings. Labiella and Turtle getting hornier.

Turtle: Oh, Labiella, let us make love right here in this den of Panda!

Oski: No love-making! It's war time. (Holds the head up and speaks to it) Oski, We must find a laboratory to mix a second batch of the poison. You're right, security will be too tight at the water supply, so this time, we'll distribute the poison by air. (Turning towards the other Calies) And none of you queefs better fuck it up! Let's go.

Labiella: I wish I were tripping balls.

All:

A NEW TIDE'S ON THE RISE, AND IT'S GETTIN US FUCKIN HIGH
WE'RE TRIPPIN BALLS (TRIPPIN BALLS)
TRIPPIN BALLS
OUR WATER'S GOT A HEX, BUT IT TASTES LIKE SEX
SO WE'LL LICK IT RIGHT OFF THE WALLS

AND TRIP BALLS (TRIPPIN BALLS)
TRIPPIN BALLS
JUST TAKE A BIG DRINK AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO THINK
ABOUT WHY THE SKY IS PINK

IT'S TIME TO TRIP BALLS
COME SIP THIS FUNKY KOOL-AID (TRIPPIN BALLS)
FOR A FUCKED-UP ESCAPE
TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY IN HISTORY THAT
EVERY SINGLE STANFORD KID GETS LAID

IT'S CUZ WE'RE TRIPPIN BALLS (TRIPPIN BALLS)
MAN, WE'RE TRIPPIN FUCKIN BALLS
TRIPPIN, TRIPPIN, TRIPPIN...BALLS!

The song is interrupted by Ronald Dumsfeld with a blowhorn and some cronies. He is rolled in on stage. He is wearing a combat helmet. Lights change.

Dumsfeld: Attention! Attention! My fellow Americans and Asian Americans, I, Ronald Dumsfeld, am here to declare: We are under attack. A short while ago, our water supply was poisoned by militant homosexual fascists from Berkeley. The failure here is clear. We have been too complacent and our security is insufficient. For this reason, I

will be taking control of Stanford University.

Josh: What? Where's Dean Julie? Where's President Hennessy? Most importantly, where's ASSU President Jonny Dorsey?

Dumsfeld: The heads of Stanford have all been evacuated. Henceforth, I have been appointed the role of university president. Effective immediately.

Dick: What is that puppy dog saying? Do you want a cookie, puppy?
OOggiebooboolala

Maggie: Why is Regis Philbin so angry?

Dumsfeld: (angrily) You doped-up retards! Let me put this simply: Bad Cal Bear Hurt Good Stanford People.

All: Ooohh (in drugged-up understanding)

Max: Ahem, juicy rainbow dinosaur hurt fuzzy orange penis.

All: OOOOOooohhh (in greater understanding)

Dumsfeld: God Dammit! Bring out the Callie scumbag!

Cronies carry out Crackhead Dan

Dumsfeld: This, ladies and gentlemen, is the dead body of one of the Callie intruders found in our steamtunnels.

Cali: What!

Dumsfeld: That's right! He was found with a map to the water supply, a vial labeled LSD, and an NSO folder. This can mean only one thing – we have a mole in our midst!

Tina: Moles everywhere! Whack-a-mole! Whack-a-mole! (goes around with big real mallet aiming at people.)

Josh: How do you know the Callies didn't just steal the map? Maybe there is no mole.

Dumsfeld: Maybe there is no mole? That's like when the French said, "Maybe if I close my eyes and think good thoughts, Hitler won't come into my house and ear fuck my family." There is a mole among us.

High people panic and run about the stage, arms flailing wildly and exit--Dumsfeld is rolled offstage, leaving just our heroes on stage.

Dick: (pointing at Andy) I think this leprechaun is the mole! Damn you leprechaun! You're a traitor of the puppy! (turn toward direction where Dumsfeld exited) My life for you, puppy!

Vanessa: Andy's not the mole, fuck-stick, snap out of it!

Josh: I'm not even convinced there is a mole.

Calista: Yeah YEAH! (calms down) I mean, I agree... in a totally non-incriminating way.

Josh: Guys, for all we know, the Callies could still be out there! We need to find them before they strike again.

Vanessa: I'm in.

Andy: I'm in too.

Dick: I'm a fairy! I'm a fairy!

Josh: Yes, Dick, we know you're a fairy. Cali, are you with us?

Calista: I don't know...I'm really busy with... IHUM this quarter.

Josh: (honestly) C'mon Cali, we need you. I need you.

Calista: Okay, I guess I'm in.

Dumsfeld's voice projected through the auditorium: Students, prepare yourself for a safer and more patriotic Stanford, starting now. (*red lights flashing and sirens*)

Ominous music sounds and red emergency lights start spinning as red

curtain falls for intermission.

Act 2, Scene 1: The Festival of Death

Act 2 begins with the curtain slowly drawing open. A single, dramatic light illuminates a violinist, dressed in rags. Sadly and emotionally, he plays the melody to "All Right Now," then breaks out into a hacking cough and wipes away a tear.

Song: "Go Dum"

Dean Julie:

I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD SEE THE DAY
WHEN OUR SUNNY SANCTUARY WOULD BE SO GRAY
IT'S SO DEPRESSING, JUST LOOK AT THE CLAW
GOD, IT'S LIKE I'M BACK IN HARVARD LAW

HOW COULD WE GO FROM PERFECT TO PLAIN
ALL BECAUSE ONE IDIOT IS QUITE INSANE
IF I HAD WANTED TIME WITH A CRUSTY OLD WHITE GUY
I'D HAVE VOTED FOR MCCAIN

Dumsfeld:

SOUND THE DRUM, THE TIME HAS COME
EVERY STUDENT AND ALUM MUST GO DUM
GO DUM BECAUSE YOU'RE TOLD, DON'T ATTEMPT TO BE BOLD
TO ME TORTURE WON'T GET OLD, I'M DUM – SO DUM

All:

THIS DUM'S NO DUMBLEDORE, THINGS ARE DIFFERENT THAN
BEFORE
SHOULD'VE VOTED FOR AL GORE, IT'S DUM SO DUM

Dumsfeld:

GO DUM, KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT
STEP UP, SHOW YOU'VE GOT GUTS – I'LL PUT ELECTRODES ON YOUR
NUTS

All:

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE SCHOOL, WATERBOARDING IN THE POOL
FEED US SAMPLES OF OUR STOOL, IT'S DUM, SO DUM
NO MORE FULL MOON ON THE QUAD, BRAVMAN KEEP YOUR FREE
IPODS
FACEBOOK POKE WITH CATTLE PRODS IT'S DUM
SO DUM
SO DUMB

Dumsfeld's voice crackles in over a loudspeaker. The scene is illuminated and the emergency lights are still spinning.

Dumsfeld: Attention Stanford students. This is University President Ronald Dumsfeld with some friendly reminders. Curfew tonight will begin at 8 pm sharp. Also, I am hereby ordering for the evacuation of the filthy den of sin known as "Chi Theta Chi", as it poses a direct threat to this University's security and American family values. Finally, I have placed 14 snipers in strategic locations across campus, so remember... no biking in the arcades! Failure to cooperate with any of these regulations will result in immediate deportation to Stanford's New, state of the art prison facility, West Lagtanamo Bay. Oh, and have a nice day!

Loudspeakers blare Katrina and the Waves' "Walkin' on Sunshine." Scene opens on a dystopic, grim Stanford. White plaza; barb wire and police tape everywhere. A sniper is sitting behind the claw, quite obviously. Dumsfeld's "safety methods" have turned Stanford into a police state. Everything is dull and grey - think Brett's grandma's nipples. There are homeless people in the background. Prisoners are chained together hitting rocks with pickaxes. The heroes except for Cali walk on.

Josh: Jesus...Look at this place!

Vanessa: Yeah, it's only taken Dumsfeld two days to turn this campus into a festival of death.

Spoken Word Girl creeps up beside them.

Spoken Word Girl: Festival of death? Our campus reeks like a testicle of meth... Give me a second to catch my breath... Seth... Left... Macbeth...

Dick: Who the hell are you?

Spoken Word Girl: (taken aback) Who is Talufa? I'll answer your question with a question: who the fuck is asking? Talufa is the scattered rain on the tit-tat-tit-tattering tin roof—of your hollow soul. My mind finds rhymes like dimes. Talufa...bobufa...banana fana fo foofa. Mee. Mi. Mo. Moofa. Talufa.

Andy: ARE YOU DR. SEUSS?

Spoken Word Girl: No child... I'm in Stanford Spoken Word Collective.

Homeless Synergy people enter

Peaseblossom: Hey, do you guys have any, like, food or stuff?

Dick: Uhhh God, what is that smell?? It smells like a geriatric prostitute's colon.

Mustardseed: We're from Synergy. We were just minding our own business one day, making weed granola, and then Dumsfeld busted in to shut us down for being (finger-quotes) "Bearorist sympathizers".

Mustardseed notices she has fingers. She is amazed, and spends the rest of the scene staring at them in wonder.

Josh: Man, that is so fucked up! How can Dumsfeld be allowed to do shit like this?

Oberon: Whatever, man, At least we didn't end up like those guys.

He points to the chain gang in the background

Guillermo: Oh my gosh, Miguel. Dees orange costume and dees chains do not match my skeen color.

Miguel: Es true, Guillermo. I don't know why we sign up for dis in de firs place.

Angus McTartpounder: Wait a darn tootin' minute. Y'all volunteered to

be in this here chain gang??

Guillermo: Are ju keeding me? How can I refuse being chained to dees strong mans all day?

Miguel: Es kinky!

Guillermo: Like a puerto rican fingertrap!

Angus McTartpounder: Isn't that when one guy puts his dick in another guy's peehole?

Miguel: Es kinky!

They high-five like two men who are intimately familiar with the other's anal sphincter.

Vanessa: Oh shit, here come Dumsfeld's little minions.

Dumsfeldians walk on, wearing army fatigues and arm bands adorned with Dumsfeld's face. Some are holding blankets.

Dumsfeldian 1: Curfew is in 5 minutes people. Get your asses back to your rooms.

Oberon: What are we supposed to do? It's cold out here.

Dumsfeldian 2: Yeah, that's why we brought you fuckheads blankets.

(Homeless people crowd around, thanking them.)

Mustardseed: My blanket smells like smallpox...

Dumsfeldian 1: No, no, that's just the detergent that we use.

Dumsfeldian 2: Yeah, Tide...with smallpox! (High-fives other Dumsfeldians)

Josh: You know, you guys are real assholes. Especially you, Robert.

Dumsfeldian 1: MY NAME IS NUMBER 29!

Josh: Dude, we were in IHUM section together!.

Dumsfeldian 1: Yeah, and your insights sucked!

Number 29 shoves Josh. Dick and Andy restrain him from fighting back. Meanwhile, Cali walks on stage left, away from the heroes. She's on the phone, and doesn't notice her friends coming up behind her.

Andy: Hey, it's Cali!

Heroes walk across stage

Cali (into phone, writing it down): Okay, Old Chem Building, midnight. Got it. I'll be there--(She sees them) Oh, h-hey guys, what's up? Ha ha, I didn't see you all there! I'm just...talkin...to...my...uh Boyfriend! (into phone) Okay, bye Sweetie!

Josh: Your Boyfriend?

Cali: (realizing she's retarded) Uh, yeah... from back home. It's not really a big thing, or anything.

Vanessa: Well, I mean, if it's a long distance relationship, that sounds pretty serious.

Cali: I mean...yeah...I don't know.

Josh walks away crestfallen

Dick: (Walking over to Josh) Don't worry, the annual turkey dump's coming up. (To the audience) THEY ALL END BY THANKSGIVING.

Vanessa: Well I think you're lucky, a serious boyfriend would be nice.

Dick: But the single life lends itself to so much more boning and disowning.

Vanessa: Oh please, the only action you get is jerking off to youtube videos of Sarah Palin.

Dick: I admire her courage and strength of character.

Dumsfeldians come back.

Dumsfeldian 2: OK dickfucks, curfew time.

Andy: No way! We still have two minutes!

Dumsfeld (over loudspeaker): NO YOU DON'T!!

Josh: Holy shit! You can hear us?

Dumsfeld: PATRIOT ACT BIOTCH. Now get your asses to bed!
Dumsfeldians, wherever you see stragglers, commence beatdown!

Walkin' on Sunshine begins anew, while Dumsfeldians beat people with sticks and dance wildly. Heroes run off stage.

Act 2, Scene 2: A Place Worth Fighting For

Cali, Josh, Dick, and Andy are chillaxing in the Burbank lounge when Ralph Mctoolface comes running in.

Ralph Mctoolface: NOOOOOOOO!

Josh: What's wrong Ralph?

Ralph Mctoolface: (Very Distressed) Well, I've been waiting the *whole* quarter for Mixed Co's "Love Can Eat Out My Anus" Valentines show. But apparently Dumsfeld and his War On Fun have replaced the entire group with a bunch of sluts and alcoholics! Well this time he's gone too far dammit!

Dick: Ralph, Dumsfeld hasn't changed anything about mixed co.

Ralph: Oh. Really?

Josh: Yeah...No.

Ralph: I guess I'll still go. I mean they can't sound worse than the Harmonics.

Ralph Exits

Vanessa [runs in, out of breath, bosoms heaving]: Guys! I was googling myself-

Dick: Oh did you find some good porn?

Vanessa: That is mostly, if not all photoshopped! Anyway, next to an article about NSO Celebrities, I found an article about that dead Cal guy Dumsfeld was waving around.

Cali: Crackhead Dan? I mean...What did it say?

Vanessa: Well, turns out he was a chem major at Cal who was funded to make a deadly warfare agent, using a controversial chemical called Nitrophenedamine.

Josh: Wait a minute! I just read an article in the daily which said that two tons of Nitrophenedamine just went missing from the medical school.

Vanessa: Cal must be behind it.

Dick: Holy shit! Cal's gonna try to kill us all!

Cali: Oh. That's cool. Let's just keep doing whatever we're doing...

Vanessa: But where could they keep two tons of nitrophenedamine but still have the right tools to mix it? Hmm...

Everyone (except Cali): The Abandoned Chem Building!

Cali: (Horrified, trying to cover it up) That's silly-

Josh: C'mon, guys, let's go! (Josh starts to leave)

Dick: Hold on a sec. Why are we trying to find these psycho maniacs? They want to KILL us! We should be getting out of here.

Cali: Dick's right. We should leave.

Vanessa: I'll get the Marguerite schedule. We can take the shopping express!

Josh: Hold on. We can't just leave.

Dick: Why not?

Josh: Why not? Dick, you've worked your whole life to get into Stanford. You've sacrificed, friends, fun...

Vanessa: A sex life.

Dick: Fuck You!

Vanessa: You wouldn't know how.

Josh: And Vanessa, for your whole life all you've been is a bratty child star. But here at Stanford, for the first time you can be whoever you want to be. You can be yourself!

Vanessa: Feh...

Josh: You can also be the hottest girl at school.

Dick: Not like there's any competition...

Josh: But if you were at a state school, you'd be just another face in the crowd.

Vanessa: Yah, I guess you're right.

Josh: (Now standing up on a table) Up until now it's been pretty easy for us to enjoy the freedoms we have at Stanford. Freedom to take the classes we want. RAs who aren't trying to bust us for drinking all the time. Well now Stanford is in trouble, and she needs our help. And I for one am not just going to let some Cal psychopath destroy the best home I've ever had. I fucking love this school, and I think it's worth fighting for.

Dick: I'm sold.

Vanessa: Let's go!

Cali: But--umm...

Josh: C'mon Cali we need you.

Cali: (Feeling all hot and bothered) Okay...I guess.

Josh: Great! Let's go!

Andy: I'm coming too!

Dick: No Andy, you're too little to come.

Josh: He's right little dude. Anyway, it's your nap-time!

Andy: Hmph!

They exit, black comes down and they enter again in front it.

Josh: Come on guys, and try to keep it down.

Dick: Yeah, if I'm gonna ruin my political career with a scandal, I'd rather it involve 2 Thai Hookers and Alan Greenspan.

Cali: Guys, this isn't gonna get us anywhere; let's just go back.

Vanessa: Don't worry, Cali, if this is anything like my show, "Pubes Jansen: Girl Detective," we'll solve it in 22 minutes, and then Bob Saget will show up for the coke-fueled after-party!

Cali: Oh, the post office! I need to send a letter to my podiatrist! We should REALLY stop.

Dick: Cali, we're on a mission. Your vagina doctor can wait.

Josh: Quiet! Someone's coming! (they try to hold still)

Enter Professor Severus Snape (Played by Alan Rickman)

Snape: Lumos! [holds up flashlight] Potter is that you with your little gang, Weasley and Granger. And Dobby [pointing to Cali], with your elfish ears and warty genitals.

Cali: What the fuck?

Josh: Who are you?

Snape: It is I, PROFESSOR SNAPE! Don't play dumb with me Potter! Minus 10 points, House Burbank! (He points his wand/flashlight at them menacingly)

Dick: (kicks the flashlight out of his hand, then says) Expelliarmus, BITCH!

Snape: I'll fuck your mother yet Harry Potter! [stumbles offstage]

Josh: That was a close one.

Cali pulls out phone. Show Callies on other side of stage.

Cali: Hey mom, how's it going? It's me, your daughter, Calista.

Oski: Calista, our mom is dead.

Cali: I just wanted to let you know, my friends and I, you know, the ones from Stanford, are headed toward the Abandoned Chem Building on a little adventure.

Oski: What? Stop them!

Cali: Don't worry mom, I won't be out too late, we're almost there!

Oski: They cannot discover us here! Do whatever it takes to stop them or else you're dead to me!

Cali: Okay mom, I love you. (kinda sincerely)

Oski: Do your fucking job! (hangs up) (To Callies) Come on, fucknuts, we gotta clear out.

Josh: You really should put your phone away Cali. We have to get to the Chem Building -- we don't want Dumsfeld to catch up.

Cali - Ding! Idea!

Cali: Oh hey sorry guys, can you hold on?

Dick: What now?

Cali: Umm...I just gotta go... period over there real quick.

Dick: (boys quickly back-off) Alrighty.

Josh: Yah, go ahead.

She sneaks a few feet away out of earshot. calls number from billboard -- 1-800-PATRIOT

Cali: Hello, there are some suspicious terroristy characters sneaking toward the abandoned chem building. Hurry! (pause) (she catches up with heroes)

Dick: (To Cali) Had a knot in the old rag?

Vanessa: Ugh, men really are ignorant.

Dick: Well at least I don't need an amendment to vote!

Vanessa: (Angrily) I'll amend your testicles!

Dick: Alright, but a little less teeth this time. (She charges at him, Josh holds her back)

Josh: You really are a dick, Dick.

Dick: Oh - there's the Abandoned Chem Building! We're here!

Josh: You guys, look, Oski's head! We were right! Cal is definitely up to something!

Dick picks up head and puts it on. Cali nervously tries to get it off Dick's head.

Cali: No, guys. I bet you it's just part of The Band's halftime show.

Dick: Why would they hide it in the chem building? Besides, it smells like cannabis and... (sniffs) failure.

Cali: See? Definitely The Band.

Dick takes the Bear head off and a piece of paper falls out.

Vanessa: Wait, something just fell out...

Josh picks up the paper

Josh: It says, "Plan B: Distribute by air. 24-56-38." What could that mean?

Dumsfeld bursts in with Dumsfeldians

Dumsfeld: Halt insurgents!

Josh: Listen Mr. Dumsfeld, I know we're out past curfew, but we're trying to stop Cal from attacking again!

Dumsfeld: That sounds like something a Callie mole terrorist would say.

Vanessa: Look, we have the mascot's head right here!

Dumsfeld: So you admit, you're working with Cal!

Dick sneaks over to Dumsfeld's side

Dick: Yeah what were you kids thinking?

Dumsfeld: Nice try, candypants. You all just bought yourselves one way tickets to Lagtanamo Bay! ARREST THEM!

Dumsfeldians rush over and handcuff heroes

Josh: No!

Act 2 Scene 3: Lagtanamo Bay

The Curtains open.

Lights up on Lagtanamo bay.

There are 6 cells on 2 levels. The lighting is dramatic and dark. It functions like a split scene because there is an imaginary (or real) big wall separating people so their conversations are private. Cali and Josh are in one cell on the first floor, Vanessa and Dick are in the adjoining one. In the cell next to them are Carrot and Peeler, doing their thing. In the next cell are Andy's Mom, wearing a disheveled business suit (just a button-down shirt and garters?) and making out with a Waterpolo Player. Above are SAE Guys, and Spoken Word Girl.

Barb the Guard is making her rounds, clacking her beatin' stick against the bars.

Barb: On your feet, scumbags! Time to check in! Spoken Word Girl, stop that fucking scribbling!

Spoken Word Girl: (runs to the bars) Now is the winter of my discontent, Said Billy Willy Shakespeare on a fish and chips afternoon. I speak truth to power, like a rain streaked flower, in the shadow of your Babel tower --

KAs: FRAT-FRAT-FRAT-FRAT-FRAT-FRAT-FRAT!

Barb: Whatever. What are you dip-shits doing?

The KAs have been circle-jerking furiously into a cup. When Barb comes over, they quickly stow their shit and spread out into a line.

Barb: What are you pervs even whacking it to? All I see is this greasy old picture of Zach Effron.

KA Guy: The days up at KA are long and lonely!

Barb: Ehh Blow me.

Barb continues on her quest. She walks past Carrot and Peeler, stops, and shakes her head.

Cali: I can't believe Stanford has jail cells.

Josh: Actually, these are Lag mini-doubles.

Vanessa: What are you doing Dick? Texting your Mommy?

Dick: (On his iphone) Updating my resume, actually. John McCain didn't become a political prisoner until he was 31. What a slacker.

Vanessa: Oh, like you're really suffering. We get three meals a day.

Dick: Yeah, from Lakeside Dining.

Vanessa: Puh-lease, on the set of Kindergarten Hostage, we shot on location in a sand box for five days without any food. Damn that Scorsese.

Dick: So you're saying you were an anorexic diva at age five?

Vanessa: I won a Nickelodeon Kid's Choice Award for that role.

Josh: I can't believe Dumsfeld got us.

Cali: I know. We were so close.

Josh: Yeah...really close. (awkward pause; by this point in time, they should be standing quite close) God, we can't just sit here and let the Callies go through with their plan. We've got to do something.

Cali: Yeah, (sexually) do something. (another awkward pause...they

start to lean closer, about to kiss, she breaks away melodramatically)
But what can we
do? We tried, Josh, but now we're in jail. Maybe we should just accept that.

Josh: Accept it? We can't just give up, Cali!

Dick: Accept it. The Goa-uld (pronounced Go-ah-oold) will never find love; they're a parasitic alien race.

Vanessa: I can't accept it! I must believe that the Stargate SG-1 universe has hope.

Dick: Fine but Dr. Spock is not sexy.

Vanessa: He SO is.

Josh: I mean, it's just that--for the first time in my life--I feel like I found somewhere to call home. You know what I mean?

Cali: I guess, a little.

Josh: Haven't you ever cared about something that much?

Love duet between Josh and Cali; Cali reveals that she also loves Stanford. The song ends with a fleeting, yet passionate kiss.

Song: "A New Start"

Josh:

EVERYBODY'S GOT A THING OR TWO, THAT MAKES THEM FEEL ALIVE
EVERYBODY BUT ME, THAT IS, I'VE GOT NO PASSION, NO DRIVE
BUT SINCE I MET YOU, I FEEL SOMETHING, SOMETHING EXCITING
AND NEW
I FINALLY KNOW JUST WHY I'M HERE - I'M HERE JUST TO BE WITH
YOU

LOVE MAKES US FEEL SUBLIME, SURREAL,
SO DON'T PRETEND IT'S NOT A GREAT BIG FUCKING DEAL, OH

OUR HEARTS INTERTWINE, OUR SPIRITS BOTH SHINE
WHEN I'M WITH YOU, OUR SOULS SIXTY-NINE
FOR THIS I HAVE PRAYED, TOGETHER WE'VE MADE A NEW START
A BEAUTIFUL ART, I WANNA FUCK YOU IN THE HEART

Cali:

ALL I WANTED WAS TO POISON THE SCHOOL
BUT NOW I'M WONDERING IF I HAVE BEEN A FOOL
JOSH IS SO HANDSOME, WITTY, AND CHILL
HE MIGHT BE HARD FOR ME TO KILL

I MUST AVENGE THE BEAR FAMILY NAME,
BUT NOT ALL STANFORD IS TO BLAME
THERE MAY BE SPOILED KIDS WITH STD'S
BUT NOT ALL THE STUDENTS HERE ARE S-A-E'S

SO IT'S TIME TO ADMIT – OH SHIT –
I THINK I'M FALLING FOR JOSH JUST A LITTLE BIT

Cali and Josh:

OUR HEARTS INTERTWINE, OUR SPIRITS BOTH SHINE
WHEN I'M WITH YOU, OUR SOULS SIXTY-NINE
FOR THIS I HAVE PRAYED, TOGETHER WE'VE MADE A NEW START
A BEAUTIFUL ART, I WANNA FUCK YOU IN THE HEART

Josh:

IF WE JUST KISS, I'LL BE REMISS

Josh and Cali:

IF I (YOU) DON'T COME INSIDE YOUR (MY) HEART

Vanessa: (ear pressed up against imaginary wall) Oh my god Dick, I think Cali and Josh are having sex next door.

Dick: No way, Josh has zero game.

Vanessa: Oh and you do?

Dick: Um yes.

Vanessa: No.

Dick: Yah huh...

Vanessa: Nuh unh...

Dick: Yah huh...

Vanessa: Nuh unh...

pause. raw, passionate make-out session commence.

Cali: Josh, I...I really like you. And I want to tell you something...something I haven't told anyone else.

Josh: You can tell me anything, Cali.

Cali: I know. (deep breath, preparing herself) Here it goes. Josh, I'm the... I'm the m--

All of a sudden, there's a humongo crash explosion fire bomb boom bang. The wall behind Cali and Josh caves in and the bars fall over. There is smoke and rubble and smoke. Cali and Josh look around in confusion. When the smoke clears, they see Andy sitting there, in one of those Fisher-Price cars that you power with your feet. He is wearing aviator goggles and a flowy scarf. He looks really heroic and superhuman, until he starts hacking up a lung.

Josh: Andy, what are you doing here?

Andy: I'm here to rescue you!

Cali: Wait, how did you break through that wall?

Andy: I'm on so much coke right now...

Josh: Andy, you tried coke? Where'd you get it?

Andy: In the dining hall! Everyone was doing it. I had two whole

cups!

Cali: Ohhh, you mean Coca-Cola!

Andy: NO BITCH! COCAINE!

Cali: Oh...

Andy: Now let's get out of here!

They free Dick and Vanessa from their cell

Dick: Come on, we gotta go stop those Callie bastards from releasing the poison!

As they are running, they pass Andy's mother's cell. Andy's mother is sucking a Waterpolo Player's face off.

Andy: Is that my mom?!

Josh: (pulling him away) No, definitely not. Let's keep going.

When the heroes come to SWG, she rushes dramatically forward and clutches the bars.

SWG: My cell is like a prison of oppression, stifling my self-expression. These walls press in on me so pressingly. It is as if I am trapped behind metal bars of... metal. Spring me from this concrete cell. Figurative cell. Also the literal cell. Ring my bell. (singing) Ring my belllllll!! (starts to beat-box)

The heroes look at each other, then back away awkwardly.

Josh: Now let's go save Stanford!

They exit.

Andy's Mom: God damn it's been a long day. Mamma could use some good head.

SWG: Are you asking me for a blowjob? in that case, no siree bob. But

there is one dorm that's always good for a slob on the knob.

Andy's Mom: You mean, BRANNER SUCKS?!!

Act 2 Scene 4: The Stanford Dick

Combo Climax! Climax Gaieties climax. Heroes running out of prison, in front of black.

Josh: Let's go!

The heroes run around aimlessly, then stop.

Dick: Wait, where the fuck are we going?

Vanessa: I don't know, but we need to find the Callies and stop them before they kill us all!

Josh: But how are we gonna find them? All we have is this piece of paper that says, "Distribute by air: 24-56-38".

Cali: You guys, it could be really dangerous. They'll kill you -- us -- if we try to stop them. Let's just get out of here.

Dick: We're too close to glory for that. 24-56-38, 24-56-38... I know I've heard this before.

Vanessa: Maybe if we convert each of the numbers to their letters in the alphabet! B-D-E-F-C-H. BDEFCH! They're in BDEFCH!

Josh: That's not a thing.

Andy: All of those numbers correspond to Econ classes I've taken! Maybe they're in the Econ building!

Josh: No there's an econ faculty burlesque show there tonight. It can't be there.

Dick: Yeah, what are you some kind of idiot? Are you a moron?

Andy: No, I'm-

Dick: HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

Andy: I'm only seven years old! I read at a college level! What were you doing when you were seven? Were you deconstructing Nietzsche?

Dick: Well, no-

Andy: Were you fluent in three languages? Could you derive a function?

Dick: Well-

Andy: No, you were watching Power Rangers in your Underoos and trying to convince your friends you knew what a boner was! Well I'm at Stanford, Dick!

Dick: Wait a minute! [epiphany] Stanford Dick!

Andy: Yeah, that's what I said!

Vanessa: What are you talking about?

Dick: Stanford Dick...The Big Dick of Stanford! Hoover Tower! That's where that code is from - I learned it during tour guide orientation - it's the passcode to get up to the top of Hoover Tower!

Cali: It's just a coincidence. Let's go play Apples to Apples.

Vanessa: Hoover Tower, of course! That's where the Callies are going to disseminate the LSD by air!

Collective Gasp

Josh: What are we waiting for, we've gotta get to Hoover Tower!

Act 2 Scene 5: The Final Showdown

Heroes exit, curtain open on Callies on top of Hoover Tower. They are

at the railing, looking down on Stanford.

Beef: (Pointing at something) BEEF!

Turtle: What's that, Beef? Oh, yes... It's Tridelt. And it looks like since Dumsfeld cut their funding, they had to open a whorehouse.

Labiella: Too bad they don't have any customers.

Turtle: Oh you're too much, Pussy Bear.

Oski: Fuck yeah! It works!

He squeezes the "trigger" on the giant fucking bottle. It doesn't work.

Oski: FUCK! Beef, kick this shit back into gear.

Beef: (confused) BEEF?

Oski: God dammit. Beef, BEEF this shit back into gear.

Beef: BEEF!

Beef head butts the machine and it kick starts back into gear. Oski gives an evil laugh. Beef laughs too... brainlessly. He keeps going even after Oski stops.

Oski: SHUT UP YOU Moron! Alright fucktards, thanks to my genius and my sister's stealth, our plan is almost complete! When I pull the trigger this giant aerosol can will release the Leland Stanford Destroyer over the entire campus! Oh and to make sure you dumbasses don't fuck it up, I've brought along some extra muscle.

Ding. The elevator door opens. Out comes THE JOKER

The Joker: Didn't think you could have all the fun without me did ya?

Labiella: And who might you be?

The Joker: How rude of me! They call me The Joker. Probably because I've always got a smile on my face! Hey, want to know how I got these

scars?

Turtle: Ah yes... I remember you from a clown orgy at Labiella's sex bungalow. Remember, honey?

Labiella: (irritated) Yes I remember, you were the one who came on my cat that night. Fluffy's hair never grew back.

Turtle: Ah yes, how could I forget your bald pussy!

Oski: ENOUGH! YOU'RE OLD, YOU FUCK, IT'S GROSS I GET IT! Now fucking help me load the poison!

Ding. Elevators open.

Josh: Not so fast, evil-doers!

Turtle: Drat! How did they find us?

Vanessa: I've got schematics, bitch!

Dick: Now hand over the poison!

Oski: Why don't you come and get it!

Josh: Alright guys, assume your positions!

They all bust out calculator, magnifying glass, Erlenmeyer flask, abacus, rope, baseball bat with nails for Andy; Cali is not holding anything.

Andy: You guys are fucked.

Dick: Once we calculate the angle of trajectory of science, our plan will be set in motion, and then-

Beef: BEEF!

BEEF TACKLES THEM ALL!

BRAWL! Andy does yoda-like flips over Beef. Vanessa and Labiella

have a hot sexy fight, rip off their clothes. Dick and Josh tackle Turtle. Yoshi comes on stage and throws eggs a la super smash brothers. Black squirrel runs on tackles Yoshi. Rugby team runs by, playing rugby (which is pretty violent, so it fits.)

ANDY tries to kick BEEF.

Beef: Awww... Hewwo, teeny Beef.

Turtle: (Running from Dick) You shall never catch me, J. Crew!

Vanessa: (Punching Labiella in the face) Take that you flappy vag!

More fighting. Beef gets hold of Andy and Josh. Turtle has Dick. And Labiella is forcing Vanessa to eat her out. Beef wrangles heroes and drags them to Oski.

Oski: Well, well. Look what the Beef beefed in. [All are in Beef's stranglehold except Cali] You Stanford smegmites think you're so smart! Calista, what the hell happened? You were supposed to keep them in jail!

Josh: Cali, do you know this guy?

Oski: She's my sister!

Josh: What?

Oski: You Stanford smegmites think you're so smart! Bet you didn't see that coming!

Cali: I'm sorry, Josh.

Josh: Sorry? Sorry?!? Cali, I was falling in- I thought you were the-nevermind.

Vanessa: Cali, you were my roommate! I told you everything - even my torrid love affair with Dame Judi Dench on the set of Titty Titty gang bang!

Andy: Cali, shame on you! You deceived me, just like Santa Claus, and God.

Dick: Youuu bitch!

Oski: NOW LISTEN UP, YOU FUCKS! This little bottle has enough poison in it to kill the entire Stanford campus. Anybody moves, and I release it. CALISTA! Hold this while I activate the Leland Stanford Destroyer.

He hands the bottle to Calista and boots up the machine to FULL DESTRUCTION CAPACITY.

Oski: (Dripping with excitement) Ohh Oski, we have waited for this for so tit-fucking long... AND NOW IS THE MOMENT WHEN WE WILL FINALLY--

Cali: STOP!

Oski: (Turning slowly) What?

Cali: I CHOOSE STANFORD.

Oski: YOU WHAT?

Cali: All my life you've been telling me what a evil place Stanford is, and how the people here murdered our parents. Well you know what? I've had enough of your psycho bullshit, Oski. The truth is, I've been happier durring my one quarter at Stanford, than I have been for my whole life living with you at Cal. The people who go to this school are funny, smart, amazing people. Our parents loved this school once and so do I. So I'm not going to let you hurt it. I'm breaking this bottle once and for all.

Oski: You break that bottle, it will kill every person in Hoover Tower. Your little pussy boyfriend too.

Cali: SHUT UP, OSKI! I LOVE HIM.

Josh: You do?

Hennessy: Not on my watch!

Josh: President Hennessy!

Hennessy: I hear that this man is trying to imprison smart, beautiful, talented Stanford students and I'm not about to let that happen! You bright young adults are exactly what this school needs. (To Dumsfeld) You're Fired. (To Dumsfeldians) Boys, take that Bear into custody.

Dumsfeldian: Yes sir!

Oski:(Being dragged off) I'll be back mother-fuckers! I'll be baaaaaaaack!

Act 2, Scene 6: Remembering Beef

Lights up on locale of former police state, now sunny and beautiful.

Dick: Fellow students, as your newly appointed ASSU President, I would like to take the time out to Salute the heroes that saved Stanford from destruction. First of course, I'd like to thank myself. (Vanessa kicks him) As well as, Calista, Josh, Vanessa, and the baby. But most importantly, there is Beef. Beef had a dream, a wet dream, wet with the poison he drank to save our school. (tearing up) He never asked what Stanford could do for BEEF, he only asked what BEEF could BEEF for Stanford. In his honor, we have decided to rename our favorite coffee shop after him: MOONBEEF's. (sniffle) We'll miss you, Beef. (pours some liquor onto the ground)

Drunky: Noooooooo! (goes over and tries to lick it up)

Vanessa: (sarcastically) Good speech, Dick. It made me vomit in my mouth a little.

Dick: You make me vomit in my mouth a little.

Vanessa: Yeah, I bet you'd like it if I vomited it your mouth. (they pause, look at each other, and make out with the ferocity of horny meerkats).

Josh: So Cali, I'm glad you decided not to totally obliterate Stanford in a cloud of poisonous gas.

Cali: I am too. This place isn't half-bad.

Josh: So what are you doing tonight, hero?

Cali: You tell me...

They kiss.

Enter Andy's mom, wearing a thong and stilettos - thazzit. She's pole-dancing in the Back Ground.

Andy: Hey, isn't that my mom?

Josh: ...Yeah, Andy. Yeah, it is.

Andy's mom notices them and comes running up.

Andy's Mom: Andy-Wandy, I'm so proud of you!

Andy: Hi Mommy! Where have you been?

Andy's Mom: Oh I've just been relaxing quietly in SAE's Consensual Sex Room--Lord knows they're not using it!

Josh: (to Cali) Hey, what ever happened to your brother and his friends?

Cali: I'm not sure, but I think Labiella and Turtle were off somewhere handwriting letters for The Stanford Fund.

Josh: Ouch.

Cali: And apparently Oski was given over to Stanford's Animal Control Research Center.

Oski comes running on in a straight jacket, two scientists catch him at center stage. They talk to him like a puppy slash 3-year old.

Scientist 1: Silly bear! Trying to run away from science...

Oski: I told you! I'm not really a--

Scientist 2: Funny bear! Bear think he can talk!

Oski: I CAN talk, ASSHOLES!

Scientist 1: Not with duct tape over your mouth you can't!

Scientist 1 duct tapes his mouth and Scientist 2 shoots him with a tranquilizer and they drag him off stage, laughing loudly and cheesily.

Miguel: Oh my gosh, Guillermo. Dat speech was so tacky...

KKG: Guillermo? Miguel?

Guillermo: Oh HEY, Fabulous!

KKG: Thank god I found you guys. Me and all my Kappa friends need outfits for Big Game. We were thinking nipple pasties, but we really could use your fashion sense when trying things on...

MIGUEL: Of course we help you with your titty games!

KKG: Thanks, guys. You're a lifesaver. (She exits)

Angus McTartpounder: What the fuck, you guys. I've been hitting on that girl for eight months now... The Gays these days.

Guillermo: (suddenly straight! But still with funny foreign accents.)
Who says we're gay?

Miguel: Works every time.

They high-five and exit toward KKG. Dumsfeldians approach heroes.

Dumsfeldian 1: Hey guys, we wanted to apologize for letting that wacko Dumsfeld turn us against you guys.

Dick: As your ASSU president, I am happy to issue a presidential pardon--

Dumsfeldian 2: Hey, Vanessa Odessa, aren't you that girl from Super Ethnic Buddies?

Dumsfeldian 1: No, dude, she's that girl that helped save Stanford!

Calista: Yeah, she is.

Andy: WOW guys! Everyone is so happy!

Calista: Well, Josh, what do we do now?

Josh: The same thing we do every year, Cali--win Big Game and sing a big gay song!

Song: "Twice is Nicer"

WE DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE
IF YOU TRY TO MESS WITH STANFORD YOU CAN NEVER GO FAR
SO NOW WE'VE GOT A GAME TO WIN
IF YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD A CHANCE, CAL, YOU BETTER THINK
AGAIN

WE'RE JUST STATING FACTS
THAT WE WILL KNOCK YOU ON YOUR ASS

LAST YEAR WAS NO LUCKY THING,
AND WE'LL KEEP RULING ON YOU LOSERS LIKE A FUCKING KING
BECAUSE ONCE WAS FUN, BUT WE'RE GONNA WIN AGAIN BECAUSE
TWICE IS NICER

NOW WE'RE GONNA ROCK OUT TONIGHT
BUT SATURDAY WE'LL SHOW YOU ALL OF OUR MIGHT
SO IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A COCKFIGHT
JUST LOOK AT HOOVER TOWER, YOU KNOW WE GOT THE POWER

WE'RE SO MUCH BETTER IN EVERY WAY
SO JUST ACCEPT IT AND WE'LL GO EASY

WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO SAY?
KEEP YOUR MODEST, WE'RE JUST HONEST - WE'LL KICK YOUR ASS
ALL DAY
YEAH, ONCE WAS FUN BUT WE'RE GONNA WIN AGAIN BECAUSE
TWICE IS NICER

IF YOU THOUGHT WE WERE A BUNCH OF NERDS,
THEN SON FUCK WHAT YA HEARD - WORD!

IT'S TIME TO WIN BIG GAME
THE LAST ONE WAS CLOSE BUT THIS ONE WON'T BE THE SAME
BECAUSE ONCE WAS FUN BUT WE'RE GONNA WIN AGAIN
WE'RE LIKE AN ELEVEN ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN
WE'RE PUMPED AS HELL, SO LET'S GO OUT AND WIN
ONCE WAS FUN BUT WE'RE GONNA WIN AGAIN BECAUSE
TWICE IS NICER