



GAIETIES 2009  
**APOCALYPSE CAL**  
An Original Musical Comedy

by  
**RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY**

Music and lyrics by Mason Flink

Premiered November 18, 2009  
Directed by Jorie Schuetz

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2009

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**STANFORD**  
UNIVERSITY

# Gaieties 2009: Apocalypse Cal

## Act I

### Scene 1

*Curtain opens on a bright, happy, utopic Stanford. Birds chirp, flowers bloom, and the warm sun shines down upon the activities fair in White Plaza. Bright-eyed freshmen mill about as obnoxious student groups shout at them with megaphones and wave big signs in their face. Taiko is beating a drum, Fleet Street is grinding all up on each other, pro-life girl is all pregnant and shit, Gay-Straight Alliance is 100% gays, Face AIDS is 100% AIDS. Amid the commotion, Tiny Tim from A Christmas Carol stands center stage with his crutch, he's looking around totally spastic and petrified.*

Ralphaella the Senior: Hey there little froshling, what's wrong?

Tim: Oh nuffin' m'am. It's just this place! I's just so wondrous! S'almost overwhelming for a boy as frail as m'self!

Ralphaella the Senior: Wait a second, aren't you Tiny Tim, from A Christmas carol?

Tim: 'Am sir! M'all grown up now! I'm a university man!

Ralphaella the Senior: Jeeze I thought you were a goner for sure.

Tim: No sir! I'm grand! This is grand! It's just...

Ralphaella the Senior: What's wrong?

Tim: Well sir, problem is I'm just so 'appy! It's as if a unicorn sneezed out a beautiful rainbow onto an ice-cream sundae made by faeries. And a wonderful wizard with a long gray beard turned that sneezy rainbow sundae into a school! An academically rigourous, division one, pac ten school! Stanford! I spose' I just feel a bit guilty that not everyone in the world is as 'appy as I am!

FACE AIDS Girl: You should join Face Aids!

FACE AIDS Dude: That'll fix ya.

Ralphaella: OR, instead, you could just accept it!

Tim: Accept what, sir?

Ralphaella: Take a knee, tiny (*Tim sits down on Ralphaella's knee*). Look, all around the world there's terrible shit happening: recession, war, famine, disease, genocide, Shia LaBeouf! But here on this campus, everything is gravy. You go to school in the happiest, best place on earth!

Tim: Even better than Hogwarts?!?

Ralphaella: (*shaking his head*) Tim, Tim, Tim...

**SONG!!!! «We're Livin' in Paradise»**

HOGWARTS ISN'T HALF AS NICE  
WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.  
YOU'LL FIND IT'S WORTH THE PRICE  
'CAUSE WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.

LISTEN UP, I'VE GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU.  
THE NEXT FOUR YEARS WILL BRING SOME CHEERS  
TO CHASE AWAY THOSE HIGH SCHOOL BLUES.  
SUNSHINE EVERYDAY, VIRGINS A PLENTY,  
YOUR FIRST LAY'S GUARANTEED BEFORE YOU'RE 20.

THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANY STRESS THIS FALL,  
WHEN YOU START TO SLIP OR LOSE YOUR GRIP,  
JUST SNORT SOME ADDERALL.  
WE GOT A MILLION PROBLEMS, BUT A BITCH AIN'T ONE.  
SO GO OUT AND FROLIC, YOU'RE NOT AN ALCOHOLIC  
IF WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK, YOU'RE JUST MORE FUN.

THERE'S MAGIC IN THE AIR, SMILES ALL-AROUND.  
YOU'RE GONNA FAIL MATH 51, BUT TURN THAT FROWN UPSIDE DOWN.  
LELAND, JR GAVE HIS LIFE SO WE COULD BE  
AT A BETTER UNIVERSITY THAN BERKELEY.

RIGHT NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE ALL YOU CAN BE.  
JUST REINVENT YOURSELF, AND LET YOUR MIND BE FREE.  
COLLEGE IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO EXPLORE,  
AND BEING BI IS WORTH A TRY,  
SO THINK MÉNAGE À TROIS, OR MORE...

HOGWARTS ISN'T HALF AS NICE,  
WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.  
YOU'LL FIND IT'S WORTH THE PRICE,  
WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.  
EVEN WITH RUMSFELD AND RICE,  
WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.

HOGWARTS ISN'T HALF AS NICE,  
WE'RE LIVING IN PARADISE.

*The song ends. Everyone breaks and starts walking to their tables. Danny and Nora are walking backward, and bump into each other.*

Nora: Oh my god, I'm so sorry! I didn't see you there.

Danny: Hah, no problem. This place is pretty crazy isn't it?

Nora: Yeah, I knew everyone here was happy, but do they always break out into song?

Ronald McRandom Porkchoptits: (singing) SPINACH CREPES AT THE AXE AND PALM!

Enrique: Order 243?

Ronald McRandom Porkchoptits: THANKS ENRIQUE, YOU'RE THE BOMB!

Danny: Wow. All we're missing is that girl from High School Musical.

[HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL CROSS]

Danny: Oh my name's Danny by the way.

Nora: Nice to meet you Danny, I'm...

Francesca Facebook Whore: Nora Littleton!? From Baltimore Maryland!? I FOUND YOU!

*Nora shutters as Francesca approaches her from behind.*

Nora: Oh god...

FFW: I know you see me facebook buddy! Don't pretend we haven't been messaging since June... we're practically sisters!

Danny: Wait, you actually know this girl?

FFW: For your information, Danny McDaniels of Lincoln, Nebraska, I know everything there is to know about you and our friend Nora. *(She says this part Super fast)* Her favorite food: Bratwurst, Her favorite movie: Mighty Ducks. She's a hopeless romantic who lies awake at night worried she'll never find a cute guy who isn't intimidated by a girl with brains and that she'll die, an old spinstress. Her most embarrassing moment happened when...

Nora: Woah! You're super annoying in person! Go Away!

FFW: Fine. Whatever. I've friended every single student in the class oh-thirteen. Soon I'll be swimming in more friends than I know what to do with. Ooh, Brittany Samuels, don't think I don't see you hiding behind that grey cement block!

*Francesca runs offstage to ruin someone else's life.*

Danny: Your favorite food is bratwurst?

Nora: Yeah, uh, I yeah... So! What IHUM are you in?

Danny: I got put in the lesbian poetry one.

Nora: Slavic or Native American?

Danny: Slavic.

Nora: Oh me too! *(Trying to play it off)* At least I'll know someone else in class.

Danny: Yeah, it was actually my last choice. I really wanted to take the journalism one.

Nora: So you're a journalist.

Danny: Trying to be. Still trying to find my big story though...

*The guys at the Daily table perk up.*

Daily Dude 1: Woah there, did you just say you know how to *write*?

Danny: Uh, yeah.

Daily Girl 2: NEWS ARTICLES?

Danny: Yeah...

Daily Dude 1: IN ENGLISH???

Danny: Sure do.

Daily Girl 2: Oh thank god! None of us know how! Please write for the Daily.

Daily Dude 1: PLEASE! WE BEG OF YOU!

*Both get down on their knees and begin to plead with Danny. Daily girl starts unzipping his fly.*

Danny: (*Pushing them away*) Okay, okay, okay! I'll write for the Daily.

Nora: Well looks like you're one step closer...

Danny: Wow, I guess I am.

Nora: You're lucky you know...

Danny: What do you mean?

Nora: Finding your niche at Stanford. I'd give anything for that.

Danny: Oh come on, there's gotta be something you're interested in...

Nora: I don't know, Danny. This place isn't like high school. Back then I was practically handed my spot on the Mathlympics team. I just feel like it's easy to get swallowed up here, you know? To be special. It's as if everyone else here *also* founded a charity that sends Sudanese orphans to Disneyland.

Danny: You did that too?!

Nora: See what I mean? This is Stanford. We're surrounded by amazing, passionate people. You've got a passion... I wish I had that.

Danny: I guess journalism's pretty neat...

Nora: Somewhere here at this activities fair lies my passion, I just have to find it!

AI Kid 1: Ooh did I hear that you are questing for your passion? Please have a gander at Stanford Robotics Club. I will have you know, that my CP-Zeta 9000 over here has recently achieved the capability to reproduce!

AI Kid 2: NO, Matthias! You know that robots must never know carnal pleasure! For if they do, they shall replace us all!!!

AI Kid 1: But that's our dream...

*They pause and look at each other in astonishment. Then run off stage, unathletically.*

Nora: Maybe I'll keep looking.

Jason Richman (To Nora): Oh I see you're looking for a group to join, can you sing?

Nora: No.

Jason: Can you dance?

Nora: No.

Jason: Can you act?

Nora: Not really?

Elise Grangaard: Are you willing to whip out your titties on stage in public?

Nora: Maybe...

Elise: You're perfect for Gaieties!

Nora: I don't know...

Jason: *(Through the megaphone in Nora's face)* SIGN UP, NOW!

Nora: Okay fine! I'll do it.

Danny: Hey, hey look who's found their club!

Jason: Great, let's take shots!

Nora: It's like 11 AM.

Jason: *(Megaphone)* DO IT NOW!

*They take the shots and spin around only to be confronted by Condaleeza Rice.*

Condaleeza Rice: Hello students!

Danny: Condaleeza Rice?

Condaleeza Rice: You look like you love extreme sports!

Danny: I mean kind of...

Condi: Then you'll love my new club! It's like surfing, meets wakeboarding, meets torture! The Stanford Waterboarding Club! We meet right after Stanford Conservative Society on Thursdays.

Danny: No thanks.

*Desperate student groups begin to gather around Danny and Nora, desperate to pull them in.*

SDM: Come sign up for Stanford Dance Marathon! Kill AIDS with your enthusiasm!

Cardinal Cheer: Come audition for Cardinal Cheer! Kill football attendance, with your enthusiasm!

*The groups have progressively gotten closer and closer, and everyone starts yelling, etc. Danny and Nora get sucked into the oncoming crowd.*

Ralph (separate from the mob, to Tim who has signed up for every activity he can get his crippled hands on): ...And that, Tiny, is the reason why Stanford is the greatest place on the planet.

Tiny Tim (having signed up for every activity he can get his crippled hands on): It really is paradise, mum!

Ralph: Now let's hear it, Tiny...

***Reprise the song.***

*Blackout.*

## **Scene 2**

*A large sign in Apocalypse Now font drops that says "Meanwhile, at Berkeley..."*

*The scene opens in an ominous conference room setting. A sharp light illuminates each chair. Welcome to the Legion of Doom. Everyone else is seated in the following order: Harvard, Princeton, Yale, MIT, and empty seats for Chico State and Duke. Cal is standing, peering at Stanford through a telescope.*

Cal: Why are they singing? It's a Monday! What the fuck could they possibly have to sing about on a Monday!

Harvard: Excuse me could we get this meeting underway? I go to Harvard, I have things to do.

Cal: Silence Harvard! This is my meeting! Right. Let's just take roll. Harvard, clearly you're here. Now who else do we have? Princeton!

Princeton: Ah yes, present.

Cal: MIT!

MIT: Affirmative.

Cal: Yale!



Yale: *(Taking a big lesbian drag from her cigarette)* I suppose I am “here,” whatever that means...

Cal: Chico State! (no response) Chico state! Where the hell is that cumquat?

Princeton: I believe I spotted her sneaking off into the bathroom with that Duke fellow.

*Enter Duke (with Lacrosse stick) and Chico State, both stumbling.*

Cal: Duke! Chico State! Where the hell were you two?

Duke: (with a strong southern accent). Chico State?! This chick goes to college??  
Alright! Wooooo! Coach K!

Chico State: We were just like, in the bathroom...exercising.

Duke: That there's a euphenism for 'we was fuckin.'

Cal: Let's move on. But first, I should perhaps introduce myself. My name is Calvin McNuggler-

Yale: McNuggler?

Cal: Silence! Yes my name is Calvin McNuggler, but you may call me Dr. Cal.

Harvard: What exactly are you a doctor of?

Cal: Well, It's...I, a title of respect! Like Dr. Dre, or Dr. Pepper, or Dr. Sanjay Gupta from CNN!

Chico: I can chug Dr. Pepper with my vagina!

*-everybody looks up in stunned silence-*

Cal: You can just call me Cal. Anyway, I am the one who brought you all here.

Yale: Why *are* we here?

Princeton: I was promised fondue.

Cal: Look, we're gathered here today as the admissions directors for the top schools in the nation...

*Chico State coughs loudly.*

Cal: Oh right. Top schools in the nation, plus Chico State. And as admissions directors, you are no doubt familiar with the illustrious U.S. News and World Report college rankings. Well my friends, I just received an early copy of this year's report, and *Stanford* ranked number one in the following categories: "Happiest Students," "Most Spontaneous Sing-a-longs," and the coveted, "Most Photographed by Asian Tourists."

Harvard: Let me see that! (*She grabs the magazine from Cal, «Stick it in Their Ass» starts playing*) Look at their admission rates! They're taking all our best candidates! How? The Harvard of the West? What about the Harvard of the universe: HARVARD. I go there. Harvard!

*SONG!!! «Stick it in Their Ass»*

150 YEARS BEFORE AMERICA CAME TO BE,  
A LITTLE SCHOOL CALLED HARVARD  
PUT ITS NAME ON THE MARQUEE.  
BUT THOSE SUN-TANNED ROBBER BARONS  
HAVE OUTGROWN THE BOURGEOISIE,  
ALL THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST TURN US DOWN  
'CAUSE THEY WOULD RATHER BE A TREE.

YOU KNOW THE TREE'S NOT EVEN THE MASCOT,  
IT'S A FUCKING SHADE OF RED.  
AND THEY CALL THEMSELVES A LIBERAL INSTITUTION,  
BUT CONDI'S GOT A GUN TO THEIR HEAD.  
SO TAKE ALL OF THIS PENT-UP PAIN  
AND CHANNEL IT INTO OUR PLAN.  
LET'S TAKE 'EM DOWN, PASS 'EM AROUND,  
AND FUCK 'EM LIKE WE DID THE MAN.

STANFORD, THOSE ELITIST SONS OF BITCHES,  
WHO BELIEVE IN RAGS TO RICHES,  
YET STILL BANKRUPT THE MIDDLE CLASS.  
WE WILL ROB THEM OF THEIR POWER  
WHEN WE CHOP DOWN HOOVER TOWER.  
SO JUST KICK BACK, RELAX, AND WATCH  
AS WE STICK IT IN THEIR ASS.

I NEVER REALLY HAD TO THINK ABOUT HOW TO GET LAID  
'CAUSE AT DUKE, EVEN IF THE CHICK SAYS NO,  
YOU NAIL HER ANYWAYS.  
BUT THOSE "INTELLECTUAL" FARM-BRED JOCKS  
HAVE COMPLICATED MY PLAY.  
HOW THE HELL CAN I COMPETE WITH AN OLYMPIAN WHO MAKES  
STRAIGHT A'S?

YOU KNOW THE ATHLETES AREN'T THAT HOT,  
THEY'RE ONLY TAN AND BLONDE.  
AND THEY EARNED THEIR SO-CALLED "4.0S"  
BY MAJORING IN COMM.  
SO TAKE ALL OF THIS REJECT RAGE  
AND CHANNEL IT INTO OUR PLAN.  
LET'S TAKE 'EM DOWN, PASS 'EM AROUND,  
AND FUCK 'EM LIKE WE DID THE MAN.

STICK IT, STICK IT, STICK IT, AH-AH-AH.  
WE'RE GONNA STICK IT IN THEIR ASS!

Cal: Don't you see? All of us rise if Stanford falls. This is why I have assembled you all together: to destroy Stanford! *(He gives a bone-chilling laugh)*

*Suddenly Dolores Umbridge runs in from the wings carrying a roll of caution tape and a megaphone, wearing a shirt with OSA crossed out and SAL written in. She is out of breath.*

Umbridge: Sorry I'm late!

Duke: Woah, woah, don't you work for Stanford?

Cal: I know you. You're that Dolores Umbridge figure from the OSA. Get her out of here!

Umbridge: Hear me out! My organization, the OSA—now rebranded as SAL, Student Activities and Leadership—has been working for years to turn Stanford, into a joyless cesspool of sobriety and red tape! I've cancelled hundreds of misregistered parties for little or no reason, forced students to sit through hours of arbitrary party planning work shops and put dozens of Greek organizations on social probation, not to mention made it financially devastating for many groups on campus to hold events. I keep their tears in a vile and drink them for nourishment... *(Drinks from vile)*

Cal: Thanks anyway Umbridge, but that's not really what we're looking for right now. Bye-bye.

Umbridge: This is fucking bullshit.

*Dolores Umbridge turns away in a huff. She exits muttering obscenities to herself. Minions follow.*

Cal: Alright, destroying Stanford. Let's hear some ideas!

Princeton: Oh I know! We can poop in all their penny loafers and sneak minorities into their Eating Clubs!

MIT: The Toyon eating clubs don't exist anymore, n0000b.

Harvard: Shut up, MIT. At least he doesn't masturbate while screaming the quadratic formula.

MIT: I don't do that! (under his breath) It's the Riemann-Zeta Function...

Cal: What do they have that we don't? Why are they so fucking happy all the time!

Harvard: Non-competitive academics?

Yale: Non-shitty weather?

Princeton: Non-exclusive social environment?

Duke and Chico: No STDs?

Cal: Yes, yes, that's it! It all adds up! What if we take every feeling of happiness, every feeling of love, and replace it with hatred. Take all the things they love about their school and turn them into the things they despise most... What will you do then Stanford, without your precious "love" and "happiness?" *(Beat)* It's genius. We must find the perfect place to strike. MIT, access your internet stick! I want to know Stanford's next big celebration.

*MIT unzips his pants and begins making dial-up noises. He emerges with his "internet stick, which he begins to stroke, in order to access the internet.*

MIT: Tomorrow night. Something called "Full Moon on the Quad."

Cal: *(Evil laugh)* You've got to be kidding me.

MIT: No, what?

Cal: Full Moon on the Quad is only one of the biggest Stanford parties of the year. *(The Legion begins to circle around him)* Freshman dreams, senior...horniness. Ohhh, yes, my friends. Tomorrow night we strike at everything that makes Stanford great. Stanford will rule over us no longer! Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Legion of Doom.

*Lights start to fade*

Princeton: Legion of Doom? How about the Conglomerate of Calamity?

*Lights shoot back to full*

Duke: Let's call ourselves the Blue Devils!

CAL: THIS IS NOT UP FOR DEBATE! I SAID WELCOME TO THE LEGION OF DOOM!

*Lights fade again*

Duke: COACH K!?

*Blackout*

Cal: You're an idiot.

### Scene 3

*Lights up in IHUM lecture – A sign hangs saying, "IHUM 356: Mythical Orifices: Dichotomous Visions of West-Siberian Lesbian Poetry." An old, crazy lesbian IHUM lecturer busily attempts setting up her laptop and projector, students mill about--- shuffling into class and taking their seats. Raagapella dude is handing out hand flyers. Harvard sits among the students wearing dark glasses and a trench coat. Mysterious.*

Raagapella: Fellow IHUM Students! I know that tonight is Full Moon, but I can hope you come to Raagapella's autumn show: "We Will, We Will Raag You!" I know Tiffany's coming. Right Tiffany? Right?

*Raagapella goes for the high five, Tiffany just glares back at him.*

Timothy McDudley: Did you do the reading?!? Oh my god, I didn't do the reading! I'm such a slacker.

Tessa Puddingtits: I didn't do it either. I was up all night having this really in-depth conversation about religion and late night dining options. It was so college.

Seth: *(awkwardly trying to join conversation even though he's not quite sitting with them)* Yeah, right? IHUM reading? Like what? Like what even is that? You know? Like, weird!

Timothy McDudley: It's just the reading for this class, Seth.

Tessa Puddingtits: Yeah Seth, pretty straightforward actually.

Seth: I mean yeah, but like what? You know? I mean, crazy. Maybe I'll see you guys later? Coho? Hot cocoa?? Hoho? Roho? Palooza? What is that? What even is that?

IHUM Prof: Good morning students and welcome back to a another lecture of IHUM 356: "Mythical Orifices: Dichotomous Visions of West-Siberian Lesbian Poetry." Please sit down, lecture will begin shortly.

*Enter Danny and Nora.*

Nora: Am I late? I just came from Gaieties rehearsal...

Danny: Nope. Right on time for another riveting lecture about post-modern, modern existential vaginal poeticism.

Nora: Captivating. What is it with this class? I can't seem to understand a single word that comes out of that woman's mouth.

Danny: I think I'm just gonna work on this article for tomorrow. They put me in charge of the cover story.

Nora: Wow, that's huge, Danny! What are you gonna write about?

Danny: Full moon on the quad, I guess...

Nora: You sound bummed.

Danny: No, it's awesome, it's just, I was kind of looking forward to, you know, participating... But it's gonna be tough if I have to get enough material for my story.

Nora: Oh, is there someone who you want to kiss, Danny?

Danny: No, um, yes, I mean like, uh---

*Enter Brogan and Kex. Both wear matching tanktops with their names in bold letters and GAE on the back.*

Brogan: YO WHADDUP IHUM LEC-TURE!

Nora: Oh god, not these guys.

Kex: *(to a girl)* Whas up, whas up?

Brogan: Going to full moon later?

Kex: Gonna wear something slutt-ay?

Brogan: Or nothing at all?

Kex: Ever been fingerbanged?

*(to another girl)*

Brogan: What dorm you in?

Smorla Rose Belserene: Serra.

Kex: Serra? I heard Serra's for sluts.

Brogan: We love Serra.

Kex: We love sluts.

Brogan: Like Oedipus and his mom.

Kex: Hot. *(Beat. Turns to Nora)* Yo-hey Nore-town, how's your life n' shit. Can I see a nipple?

Nora: *(whacks with her purse or backpack)* No. Down boy.

Kex: Will you give me a blow-jay if I don't sit here?

Nora: Uhh...no? Wait, what?

Brogan: Got her in the old catch 22, nice work Kextar.

Kex: Thanks Brobraham Lincoln.

Brogan: *(Looking at Danny's laptop)* Wasthis? Wasthis? Wasthiiiiis?

Danny: A laptop?

Kex: Looks like we got ourselves a real live William Randolph Hurst here Brobi Wan Kanobi.

Brogan: You should write about the newest, sickest frat on campus.

Brogan and Kex: G-A-E.

Danny: G-A-E? Guys, I'm not doing an article on a frat that you guys made up in Twain.

Nora: And doesn't that spell gay?

Kex: You spell gay! Why do you think all the GAE brothers signed up for the "Lesbian Poetry" IHUM?

Brogan: Cuz we love the pussytaco!

Kex: With extra fire sauce.

Brogan: GAE is gonna get so much woof this year, we'll probably go blind.

Kex: AND you can quote us on that.

Brogan: GAE handshake!!!

*They lick hands, slap hands, chest bump, grab each others balls, and scream:*

Brogan and Kex: NO HOMO!

Nora: Are you guys sure you aren't maybe...into...each...other?

Brogan: Woah, woah, woah!

Kex: Hold up, Hold up!

Brogan: The Kextar and I clearly said No Homo.

Kex: Negating the gayness of any previous activity.

Brogan and Kex: As long as balls aren't touching.

Nora: Yeah. That makes perfect sense.

Danny: Don't you have a girlfriend Brogan?

Kex: No don't-

*Kirsta runs in, she makes a beeline for Brogan.*

Kirsta: Did someone say girlfriend? Brogan?

Kex: Ugh, now you've done it.

Kirsta: Ohmigod Brogan! I've missed you all day! I just came from Fraiche and I tried to order a non-fat chocolate frozen yogurt with non-fat caramel sauce and non-fat cookie dough but they ran out of non-fat cookie dough so now I'm worried I'm gonna get fat!

Brogan: (trying to be sincere) I'm sorry babe. You wanna make out?

Krista: Good idea Brogie-bear! Kissing burns calories!

*(They ravenously make out while Kex looks on jealously)*



IHUM Prof: Hey! You two in the back! What did I say about heterosexual displays of affection in this classroom?!?! Save your tonsil minglings for tonight's festivities at Full Moon on the Quadrangle. I hear it's reminiscent of the 3rd century Dionysian fingerblasting ceremonies... NOW, give me a few more minutes while I set up my PowerPoint. *(To the TF)* Esteven, will you help me with this contraption??

Esteven: Si, of e-courseah Profesora. I will set up your e-Power Point.

Nora: (pulling them aside) Oh my god. That TF Esteven creeps the living *shit* out of me. I heard he picks up random Freshmen and tries to bone them in the Bing Nursery School playground...

Brogan: LIKE A BOSS!

Kirsta: Haha, you're funny Brogie!

*Kirsta goes in for the make-out. Nora can't take the PDA*

Nora: So! How long have you two been going out?

Kirsta: Oh Bro-Bro and I are the classic Stanford love story. We met during move-in, fell in love at Band Run, and by the end of NSO I was calling him my boyfriend!

Brogan: *(To Danny)* I nailed her during Three Books...

*Enter Lordis. He creeps up to Nora*

Lordis: AHHEM... Hello social equals...I hear Full Moon on the Quad is going down tonight... You gonna be there, NORA?

Nora: Oh hey, Lordis. Yeah, I think I might go. It's freshman year, what the hell.

Lordis: I mean like totes awesome whatever. I'm thinking about showing up between the hours of 11:50 and 12:10 just in case you wanna meet up. *(\*cough\*)* I hear that's when Stanford Savoyards are performing, *(pause)* or something like that.

Kex: Shut up, Lordis! You know you're not getting any action tonight.

Lordis: HEY. At least I didn't start a stupid made-up frat in Twain.

Kex: I WILL SHIT IN YOUR BED!

IHUM Prof: Alright well it looks like the computer projector will be broken again. Let's begin: The 6th century was a pivotal period of sexual renaissance for the oppressed, post-modernist Lesbian community in Leningrad, as mentioned in today's reading.

Timothy McDudley: I'M SORRY OKAY! I FORGOT TO DO THE READING! *(He runs offstage screaming)* THIS PLACE IS SUCH A PRESSURE COOKER!

Kirsta: *(Raising her hand)* Um, like Professor?! The reading touched upon the theme of the modern day orifice as a trope for expressionistic sexual repression amongst the Slavic bourgeoisie. Does it not also inform the current misogynistic culture of the Bulgarian Female sex athletes?

Nora: *(to Danny)* Woah, did she really just bust that out?

IHUM Prof: I am glad that you asked, young lady! In fact that brings me to my next point regarding ancient vaginal sport hurdling... If this god damned projector would work... Esteven! *(Esteven runs to the projector and tries to fix it)* Well I guess I will not be able to show the pictures of hot scissoring lesbians that I wanted.

All men in the audience: Awww.

Danny: Yeah, didn't you know? Kirsta's a total closet Einstein. She's double majoring in Biophysical Chemistry and Aramaic literature, and I just heard yesterday that she's like the 4th ranked chess grandmaster on the West Coast.

Esteven: ¡Estudiantes! Silencio e-please. Esteven feixed la proyector. And now, Esteven would like to announce his office horas. Mis office horas son: Monday and E-whuesday from e-six to e-seven at the Bing Nursery School eplayground. Muchas gracias.

IHUM Prof: Thank you, Esteven. It looks like that is all the time we have for today. For Wednesday, please come prepared with your paper topic proposals on the following prompt--Cave Imagery in Literature: Do they always represent vaginas? Hint: the answer is yes! Class dismissed!

*(Students get up to leave)*

Danny: Well, it looks like I better get cracking on my Daily Article.

Nora: Yeah and I have to work my vagina – on my vagina – on my vagina proposal. The paper. See you at Full Moon?

Danny: Definitely.

*Everyone leaves except for Harvard, who takes out a phone.*

Harvard: Golden Bear, Golden Bear this is the Crimson kitten. Do you copy?

*Cal walks on the opposite side of the stage on the phone.*

Cal: 10-4 Harvard, what's your status?

Harvard: I have located a Stanford Daily writer. Should I proceed?

Cal: No, we'll make our move at Full Moon. Tonight, Stanford will fall!!!

*Blackout.*

#### **Scene 4**

*Scene opens on Full Moon on the Quad. People are dancing to DV8's awful hip/hop. Freshmen are awkwardly scanning for potential mouths to stick their tongues into and shit.*

SHPRC Girl: Condoms? Lube? Dildos? Anal Beads? We've got it all at the SHPRC!

Jason Richman: Free anal beads! Score!

*Jason grabs like 20 anal beads and stuffs them down his pants, for later...*

Simon Tittytwister: Wow this place is amazing! It's like a campus sponsored orgy!

Dennis McColostomy-Bag: *(to another freshman dude)* I don't know dude. I don't know if I'm "down" with this whole kissing thing. I mean who wants to stick your tongue into some random girl's mouth, right? Kanker sores, bad breath... I mean...SWINE FLU.

Simon Tittytwister: *(sarcastically)* Wait, so then why are you here?

Dennis McColostomy-Bag: Well, at least watching this beats practicing my cello back in FroSoCo.

Simon Tittytwister: Woah FroSoCo! That's so far away, dude! How are you gonna get back there?

Dennis McColostomy-Bag: Oh, I'm just gonna take Marguerite.

Simon Tittytwister: It's almost midnight, man. The Marguerite doesn't run that late.

Dennis McColostomy-Bag: No, not *the* Marguerite. Marguerite!

*Marguerite, a morbidly obese freshman clad in red and white, comes running out from the wings. There are people trying to hitch rides on her.*

Marguerite: GET OFF ME GUYS! I'M NOT A BUS!

Drunky McCrotchrot: Yes you are! Take us to J-Bo!

*Two girls from columbae run on stage dressed only in body paint.*

Columbae Girl 1: BAAAHHH SHEEP! you're all sheep! Take off your clothes and be free like Columbae! Body paint makes you way more of an individual!

*Two more naked synergy lesbians enter, also covered in body paint.*

Synergy Girl 1: Mortals, Synergy has decided to grace you with it's presence!

Synergy Girl 2: Oh my god, that girl has the same body paint on as me!

Synergy Girl 1: She's trying stealing our individuality! Get her!

*Girl fight! They exit right before a drunk Kex and Brogan stumble in from offstage with beers in hand. Everyone is speechless.*

Kex: Yo what'd we miss?

Brogan: Phh. I dunno but I was told there would be snatch everywhere and I haven't seen a single pube.

Kex: Pubes rule.

Brogan: Dude, I am freegan drunk!

Kex: Hell yeah Bro, I've never shotgunned so many keystones in my life!

Brogan: New Twain record!

Kex: Three!

Brogan: You bring that flask of Malibu?

Kex: Hell yeah, taped it to my inner thigh! *(He untapes it and hands it to Brogan).*

Brogan: *(starts drinking it)* And it's still warm.

Kex: Like your body.

Brogan: Hey, you guys want any of this booze that we sniggity-snuck in?

Danny: Oh gross, it's warm

Nora: I'll have some. *(takes a prolific swig).* So this is Full Moon on the Quad.

Danny: (*nervously*) No one is kissing. When do we kiss? Are we supposed to be kissing?!

Nora: Woah, there stud, don't get any big ideas...

Danny: No, no, no, I wasn't...I mean...I would never...

Nora: Kidding Danny! We're in college now! Making out isn't that big of a deal.

Danny: Yeah, no, yeah, no, yeah, not a big deal.

*Enter Lordis. Lordis wears tightie whities and a bowtie. "FERTILE FRESHMAN" is painted on his chest.*

Lordis: Senior ladies, get your bingo cards ready, the Lordis is feelin' frisky!

Kex: Oh shit Brobe Bryant, have you seen all these scwasted TriDelts running around?

Brogan: We're totally gonna take them out for the Double Dong Dumtruck.

Brogan and Kex: Together! (*high five*)

Lordis: Brogan, don't you have a girlfriend?

Kex: God dammit, Lordis! You just had to say it...

Kirsta: Broooogie? Where are yooou?

*(Kirsta runs on stage towards Brogan)*

Brogan: Oh hey babe. Me and Kexalon were just looking for you.

Kirsta: Baby, didn't you get my text messages? I needed someone to pick me up from the hospital.

Brogan: Oh shit, baby did you drink too much?

Kirsta: No, the brain surgeon was on vacation so they called me in to perform a couple of Prefrontal Artesian Craniotomies for HumBio extra credit.

Lordis: I love extra credit.

Danny: You guys... I'm pretty sure our IHUM TF is following us.

Nora: He totally is, what a sketchball!

*Esteven comes over.*

Esteven: Buenos Noches e-guys. It is I, Esteven. Are you e-ready for a little beso action?

Danny: Yeah, I guess?

Esteven: How about you e-Nora?

Nora: Please get away from me.

Esteven: Hokay, bueno. I like a girl with a little fuego. See you guys on Eh-Whuesday. (*sketches away*)

Danny: Nora, you're hitting that bottle pretty hard. Are you nervous about something?

Nora: (*taking a swig, getting a little drunk now*) Noooo. Are you? I'm not. It's freshman year, live a little!

Francesca Facebook Whore: (*To the gang*) Oh hey Nora and Danny. How's friendlessness? Betcha didn't know about Dean Shaw's big speech before full moon tonight! You probs didn't get the facebook invite. I did. Me and all my friends! Man, I love college! I love friends! Go card! Oh hey look football players!

(*She runs off to go mack on a chubby 3<sup>rd</sup> string lineman.*)

Brogan: Dean Shaw's giving a speech tonight?!

Kex: I love the Shawstfarian!

Brogan: He's the dreamiest dean!

Nora: This seems like a somewhat inappropriate venue for the dean of admissions to be making a speech.

*Enter Legion of Doom on side of stage*

Cal: The time is nigh, comrades. Ten minutes 'till midnight. Ten minutes until everything that makes Stanford great is ruined. After tonight, NO ONE WILL WANT TO COME TO THIS UNIVERSITY. Yale, have you secured the weather machine?

Yale: Life is pain.

Cal: I'll take that as a yes. It's time to bring Stanford some of that New Haven grey. Make it wet. Like Chico State's vagina wet.

Chico State: Fuckyeah! What's my job?

Cal: Did you and Duke you prepare the STD concoction?

Chico State: If you mean gonorrhea, then yes.

Cal: Perfect. Go forth and multiply. MIT have you already hacked into the Stanford Mainframe?

MIT: I attempted to make Axxess and Coursework frustrating and unusable, but it seems some evil mastermind was two steps ahead of me.

Cal: Fine then, go with Princeton to the Stanford treasury, I want the endowment drained by morning.

Princeton: Aye-aye.

Harvard: What about me?

Cal: Harvard, I have a special assignment for you. *(He produces a photo from his jacket)*. That boy you've been following. Danny McDaniels. He's the hotshot new writer for the Stanford Daily. I need you to obtain his key to the Daily office... by any means necessary.

Harvard: Consider it done. Wait a minute, what's your part of the plan, Cal?

Cal: Me? I'm going to take a little stab at a project of mine, I have an old friend I need to visit. Alright, enough talk--let us commence!

*The legion slithers into the crowd.*

Danny: So I guess it's getting pretty close to midnight.

Nora: Oh yeah?

Danny: Yeah, just sayin'... I've just got a huge p-set to do tomorrow, and I was thinking about getting a jumpstart...

Nora: You're thinking about your problem set right now? *(Drunkly)* Aren't you worried about whether we're gonna make out or not?

Danny: What!? No? Yes?

Nora: Well I guess you'll have to stick around to find out...

*Harvard, the cunning bitch, swoops in between them.*

Harvard: *(sexily)* Freshman boy, I'm borrowing you. *(She grabs him by his tie and pulls him downstage)*

Danny: Oh, okay, sure...

Harvard: Drink this.

*She hands him a red cup.*

Danny: What is it?

Harvard: Drink it.

Danny: Oh, okay.

Harvard: I've read your articles.

Danny: You have? NO one reads the Daily articles!

Harvard: Witty, cute, endearingly awkward... just like you.

Danny: Like me?

Harvard: Do you have anything of substance to contribute to this conversation?

Danny: Do I?

Harvard: Well then, let's get on with it, shall we?

Danny: What?

*Harvard grips him and goes in for the sloppy makeout. Tongues everywhere. Hands all up and down bodies. Nora looks on in horror.*

Nora: That little bitch. *(Nora looks around and spots Lordis).*

Lordis: Hey there attractive female—

Nora: Shut the fuck up Lordis. *(She grabs Lordis and begin furiously making out with him).*

Lordis: A boy becomes a man!

*Meanwhile, Harvard sneakily steals Danny's key to the Daily and twirls it around her finger as they separate.*



Harvard: See you around, safety school. *(She walks away.)*

*Danny comes stumbling back towards the gang, super out of it.*

Kex: Holy shit, Dan-nay! Did that hot librarian just tonsil rape you?

Danny: I don't know. I think I'm in love.

Brogan: Alright Dan-nay! Get that fuzzy taco!

*Danny spots Nora and Lordis making out.*

Danny: Woah. What? Lordis?

Nora: Well who the hell was that?

Danny: *(getting woozy)* I don't know. But I'm feeling kinda funny...

*Boom. Danny passes out. Dean Julie rolls up in her golf cart.*

Dean Julie: Looks like someone had Oh-too much to drink tonight. Don't worry kids this happens every year. Drunk freshman just happen to be my specialty. Just throw them in the cart on top of the others. *(Brogan and Kex put them in the cart)* Anyway, I gotta get going. So many freshman so little time. *(as she drives off)* Up, up and Oh-way!

Christina Carlsbad Caverns: HEY EVERYONE, IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT!

*The countdown to midnight begins. "Five, four, three, two..." Just as couples start to lean in, suddenly there is a huge, violent flash of lightning/crash of thunder. It disrupts everyone's hookups as they look up to the sky in terror.*

Senior: Rain!? My senior year is ruined!

Seth: Huh? Like, what is this? Water? Falling from the sky? C'mon, I mean like, what even is this??

Lordis: So cooold! The shrinkage! The shrinkaaage!

Shaw: Settle down everybody, it's all right! It is I, Richard Shaw, Dean of Undergraduate Admissions and Financial Aid. It looks like we are experiencing a slight sprinkle, but it's gonna take more than a few drops of dew to dampen our moods!

Everybody: WOOOOOO!

Christina Carlsbad Caverns: I love you Shaw!

Shaw: AND NOW, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...

*All of the sudden, an even bigger crash of thunder and lightning explodes all over the audience's faces. Ominously lit, Calvin appears behind Dean Shaw. Everyone looks to the sky, distracting them from what happens on the podium.*

Calvin: Hello old friend.

Shaw: Calvin McNuggler? NOO!

*Cal stabs Shaw with a Hatori Hanzo sword, and then, like a well-trained ninja, slides away into the night.*

Christina Carlsbad Caverns: NOOOO! Shaw!

Kex: Bro, no!!!

Seth: What? What is even happening? Who is this guy? Who even is he?

Jonah Wieder: Dean Shaw! Don't die! I LOVE YOU!

*Police rush in. On a megaphone they are saying:*

Officer Ortega: Everyone remain calm.

Officer Garth: Go back to your dorms. Full moon is canceled!

Kex and Brogan: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Officer Ortega: And until further notice, ALL campus parties are cancelled!

All students: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Officer Garth: Students, campus is not safe! No biking home! All students are required to take the Marguerite.

Marguerite [*running across stage with two freshmen on her back*]:  
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

*Everyone on stage drunkenly runs after her.*

*Blackout.*

*Foreboding Music.*

## Scene 5

*We are back in white plaza. The creepy music continues softly. It is still rainy and gray. People mill about. Brogan, Kirsta, Kex and Lordis are all on stage. Lordis and Kex both have bikes. Crazy Christian guy is handing out bibles with a sign that says "REPENT"*

Lordis: BONIFIED disaster! F my life! Stanford is ruined!

Kirsta: Go away Lordis.

Lordis: My bike seat's all wet!

Kirsta: I mean hello? The rain.

Brogan: Did you plastic bag it, brah?

Lordis: Yeah, but it got under! How does it get under the plastic bag? DAMN YOU ZIPLOCK!

Kex: Awww MAN!

*Kex gets off his bike and shows his wet butt to the audience.*

Kex: MY PANTS ARE ALL WET! I'M GOING TO BE UNCOMFORTABLE DURING LECTURE!

Kirsta: Guys, it's not that big of a deal.

Kex: Not that big of a deal?!? This is the worst thing ever!

Kirsta: Look, there are like WAY bigger things going on here. Dean Shaw was stabbed last night.

Kex: The Shawstafarian! Noooo!

*Kex begins to sob as Brogan embraces him.*

Brogan: Let it out Tyrannosaurus Kex. *(He kisses Kex on the forehead and whispers softly,)* No homo...

*Nora enters clutching her throbbing head.*

Nora: Uhg, get a room!

Lordis: Good morning my sweet *(Lordis goes in for a kiss and gets slapped, and falls to the ground).*

Nora: UGH! Disgusting.

Kirsta: What's wrong Nora? I thought you guys were like an item. After last night and all.

Brogan: Yeah you two were like sucking face for over a minute.

Lordis: *(Singing from the floor)* Sometimes love knocks you down...

Kex: THOSE AREN'T EVEN THE RIGHT WORDS, LORDIS!

*Danny enters also holding his throbbing head.*

Danny: What happened last night?

Kex: Yeah, Dannaayy. I saw you last night pimping it with that naughty librarian.

Brogan: Gettin' that poon.

Danny: Oh wait it's all coming back. That girl. And then...Lordis.

Lordis: Count it!

Danny: *(To Nora)* You made out with Lordis? Lordis?

Nora: Well you made out with that, that, filthy slut! You...slut!

Kirsta: Why are you so mad Nora? I thought you were like dating Lordis.

Danny: You two are dating now? Perfect. Enjoy.

*Tour Guide, who is actually Duke, walks by with a tour.*

Duke: ...And on your left you'll see the famous White Plaza, named after Leland Stanford Senior's favorite race!

Nora: Woah woah woah woah. Did you hear that tour guide? That's not true at all. Leland Stanford was totally into Asian prostitutes.

Duke: And on the right, you'll see the Stanford Bookstore, which prides itself on it's horrifyingly over-priced textbooks.

Lordis: I don't know, sounds about right to me.

Nora: But you usually don't find that stuff out until NSO.

Kirsta: What's going on here...? Ooh maybe the Daily will know.

*She grabs a copy of the daily.*

Danny: The Daily? Wait. My story! It was due today. I never finished it! Or did I? Why can't I remember anything?

Kirsta: No, Danny. Your article's right here. They're saying president Hennessey stabbed Dean Shaw!

Nora: Did you write this, Danny?

Danny: No! Never

Brogan: SLE calls FroSoCo, "a bunch of peanut-eating, pussy-ass bitches?"

Kex: That's not true!

Brogan: They can't eat Peanuts!

Danny: This is not good.

Green Council #1: What? Students for a Sustainable Stanford says that the Green Council has a carbon footprint?

Green Council #2: THAT'S BULLSHIT. I'VE BEEN DRINKING MY OWN PISS ALL QUARTER!

Green Council #1: Dude, I don't think that's actually sustainable.

Green Council #2: I'M SO DEHYDRATED. *(Passes out)*.

*A bunch of frat dudes in their respective frat shirts walk up with copies of the Daily.*

TDX: They're saying that theta delt *isn't* chill? We are *so* fucking chill! Haven't they been to E-Z Groove?! WE'RE THE CHILLEST!!!

KE: Yeah, well they're calling Kappa Sig the cleanest frat on campus! That's bullshit! I haven't been peeing in my bed all year for nothing!

SAE: *SAE* is the most respectful frat towards *women*??? Have they *been* to Roman Bath??? *EVERYONE* gets roofied at Roman Bath!

KA: Yeah? Well they said KA isn't even really that tall. *(Incredibly sad)* That's mean... We *are* tall! Look...

Danny: Guys, I didn't write these articles.

*SONG!!! «Helen Bing is Dead» begin vamp*

Kirsta: Who did then?

Danny: I don't know, but I'm going to get to the bottom of this. *(Sticks his hands into his pockets)* Wait. Where are my keys?

Nora: I don't know.

Danny: Guys, someone stole my key to the Daily building! They must have used it to print this!

Nora: *(sarcastically)* Leave it on some slut's bedside table, Danny?

Danny: Cut it out, Nora. This is serious. They could've used it to publish anything!

SOMETHING'S BREWING, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT.  
SUDDENLY STANFORD'S STUCK IN A RUT.  
A DARKNESS HAS FALLEN, REEKING OF GLOOM.  
IF WE CAN'T BEAT IT, STANFORD IS DOOMED.

Chad Bradrad: Hey Honey Bunches of Oats, you want to hang out tonight, and by "hang out" I mean "have sex?"

Tori Saucysmack: Oh yeah, I'd love to. I mean I've got a p-set, but I can totally blow it off.

*They giggle flirtaciously. MIT runs up.*

MIT: You daft humans! Are you really at Stanford to flirt and finger and fist and fuck or some combination of the four?! Nay! You are here to study! Study! STUDY!

Tori: Omigod he's totally right!

*Chad and Tori plunge their noses into books/laptops.*

MIT: She won't be blowing anything off tonight...

SOMETHING'S BREWING, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT.  
SUDDENLY STANFORD'S STUCK IN A RUT.  
A DARKNESS HAS FALLEN, REEKING OF GLOOM.  
IF WE CAN'T BEAT IT, STANFORD IS DOOMED.

THOSE STANFORD NITWITS LOSE THEIR COOL

WITH JUST A SINGLE BLOW.  
DEFEAT SHALL COME MUCH EASIER  
THAN I COULD EVER KNOW.

Scrappy McPoorOrphan: ...and with these Cardinal dollars, I can buy anything I want!  
Bread...water...even clothes!

John Genericfriend: I'm so happy you're able to attend Stanford, Scrappy  
McPoorOrphan. Thank goodness for financial aid.

*Princeton jumps in between them.*

Princeton: Didn't you heear? Stanford has cut all financial aid!

Scrappy: Jeepers, no! Well...at least I know I can always rely on the kind heart and deep  
pockets of Helen Bing.

Princeton: *(Bruce Wayne-style)* HELEN BING IS DEAD. *(beat, then jolly)* Dead tired of  
allowing riffraff like you to attend this fine institution. Toodle-oo! *(laughs and walks off  
haughtily)*

SOMETHING'S BREWING, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT.  
SUDDENLY STANFORD'S STUCK IN A RUT.  
A DARKNESS HAS FALLEN, REEKING OF GLOOM.  
IF WE CAN'T BEAT IT, STANFORD IS DOOMED.

THINGS AREN'T GOING VERY WELL.  
STANFORD'S HEADED STRAIGHT TO HELL  
WE ARE DOOMED,  
THEY ARE DOOMED,  
WE ARE DOOMED,  
AH!  
ACT TWO!

*Bridge Peer Counseling Center pulls out an AK-47 and starts open fire. BRAWL!!! Each  
group erupts with war screams and a huge fight breaks out on stage. Explosions! Lights!  
Sound effects! Boom! Bang! Just as the violence reaches a new height, the orchestra  
plays dramatic music as---boomslam--- the curtain drops for the END OF ACT I.*

## Act 2

### Scene 1

*White Plaza. Trumpets – war flourish. White Plaza stands as it did before, but now it is eerily militaristic. There is barbed wire covering fences and the birdcage. A man stands locked up in chains and stocks. A beggar panhandles. And an old, wooden catapult standing in front of the bookstore. The Stanford Shakes fruitily frolic onto the stage in Shakespearean garb. One of them plays the lute, two are fencing and one is creepily petting a human skull.*

*Enter Herald, on a horse.*

Herald: My liege. I come with news from the west of Lag. The motley alliance of the Stanford Band and that weird Asian business frat doth encroach upon our strongholds at Arrillaga.

Hamlet: Great Mercutio's scrotum! The enemy is five to one! 'Tis suicide!

Henry: Don't be a pussy Hamlet!

If we are mark'd to die, we die for our country.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother—

Herald: Hark! Here cometh Dv8!

*Enter Dv8 dancing.*

Miguel: You better check yo' self, StanShakes. Dv8 will stomp you.

Jazmyne: With a thought-provoking concept and narrative!

Miguel: Word!

*Ente ASSU Senator.*

ASSU Senator: Fear not Stanford! The ASSU Senate has arrived to mediate this conflict quickly and decisively! But first, we must hold a town hall meeting to make a final decision on the color scheme for the wellness room. Last time we convened, we were at a standstill between eggshell and taupe. I've submitted....



*Suddenly the Senator is knocked out by an arrow. Everyone turns and looks at General Genghis Khan.*

Everyone on stage: GENGHIS KHAN?!

Genghis: No one fucks with Taiko.

*Ghengis chases everyone off stage.*

*Enter Danny, Nora, Kex, Brogan, and Kirsta.*

Kirsta: Jesus Christ, look at this place! Stanford's turning into an all out Civil War.

Danny: Things can't go on like this. Why does everyone all of sudden hate each other?

Nora: *(Snide and sarcastic)* Well Danny, maybe people have been doing some dumb things recently.

Danny: God you're still hung up on that Full Moon thing?

Kirsta: ENOUGH! This internal discension is exactly what tore apart Imperial Russia in the first quarter of the twentieth century! We have to, like, keep it together! We have to get to the bottom of this!

Nora: I'm sorry, Kirsta, you're right. Let's put Stanford back on top.

Kirsta: Danny, are you in?

Danny: Well, guys, I don't exactly know how to say this. But I think I'm going back home.

Kex: To Twain? Watch out for land mines dude!

Danny: No guys, like *home* home. Back to Nebraska. Stanford just isn't exactly what I expected.

Nora: Fine then, go.

Danny: Nora, don't be like this.

Nora: No Danny. If there's nothing here that's worth staying for, I think you should go.

Danny: That's not fair! Look, when I got here, I thought I had found my own personal slice of paradise. But this place has become a living hell. I mean, everyone hates each other, half the campus has developed gonorrhoea, my financial aid was cut, and even Dean Shaw is dead!

Kex: The Shawshank Redemption! Nooooo!

Nora: Well, you may have given up on Stanford, but we all still believe this place is worth saving. C'mon you guys, let's go.

Danny: Nora wait.

Nora: What?

Danny: I...I...I forgot.

Nora: Well if you remember, I'll be here. At Stanford.

Nora: Bye Danny.

*The Heroes cross towards the opposite side of the stage.*

Danny: Bye Nora.

*He exits.*

Nora: I can't believe he would just – OW!

*Nora gets hit with a hacky sack. The weird Hacky Sack kids run on stage. One kid in the crew just stands in the back beatboxing.*

Kex: FUCK! It's the Hacky Sackers!

Hack McSack: How dare you trespass on the Post Office, this is our territory G!!!

Kirsta: What are you talking about? This is all of our school.

Thai Café Lady: Hey, hacky sack bitches! This no you land. This *my* land.

Sack McHackattack: Not the Thai Café Lady!

Thai Café Lady: CHICKEN CURRRRRYYYYYYY!!!!!! (*Kicks Sack McHackattack in the nuts*)

Sack McHackattack: (*Falling to the floor in pain, voice cracking*) MY HACKY SACK!

Thai Café Lady: Now you peanuts are peanut saaaaauce!

Mordechai Hillelbergenstein: PEANUT SAUCE? THAT'S NOT KOSHER.

Thai Café Lady: My nemesis! Hrrreerrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Mordechai Hillelbergenstein: *(with challah)* Challah!

Shmuli Rosenbergerhorn: That's right, bitch. Hillel is taking over this spot. We're rollin in Passover wine, and we're about to Mani-shove it where the sun don't shine!

*Mordechai Hillelbergenstein knocks the Thai Café Lady out with a comically oversized challah. 3 Phi Psi guys enter. The two on the outsides have uzies and fire into the air, while the other screams:*

Phi Psi: EVERYBODY COOL YOUR JETS. WHITE PLAZA NOW BELONGS TO PHI PSIIII.

*There is a brief pause of stunned silence, then everyone on stage erupts into a huge fit of laughter. Phi Psi gets flustered and starts spraying the crowd with bullets. CHAOS! Everyone starts screaming and shit. Student groups square off and start fighting each other. The level of noise and rabble among the crowd grows until it reaches a fever pitch.*

Kirsta: Omigod we have to do something!!!

Kex: DO!

Brogan: SOMETHING!

Kirsta: Nora, stop them!

Nora: *(hesitates, then jumps on a table)* HAAAAALT. Stanford, look at yourselves! Look at what you've become! Hundreds of thousands of high schoolers would kill to be in our flip-flops. We have the most brilliant and talented students in the world. Our alcohol policy virtually doesn't exist. We have tons of sunshine, legit guaranteed jobs and the most beautiful campus in the world! And you're willing to just give all that up because of a stupid newspaper article? I mean c'mon Pi Phi, when you needed help boosting your GPA, who did you turn to? That's right Phi Psi! And Phi Psi when you needed help getting laid who did you turn to? Okay, bad example. Look, the point is we've worked too long and hard to create a perfect paradise to let it be ruined by petty squabbling. It's time to rise up and take ownership of our school! It's time we reclaim Stanford! ARE YOU WITH ME!

*Everyone puts down their weapons. Hugs abound. Handjobs too! Everyone cheers loudly: YEAHHHHHHH!!!! GO! STANFORD! GO! STANFORD! GO!*

Nora: Now let's go prove how much we love Stanford...

Hack McSack: But how?

Nora: By doing the most Stanfordinest thing we can do. C'mon everyone. It's almost showtime. LET'S GO TO GAJETIES!

*BLACKOUT*

*Scene 2*

*Act 2 opens back in our Legion of Doom meeting room. Music begins to play, as we see our villains begin a ritualistic, celebratory drinking song. SONG!!! «Doom Reprise». They all hold beersteins with the Legion of Doom emblem engraved on it... Do it, props.*

SOMETHING'S BREWING, DOWN IN OUR GUT.  
SUDDENLY STANFORD'S SUCKING A NUT.  
A DARKNESS HAS FALLEN, SO WE SHOULD GO SHROOM,  
'CAUSE STANFORD GOT FUCKED BY THE LEGION OF DOOM.

*MIT runs on stage with a copy of the newest U.S. News and World Report and interrupts the song...*

MIT: Stop the song! Stop the song! I have startling data from the Stanford front!

Princeton: MIT, you philistine! I was about to hit my high F sharp... God I miss the All-American Boys Choir.

MIT: The newest copy of the U.S. News & World Report *still* puts Stanford's admission numbers ahead of all of us! Even you Harvard.

Harvard: Not Possible. Harvard is always number 1. It's Harvard.

Cal: Give me that. (Grabs the paper, reads) "Stanford campus divided, but Class of 2014 applicant numbers higher than EVER???"

Yale: (takes a drag) Tragic...

Cal: HOW?! We cancelled full moon on the quad, we turned the weather to shit, we drained half their endowment on a civil war that's torn the campus apart, not to mention the outbreak of Ghonorea that should be spreading through campus as we speak!

Chico State: Wait. I was supposed to fuck Stanford students? Uh oh... someone should call Paly High.

Harvard: I had to deep tongue some Daily writer to print those stupid articles. I haven't whored myself out this much since the admissions process in high school.

Yale: I can't believe you actually took the time to write an entire fake issue of the Stanford Daily.

Harvard: I ENJOY THE CREATIVE PROCESS. What have YOU been doing for the past few days??!?

Yale: Blow.

Harvard: No, against Stanford, you smelly lesbian coke-whore!

Yale: I made a feces mural on the front of Columbae... But it turned out to be their new favorite mural...

*Everyone is grossed out. Fittingly.*

Cal: Look, everyone. It's time we formulate a new plan of attack!

All: YEAH!

Cal: We need to hit them harder and faster than ever before!

All: YEAH!!!

Cal: We need to bring those little Cardinal shits to their knees!

All: YEAH!!!!

Cal: *(Sternly)* WE NEED TO KILL THEM ALL.

*All Legion members begin to cheer "YEAH" but stop and utter confused remarks like, "What?" "Huh?" "What did you just say?"*

Cal: WE NEED TO BLOW UP STANFORD!!!

MIT: What?

Yale: Blow? Where?

Chico: Blow? Who?

Princeton: Blow up Stanford? I say, even for a westerner that sounds a bit barbaric.

*Legion music begins to creep back in, but slightly more creepy/sinister than before.*

Cal: Barbaric? No more barbaric, than what those dream-crushing stanford bastard do to thousands of poor rejected students every year!

Harvard: What? Each of our schools rejects thousands of kids each year too. No offense Chico State.

Chico: I like puppies.

Duke: Alright, alright, alright. Somethin' fishy's goin on here. What's the real story about why you hate Stanford so much?

*Legion members say shit like "Yeah, tell us!" and shit.*

*FLASHBACK. It's the 1970s and everyone is wearing fly bell-bottoms and other cliches that we associate with this time period. There is a guy selling bong in White plaza.*

Cal: Alright, I'll tell you why. The year was 1977. Disco was king and that dreamboat Jimmy Carter had just assumed office. I was a bright-eyed 18 year old with my whole future ahead of me. I had gotten into my dream school, Stanford University, and during admit weekend I was the happiest kid alive.

Hippie dude with large mustache: Bong for sale! Come get your bong! It's the 1970s so selling bong in White plaza is a totally acceptable practice! Get your bong!

Shaw: Hi, I'm future Stanford Admissions director Dean Richard Shaw, but you can call me Rickshaw! What's your name?

Young Cal: Calvin McNugger! Wow, isn't Stanford just bitchin?

Shaw: Bitchin to the max!

Zimbardo: Good afternoon fellas, my name is Dr. Phillip Zimbardo. I'm looking for a couple of bright young men for an experiment to discover the root of human evil.

Young Cal: Maybe another time Zimbardo, we're all happy and good here!

Shaw: And nothing could possibly change that!

Zimbardo: Ok, sounds good boys. Carry on.

*Two girls walk by.*

Cynthia Hyperhooters: Lookin' fly!

Young Cal: Boy oh boy, smart and attractive. This place is paradise!

Shaw: Yeah one day, I would like to be in charge of admitting such intelligent and beautiful students, but right now I am only hoping to become a Stanford undergraduate like yourself.

Young Cal: Haha Dickie, you're hilarious.

Cal: Me and Shaw were best friends. That was until that fateful spring afternoon.

Admissions director 1: Yo jive turkey, the jig is up.

Young Cal: Huh??

Admissions director 2: Your application. You fudged the whole thing.

Cal: *(to audience)* I was shocked. How could they have discovered my secret?

Admissions director 1: I've seen some far out applications, but here's the skinny. You claimed you were a twelfth generation legacy. You checked *seven* ethnicity boxes, and you even filled out the box marked "Other" with "Chewbacca."

Young Cal: *But I am! (does wookie noise)*

Shaw: You lied on your application? That's the most terrible thing that a person can do.

Admissions director 2: I'm sorry hepcat, but it looks like we're gonna have to take someone off the waitlist who can actually speak Dolphin.

Young Cal: Nooo!

Admissions director 1: Your admission is rescinded. GET OFF MY FARM!

Shaw: Goodbye, Calvin McNugler.

Cal: And that was it. I was banished from the college of milk and honey and forced to move across the bay. And that is why I must now GET MY REVENGE!

Duke: But brah, you can't just murder a bunch of people. *(thinks)* Unless you're Coach K, who's going to MURDER THE TARHEELS THIS YEAR! WOO! BLUE DEVILS!

Cal: Murder? *(evily)* So a couple of bright young scholars are going to the great library in the sky, we're talking about finally ending that great menace of the west coast. *(to the audience)* STANFORD UNIVERSITY, YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.

MIT: *(Puts hands to his temples)* There is a disturbance in The Force...

Harvard: *(To Cal)* This is getting out of hand. You already killed that Dean, but now you want to blow up the whole Campus!

Cal: It's all part of the plan, you see. To make Stanford pay!

Chico: For not accepting you?

Yale: No way Cal. Meat is murder.

Princeton: I concur. I can't have homicide on my political record. Don't want to pull a Ted Kennedy, eh Harvard?

Duke: Yeah sorry Cal, but I thought we were just gonna play some scrimmage lax games, maybe get a little crazy with the Stanford ladies. Sorry bro, but I'm out. Let's roll. C'mon Chico.

Princeton: Ooh, if we hurry we can make it to the Lawn Bowling on Wilbur Green before afternoon tea!

*Duke laxes off with Princeton. Chico State follows.*

MIT: Yeah, I'm a lover not a fighter. TTFN.

*MIT robots off stage, leaving only Cal and Harvard.*

Cal: E Tu, Harvard?

Harvard: Listen Cal, what you're proposing is insane. I can't be part of this Legion anymore. You're on your own now.

*She exits.*

Cal: Are you guys fucking kidding me!? You're all a bunch of pussies! I don't need you. I don't need any of you!! (*Growing more and more insane, talking to himself*) Calvin, what has become of our glorious Legion? No. No, I know. We'll build a better Legion. A stronger one. A Legion that does not require stuck up rich schools. One that can truly appreciate me for who I am. One that won't question us when we plant a bomb during Stanford's biggest theatrical production. Yes, we'll create another legion... a legion of ONE.

*SONG!!!! «Legion of One» Song ends with Cal centerstage, more psychotic and determined than ever before.*

I HAD THE PERFECT PLAN,  
BUT NOW IT SEEMS THAT ALL IS LOST.  
I MUST FIND A WAY TO BEAT  
THOSE STANFORD TWATS AT ANY COST.  
WHY SHOULD I LET THEM DRAG ME DOWN?  
I'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN.  
THE LEGION OF DOOM HAS COME AND GONE,  
SO I'LL BLOW THEM UP AS A LEGION OF ONE.

ON THE VERY FIRST DAY,



THERE CAME DOWN A GREAT DECREE  
THAT TWO SCHOOLS WOULD BE CREATED,  
ONE FOR THEM AND ONE FOR ME.  
SO EVERY YEAR, THE BEARS APPEAR  
TO SEE STANFORD UNDONE.  
BUT NO MATTER WHAT WE DO,  
THOSE CARDINAL DIPSHITS REMAIN NUMBER ONE.

THERE'S A MOMENT IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE  
WHEN HE FACES WHO HE MUST BE,  
AND FOR ME THAT DAY SHALL COME  
AT THIS YEAR'S GAJETIES.  
THE SHOW WILL BOMB, JUST LIKE VIETNAM,  
MINUS NIXON AND TWICE THE FUN.

I'M LIKE OSWALD AND BOOTH IN THE PRIME OF THEIR YOUTH,  
BUT INSTEAD OF A GUN I'LL BE USING A TON OF C4  
WHICH WILL LEVEL MEMAUD TO THE FLOOR,  
AND I'LL FUCK 'EM SO HARD 'TIL THEY'RE DEAD!

THAT FRIDAY NIGHT, IT'LL BE QUITE A SIGHT,  
WHEN I BLOW THEM ALL UP IN MY LEGION OF ONE.  
CALL ME APOCALYPSE CAL, I NEED NO RATIONALE  
'CAUSE WITH ME AND MYSELF I'M A LEGION OF ONE.  
THAT FRIDAY NIGHT, IT'LL BE QUITE A SIGHT,  
WHEN I BLOW THEM ALL UP IN MY LEGION OF ONE.

*BLACKOUT*

### *Scene 3*

*The scrim is down and there is a bench and Marguerite sign in front. Danny enters with a suitcase in his hand, a large bag on his back and is awkwardly carrying a bean bag and an oversized stuffed panda. He is sweating and keeps dropping stuff. It totally sucks. We've all been there. God I hate moving. Anyway, HARVARD is sitting on the bench also with a suitcase. Danny does not recognize her because he has a frickin' huge beanbag blocking his sight. He sits down next to her, still holding the beanbag chair.*

Harvard: Whoa there kid, what's with all the stuff?

Danny: Oh, I'm going back home to Nebraska. I'm kinda done with this place. (awkward pause) How about you?

Harvard: I'm going back to Harva...uh...the east coast. Umm, isn't it a little early to be going back home?

Danny: Yeah, I dunno. I'm not sure that Stanford is the right place for me.

Harvard: Well it's no Har...I mean, I'm sure it's...hard.

Danny: Yeah. Yeah it is hard. I mean, when I first got to Stanford it was like the greatest place I've ever been to. Sunshine, happy students, a smart but lenient alcohol policy, I mean, this place is like...

Harvard: Harvard?

Danny: No...heaven. I was going to say heaven. (puts down beanbag chair and looks at her). Wait, I recognize you from somewhere.

Harvard: Me? Oh no no no, you couldn't possibly...

Danny: (*He finally remembers*) Oh my god, you were the girl at full moon. You were the one who...

Harvard: No, you must be...

Danny: No, you were the one who made out with me and then stole my keys and wrote that daily article! You're the reason everybody hates me! You've ruined my life!

Harvard: Alright, alright. Yes. I stole your keys. I'm sorry.

Danny: Sorry? Sorry? Sorry doesn't even begin to cut it! This whole campus is falling apart and all you can say is sorry? Campus security! Campus security, taze this woman! (*he keeps yelling things*)

Harvard: Hey stop it, listen, stop yelling. STOP YELLING! LISTEN YOU LITTLE PRICK, STANFORD IS GOING TO BLOW UP IF YOU DON'T SHUT THE HELL UP.

Danny: (Silence). Uh. What?

Harvard: Oh no. I've said too much.

Danny: Did you say that Stanford is going to blow up? Who the hell are you?

Harvard: Who am I? Something you could never be. I come from cultured ivy blood, ancient tradition, Latin, raquet ball, lawn parties, academia, Boston cream puffs, crimson drapes, rich mahogany and brownstone, emotionally repressed fathers, sipping on gin,

love me, love me, put down the croquet mallet and hug me, father! Aren't you proud of me? I go to Harvard, dammit! I GO TO HARVARD!

Danny: Whoa, okay. But what about this whole Stanford blowing up thing?

Harvard: Ugg. Well I guess I've gone this far. Alright. Tonight someone is going to plant a bomb at a major event in order to kill as many Stanford students as possible.

Danny: But Gaieties is tonight...

Harvard: Exactly.

Danny: But who? Who would do such a thing?

Harvard: Oh I don't know. Who might want to see Stanford gone? Who always wants to see Stanford gone?

Danny: *\*gasp\** Berkeley! *(Danny drops all his bags)* Stanford, I'm coming back to save you! *(Runs off to save Stanford)*

Harvard: Nice kid. Too bad he's doomed. Right Panda?

#### ***Scene 4***

*Curtains are drawn. We are in MemAud for "METAAA GAIETIESSSS." Spot lights are swirling around.*

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen welcome to the show you've all been drinking for: Gaieties 2009: TransFARMers 2: Revenge of the Douchebags from Berkeley!

*The spotlight makes an abrupt stop on two naked people. Porn music starts to play as they dance.*

Announcer: Now with 300% more GRATUITOUS NUDITY!

*Four more naked people come dancing onto stage. They start getting very physical with each other.*

*The curtain opens and on stage is a super shitty set a la the fake Stanford they built at the end of "From Cal with Love." Nora's character is leading a tour through campus.*

Nora: Welcome everyone, I'll be your tour guide today! Here's a fun fact, Stanford just admitted its very first horse! Oh look and here he is now! Hey there Pete!

*Enter Pete, the friendly talking horse.*

Pete the Friendly Talking Horse: Oh hey guys! I was just working on my p-set! I think I'm gonna eat some carrots! NEEEEIIIGH!

Nora: You'll be excited to know that Pete's one of the first residents to move into Xanadoodle-doo, the newest ethnically themed house for beasts!

Pete the Friendly Talking Horse: It's a real Animal House!

*Pete Gallops off stage.*

Nora: Speaking of white people. Hey look! It's all the frats doing gay stuff with each other!

*All the frats are there fondling each other except for Sigma Nu.*

Sigma Chi: Hey why isn't Sigma Nu here?! They're like the gayest ones of us all!

SAE: Yeah It's almost like the writers of this show are all in the same frat, and they refuse to make fun of it.

Jonah Weider: No time to be gay at Sigma Nu, Too busy bonin' bitties! *(He makes out with a hot chick)* Now off to Urban Styles practice! *(He dances off gaily)*.

Nora: Boy-oh boy that was ironic, confusing, and self-indulgent! Hey look over there! That's Muekma Tah-Ruk! That's the Native- American themed house. But we must be very quiet when we talk about them. They get offended very...

Non-Stereotypical Native American Female: That's Enough! I'm canceling this show!

Nora: Uh oh. It seems our discussion of how the Native American community can be easily offended, has in fact *offended* this particular non-stereotypical Native-American Male! *(She bumps into someone)* Oops sorry about that.

John/Peter/Henry/Danny: The way you handled that uncomfortable ethnic interaction was downright impressive.

Nora: Oh thanks. What's your name?

John/Peter/Henry/Danny: Oh you can call me John, or Peter, or Henry or Danny. It doesn't really matter. I'm basically the non-discript white male lead who has little to no funny lines in the show. I just try to move the plot forward, while covertly and awkwardly trying to get in your pants.

Nora: Oh. Okay.

Samantha Vagainamotorboatcaptain: Yeah and instead of tackling bigger issues outside of the Stanford bubble, this show is always cutting away to retarded segues that have nothing to do with the plot!

Dennis Mcjerksoffonretardedchildren: Oh no guys! Look! It's the Stanford bubble!

*Someone comes out dressed as the Stanford bubble. Probably wearing nothing but a hula- hoop (Note: if you don't get why this is funny, just ask).*

The One Ethnic Person in Gaieties: No one pop the bubble!

*Everyone runs offstage screaming, chased by a naked MK wearing a hula-hoop.*

*Enter "Fake Callie Villains."*

Fake Cal Villain: Hello fellow Evil Cal Berkeley Students, as you know, we have an massive inferiority complex that can only be quelled by doing something terrifyingly destructive towards Stanford University. Can I have some evil suggestions?

Pot-Smoker-Callie: HAAAAAAA...We could smoke them out with marijuana and then steal all their cheetos. It's evil because they won't have any cheetos to eat when they're sooo high!

Fake Cal Villain: No, that's dumb.

Football Player Callie: How about we make their football players pass an academic test in order to play football. It's evil because football players aren't smart!

Fake Cal Villain: No, that won't work. Everybody knows that Stanford maintains rigorous academics for all athletes and that their football players are equally intelligent. Damn it! Does no one have any decent ideas?!

Slut Callie: We could fuck them until they die!

*Enter Real Cal.*

Cal: I've got a great idea. How about we blow them up, with a bomb!

*Cue intense climactic music.*

Other Fake Callies: Yeah!

Fake Cal Villain: Hey, that was my line!

Cal: That's funny.

Fake Cal Villain: What's funny?

Cal: *(sternly)* I didn't realize dead people had lines.

Fake Cal Villain: But I'm not...

*Cal shoots his fake imposter dead. The rest of the fake Callies freeze.*

Cal: DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION NOW STANFORD?!

Rando Drunkpantz *(From the Audience)*: BOO, get off the stage! Or at least show us your tits!

*Cal shoots him too.*

Cal: I hope you've all enjoyed tonight's performance, because it's the last one you'll ever see... Thanks to... Oh why tell you when I could show you. LET'S BRING 'ER OUT!

*Nora is rolled onstage strapped to a huge bomb. It is ticking loudly and counting down. Kex, Brogan, Kirsta, and Lordis come out too.*

Cal: You see, this baby contains enough C4 to flatten every building between Suites and...umm...some other place that's also a really long bike ride away. Oh and don't try leaving... All the doors are locked.

*Stanford heroes run to try and push on the doors.*

Brogan: He's not kidding!

Kex: The doors really are locked!

Cal: I'm about to turn this place into one crispy campus.

*Enter Danny.*

Danny: Not if I stop you first!

Nora: Danny, you came back!

Danny: You're done for, Cal!

*He strides over to take down Cal. But Cal pulls out the detonator. Danny stops dead in his tracks.*

Cal: Not so fast Danny McDaniels, you wouldn't want to see your precious little girlfriend blown to bits. You! *(Pointing to fake stoner callie)*. You want to live?

*The Fake Stoner Callie nods.*

Cal: I think our friend here wants a ride on the explosion express as well. Strap him on! And you two! (*pointing to fake slut callie and fake football callie*) Tie up the rest of them!

*Brogan and Kex are tied up together, face to face. Kirsta and Lordis are also tied up together face to face.*

Kex: You'll never get away with this!

Cal: Watch me.

Nora: You idiots! If this bomb blows up, you'll all die too!

Cal: Oh look at little miss smarty Stanford pants over here, I may go to Cal, but I'm not stupid. C'mon losers (*to the fake callies*), let's leave these cardinal crum bums to their crispy fate.

*They run off stage as the timer starts ticking down.*

Kex: Oh shit! We're gonna die! This is it!

Brogan: Kextar, there's something I have to tell you.

Kex: Brogasaurus, what is it? Just say it man!

Brogan: I...I...I

Kex: Say it! Say it!

Danny and Nora: JUST FUCKING SAY IT!

Brogan: I love you man. I always have.

Kirsta: I should have seen that one coming.

Kex: No homo?

Brogan: Not this time man.

Kex: Balls are touching...

They make out. HARD. hard. (wink wink)

Nora: (*kind of awkwardly*) Well Danny, I guess this is it.

Danny: I guess it is. I tried my best, Nora. When I found out about Cal's bomb, I couldn't just leave you here. I mean... you guys... I mean... Stanford.

Nora: You couldn't leave me?

*SONG!!! «Baby You're the Bomb»*

OH, DANNY BOY.  
ALTHOUGH YOU LEFT ME BEHIND,  
YOU GAVE ME SOME PEACE OF MIND  
'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I WOULD DIE,  
I KNEW THAT YOU HAD SURVIVED,  
BUT NOW THAT HOPE HAS BEEN DESTROYED.

DON'T BE THAT WAY,  
WE GOT OFF TO THE WRONG START, BUT I COULD NEVER DEPART  
FROM THE FARM, KNOWING YOU COULD BE HARMED.  
I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN, COME WHAT MAY.

I WISH WE HADN'T SPENT ALL OUR TIME,  
BEING MAD AND UPSET, WHICH I TRULY REGRET.  
AS WE'RE NEARING THE END,  
CAN WE PLEASE MAKE AMENDS,  
DENYING THAT WOULD BE A CRIME.

OUR LOVE IS WHAT KEEPS US TOGETHER,  
NO MATTER THE WEATHER,  
I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE IT THROUGH.  
THIS LIFE MAY BE GONE,  
BUT WHEN WE FACE THE DAWN OF HEAVEN,  
MICHAEL JACKSON WILL BE THERE TOO.  
OUR LOVE IS WHAT KEEPS US TOGETHER,  
LIKE TWO BIRDS OF FEATHER,  
THERE'S NOTHING THAT WE CAN'T DO.

I WANNA FUCK YOU SO CRAZY, LIKE BEYONCÉ DOES JAY-Z.  
THIS AFFECTION'S GIVING ME AN ERECTION!

HE'S HARD, SO JUST LET DOWN YOUR GUARD.  
DON'T LET HIS BONER BE A LONER,  
IT'S TIME TO GO IN FOR THE WIN.

DANNY,  
NORA,  
BABY, YOU'RE THE BOMB!



Kirsta: *(Concentrating Very Hard)* Almost got it... There! *(She breaks out of the ropes).*  
Omigod guys I'm out!

Brogan: Well congratulations babe. But we're all still screwed!

Kirsta: Like, not necessarily. *(She walks over to the bomb)* This is really just your basic quartz controlled incendiary improvised exploding device. I saw all kinds of these when I spent a summer with the Green Burets.

Lordis: Oh my god I'm so hard right now.

Kirsta: Pphhaa, I can like totes disarm this. All I need is a paperclip and someone to hold my hair back.

Lordis: ME ME ME ME!

Kirsta: Well...I guess you're the only option, Lordis.

*Kirsta disarms the bomb. Just seconds before it's supposed to detonate.*

Kirsta: Ug, done. Not my best time ever but I guess it works.

*Kirsta begins to untie Danny and Nora.*

Danny: Oh my god! This is great!

Nora: But Cal has still escaped!

Hennessy: NOT ON MY WATCH!

*Henessey comes onstage gripping Cal by the neck he then throws him to the ground.*

Kex: Woah. Awesome.

Henessey: I found this man lurking around, trying to blow up Stanford and I am NOT about to let that happen! Cal you will never succeed! Stanford will always be better than Berkeley! Now all that's left to do is crush those Weenies and Win Big Game!

*SUPD takes Cal off as lights fade.*

## Scene 5

*White plaza. Everything has been restored back to its former glory from the beginning of the play. Birds are chirpin', people are happy. It's fucking fantastic. Henessey gives a speech from the birdcage.*

Henessey: Congratulations students! You sexy, smart, capable Stanford students were able to band together and take down the Cal weenies! So let's cut loose and enjoy the sunshine. Party at my house!

Ralphaella the Senior: Looks like everything worked out, eh Tiny?

Tiny Tim: Sure did, sir.

Ralphaella the Senior: Oh wait crud, we almost forgot, Branner Sucks!

Tiny Tim: Scuse me sir, maybe it's 'cause I'm just a freshman, but why exactly does Branner suck?

Ralphaella the Senior: Well, you see Tiny it's because it used to be that Branner was the all-frosh fun dorm but...

Tiny Tim: Oh, you know what all frosh dorm sucks? Rinconada. Fuck those guys.

Rachel Rinconada: What? Everyone knows that Otero's the sucky one!

Amanda Otero : No, Soto sucks!

Soto Steve: What? No way, Ujaama sucks!

*Everyone gasps.*

Soto Steve: What? What did I say?

Ralphaella the Senior: I can't believe you said that.

Soto Steve: We only hated Branner because we were jealous. Well, I'm jealous of the tight knit community that Uj provides. That's all.

Everyone: Oh. (big sigh of relief)

*Kex and Brogan walk up.*

Brogan: Um so um... about what happened back there in Mem Aud...

Kex: Yeah, no, definitely.

Brogan: Yeah.

Kex: So what do we do now?

Brogan: Uh I don't know... draw's coming up.

Kex: Do you want to like maybe-

Brogan: Draw together or something...?

Kex: Yeah, that would be the tits.

Brogan: We could totally like go to Pottery Barn or some shit.

Kex: Yeah, pick out some vases

Brogan: Some throw pillows.

Kex: Definitely, some like some mega cute shit.

Brogan: (getting more romantic) Yeah totes. We could even try to draw into a little cottage in EV...

Kex: Maybe one day have some little Kexies and Broganites running around...

*They start to lean in, almost start to make out when 2 dudes from Sigma Chi come up behind them.*

SigChi 1: YO BROS! Big news: You got in to Sigma Chi!

SigChi 2: Welcome to the house next year, Broseidon!

SigChi 1: First pledge event tonight! Naked Fast Keg!

SigChi 2: CUTEST PLEDGE CLASS EVER! Man am I ready for the elephant walk!

*The two Sigma Chis do the GAE handshake from ACT 1.*

SigChi 1 & 2: No homo!

Brogan: Wait a minute. That's our GAE handshake.

SigChi 1: (*cheesily*) It's *all* our gay handshake...

*They all turn around, grab each other's butts and walk away together magically. Kirsta and Lordis meet stage center.*

Lordis: OH HEY Kirsta, I hear you're on the market now that Brogan is the conductor on the grundle express...

Kirsta: Actually Lordis, I am mega over it. I spent all morning reading scholarly essays on 21st century male chauvinism while listening to the Beyonce Bootylicious Boxset.

Lordis: So does that mean I can chauv some male in your nism?

Kirsta: Ew gross, no way. I'm a single lady now.

*Kirsta walks off singing "All the Single Ladies, all the single ladies."*

Lordis: (\*sigh\*) Dammit. I shoulda put a ring on it.

*Danny and Nora meet at stage center.*

Nora: Danny, I read your new article. You didn't have to say all those nice things about me.

Danny: Yeah. I was hoping you'd read it.

Nora: It was great.

Danny: Yeah, some guy at the Chronicle thought so too. He actually offered me a job to leave Stanford and start working for them.

Nora: Wow Danny! That's amazing!

Danny: I turned them down.

Nora: Why?

Danny: Because I found something worth staying for.

Nora: What?

*They kiss.*

Danny: That was a--amazing--- (*Beat. Checks himself*). Where'd you learn to kiss like that?

Nora: Lordis.

Danny: What?

Nora: Haha, just kidding. (*beat, Danny has a sigh of relief*) Lordis is an awful kisser.

*They make out again. Cal comes on stage being dragged by security officers.*

Cal: Get off me! (*Seeing Nora and Danny*) You little dipshits! You haven't seen the last of Calvin McNuggler's LEGION OF DOOM!!!

Security Guard 1: That's enough of that Cal. Let's go.

Cal: Where are you taking me?

Security Guard 2: You've been selected to be a participant of the new Stanford Prison Experiment!

Cal: You idiots, Zimbardo's retired!

Condoleezza Rice: Don't worry Cal, there's a new Warden in town. START SOAKING THAT RAG!

Cal: Condoleezza Rice! No way! Get me out of here!

Danny: So long!

Nora: Good riddance!

*Tiny Tim Hobbles up with his cane.*

Danny: Well Tiny, what'd'ya say?

Tiny Tim: God bless us, everyone!

Nora: Well that was nice... But you know what I say? Stanford is stronger than God!

***SONG!!! «Stanford is Stronger Than God»***

S-T-A-N-F-O-R-D!

STANFORD LADIES, HOLD YOUR HEADS UP HIGH.  
YOU'VE GOT NO REASON TO POUT.  
WITH BRAINS LIKE THESE, THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY  
IF YOUR BABY-MAKER'S IN A DROUGHT.  
'CAUSE FIVE YEARS LATER WHEN YOUR FRIENDS ARE ALL MOMS,  
YOU'LL BE MAKING BANK.  
AND FOR THAT EPIC SIX-FIGURE JOB,  
YOU'VE GOT LELAND STANFORD, JR. TO THANK.

JESUS, ZEUS, BUDDHA, MOSES AND OBAMA,  
THEY WANT TO JOIN OUR SQUAD.

'CAUSE HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,  
STANFORD IS STRONGER THAN GOD!

STANFORD FELLAS, THROW BACK SOME BEERS.  
THE COMPETITION IS TOAST.  
THE MARKET MAY BE COLD, OUR ENDOWMENT IS SHRINKING,  
BUT YOUR PACKAGE IS STILL BIGGER THAN MOST.  
SO WHAT, YOU GAVE HEAD TO YOUR TF FOR AN A.  
YOUR FUTURE'S GUARANTEED.  
YOU'LL BE COASTING THROUGH LIFE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL WIFE,  
AND THAT HOTSHOT CARDINAL DEGREE.

JESUS, ZEUS, BUDDHA, MOSES AND OBAMA,  
THEY WANT TO JOIN OUR SQUAD.  
'CAUSE HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,  
STANFORD IS STRONGER THAN GOD!

S-T-A-N-F-O-R-D!

HEAVEN IS A PLACE ON EARTH.  
FUCK EDEN, THIS FARM WAS OUR REBIRTH.  
FROM UGLY, AWKWARD NERDY TEENS  
TO N-C DOUBLE A'S PROM KING AND QUEEN.

HARDER, BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER.

THAT'S OUR SHOW, THE END IS NEAR,  
LET'S GET HIGH AND DRINK SOME BEER.  
WE'RE SO HAPPY THAT YOU CAME,  
LET'S GO OUT AND WIN BIG GAME!

JESUS, ZEUS, BUDDHA, MOSES AND OBAMA,  
THEY WANT TO JOIN OUR SQUAD.  
'CAUSE HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,  
STANFORD IS STRONGER THAN GOD!

S-T-A-N-F-O-R-D!

JESUS, ZEUS, BUDDHA, MOSES AND OBAMA,  
THEY WANT TO JOIN OUR SQUAD.  
'CAUSE HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,  
STANFORD IS STRONGER  
HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,  
STANFORD IS BRIGHTER,  
HARDER, BETTER, FASTER,

STANFORD IS STRONGER THAN GOD!

*Gaieties ends. We lose big game.*